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THE WELCOME CHILD. A PAPER ON SOCIAL PURITY BY LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

Vol. 12. MARCH, 1895. No. 1.

"We do not take possession of our ideas but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where like gladiators, we must fight for them." —HEINE.

The Arena

EDITED BY
B. O. FLOWER.

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STUDIES IN OCCULTISM, TELEPATHY, AND AUTO-SUGGESTION.
AN OPEN LETTER TO SECRETARY CARLISLE.

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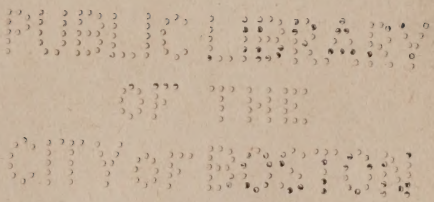

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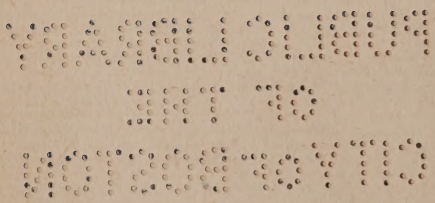

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THE ARENA.

No. LXIV.

MARCH, 1895.

JAPAN: ITS PRESENT AND FUTURE.

BY MIDORI KOMATZ.

As Tennyson, whom the world has lately had to mourn, truly declared: —

> The old order changeth, giving place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

The old Japan has gone since good-natured Commodore Perry peacefully opened its long-closed doors, not only "giving place," but also leaving a precious legacy to its successor; and the growth of the new Japan is quite astonishing, rapidly rising out of darkness like the morning sun. The new Japan has inherited from her mother Greeklike quick perception, Teutonlike simplicity, ready submission to the superior, insatiable ambition for a higher, better life, and chivalric sentiment to which honor is everything and life or wealth nothing.

She has adopted from her new acquaintances all the attributes of modern civilization — the representative system of government from England; the public and private laws from France; the principles of liberty, equality, popular education and, to a degree, Christianity from America; the railways, telegraphs, postal system, manufacturing implements and the knowledge of sciences from all of them. Too heterogeneous as these different elements seem, to be combined in a nation, the intense love of country, which is the predominant characteristic of the Japanese, superseding every other consideration, brings about harmony and concord everywhere. Thus it appears that Japan has possibly a better government than that of Italy or Austria, and certainly no worse people than those of Spain or Portugal.

Yet to the world she has heretofore been known only as a country of curiosity, as a land of the chrysanthemum and the Fuji-San, as a *nidus* of queer arts and petty etiquette. Some

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would flatter her, as did Sir Edwin Arnold; others would scoff at her malignantly as did Mr. Clement Scott; but no one has truly perceived, much less appreciated, her real worthiness. Li Hung Chang, the well known Chinese viceroy, is reported to have declared shortly before the present war broke out: "The Japanese, like the monkey, imitate almost anything with admirable skill. But," added the illustrious statesman, "they are nothing more than monkeys after all." The repeated refusal of the foreign powers to conclude the treaty revision is, above all, an unmistakable evidence that Japan has not yet been recognized as a nation *sui juris* in the civilized world.

Thus it is not at all surprising that when Japan, with a handful of warriors and a few groups of pigmy islands, boldly decided to plunge herself into the sea of "iron and blood," to defend her rights and honor against that gigantic empire of China, whose territory is larger than all the countries of Europe put together, and whose population amounts to a little less than one third of all inhabitants of the globe, the world simply laughed, perhaps imagining Jack going to fight against the giant.

But now, like thunderbolts from a clear sky, daily reports have unfolded before the eyes of the world the dazzling tidings that Jack has repeatedly inflicted heavy blows upon the Giant both by land and sea. The stronghold of Phŏng-Yang, which has long been regarded as impregnable, standing upon a naturally protected hill, built with great skill and excellent care, and guarded by a select army of twenty thousand strong, has been captured after a desperate yet very short fight of only twelve hours. At Yaloo, fourteen Chinese warships, two of which were enormous ironclads, with four torpedo-boats in addition, met a Japanese fleet consisting of twelve men-of-war, one of which was but a transformed merchant vessel. By one stroke five of the Chinese ships were sunk or burned, and not one escaped severe damage; while the Japanese triumphantly retired with no loss, save that two of their ships sustained considerable injury. Had the Japanese not forgotten their torpedo-boats, what might have been the fate of our enemies! Then came the fall of Port Arthur, the Gibraltar of China. Here the Japanese once more displayed extraordinary tactics and wonderful courage, and surprised the world more than ever.

Some attribute these victories to the superiority of our military skill which we adopted from the West, others to the inferiority of the warlike implements of our foe; both are true in a certain measure. The victory of battle, however, does not always depend upon the skill of combatants or upon the excellence of arms, much less upon the number of troops; but it does depend, in a great measure, upon the bravery, loyalty and patriotism of

the soldiers. Thus a few Athenian veterans defeated and repulsed at Marathon that immense army of one hundred thousand Persians. Thus a handful of General Jackson's "half-armed and half-drilled" recruits well-nigh annihilated the so-called invincible redcoats fresh from the victorious fields of Spain. So let us not forget that the flower of the Japanese, I mean the *Samurai*, who are likened to cherry blossoms, the brilliancy of which surpasses all other kindred beauties, and which drop down before withering; the *Samurai*, whose loyalty to their emperor, whose affection for their country, and whoes "unbought grace of life" have been tried and cherished for thousands of years; the *Samurai*, whose undaunted courage, shrinking from no danger or death, challenges that of the Roman Regulus, and whose boundless valor even surpasses that of the Spartan youth who concealed his pains with smiles while the stolen fox within his robe was tearing out his vitals, — these *Samurai* are our soldiers. To whatever causes the victories may be ascribed, Japan has proved to be a strong nation; and we hear the world declare, "Japan is now everywhere recognized as one of the Great Powers, and perhaps the greatest in the East." But Japan has proved more than merely strong.

As to the causes of the war, more than enough has been said both by the foreigners and by my own countrymen. It is plain that China and Japan had been travelling in opposite directions, the one progressive and the other retrogressive, the one civilizing and the other barbarous; and the conflict was inevitable. China violated the Tien-Tsin treaty by despatching troops to Corea without giving timely notice to Japan as agreed upon, and further ignored international law by landing her soldiers in the disguise of merchants. China behaved toward Japan with contempt and injustice, and treated her like a child.

But I wish here to state another cause which, while important and vital in its nature, is not so well known. In the latter part of last spring, it became known that China was forming an alarming — conspiracy shall I say? — to dispatch the Corean sovereign and reduce his kingdom to a province under the Chinese suzerainty. Evidently this plot was conceived in order to jeopardize the progressive influence and the ever swelling interest of Japan in the Corean peninsula, although some believe that China was anxious to check the Russian encroachment. The Northern Bear was promised a prize in the Pamirs, on condition that he should keep his claws off this plot. The Western Lion would rather have had the rising crest of the "England in the East" crushed down. But Judge Denny boldly published a statement that "a plot was formed by the Chinese to assassinate the Corean king in order to prevent his interference with their plans." Rev.

H. Loomis declared that "China took the money of the Coreans for its own use, and left the country bankrupt and wretched to the last degree."

Just in time, the outbreak of the Tong-Hak rebellion in Corea gave China a splendid opportunity, which she would not hesitate a moment in seizing upon. In spite of her treaties and public communications, not only with Japan but also with the United States, England, France and other principal powers, in which she had openly acknowledged and repeatedly affirmed the *independence of Corea*, China now faithlessly declared, "In response to the request of our *tributary state*, Corea, we are obliged to dispatch troops in order to deliver her from the present distress." In this declaration Japan saw the teeth of China. She protested in vain. Presently the Chinese regulars followed the disguised soldiers who had previously entered Corea.

How could Japan now silently sit down? Her subjects and interest in Corea were in imminent danger; her good neighbor itself was fast approaching the brink of destruction, led by the self-appointed, malignant benefactor who caused her to appeal for succor and promptly responded to the appeal. All this was nothing but a farce; China was planning to poison the very person whom she pretended to cure. Every civilized law recognizes the right to defend oneself and to prevent any attempt to murder another. Once the English common law punished even an outsider who stood idle and failed to interfere in the commission of murder. That this action of China, briefly stated above, being the most flagrant violation of international law, would constitute, even if it stood alone, a sufficient *casus belli* on the part of Japan, we can easily comprehend without going to Grotius or Vattel. But the Japanese are far from depending solely upon the technicalities of law; it is after being compelled by the dictates of humanity that she has finally unsheathed her sword.

"This is the war of righteousness; let us show what a righteous war is, alike to the foe and to the world," is the popular clamor of Japan. The Japanese army is not an army of the emperor or of the government merely, but it is, indeed, the army of the people who, while privately freely contributing money or provisions, have voted for a war loan extraordinary of *yen* 150,000,000, with scarcely a dissentient voice. Our press, as well as our government, is constantly urging our soldiers to refrain from avenging themselves, no matter how barbarously the foe might act. But warning is almost unnecessary. No picture could be more touching than that where the slightly wounded Japanese soldiers, perhaps growing more sympathetic on account of their own afflictions, are dragging more severely wounded enemies toward the field hospital.

Even the foreigners were not idle in alleviating the suffering caused by war. Mr. A. B. De Guerville, the most trustworthy war correspondent of the New York *Herald*, was seen at Phöng-Yang assuring the Chinese prisoners, who were frightened almost to death, that they need not be afraid of the Japanese, because the latter, being a civilized people, would receive them in Japan with kindness and generosity, just as they were treating the first captives from the Tsao-Kiang, which he had seen with his own eyes. None of them, however, seemed to believe him, probably thinking that the "foreign devil" was making a joke at their expense. And it was not until they arrived in Japan, where our empress herself, as patroness of the Red Cross Society, was preparing lint and bandages to distribute among the Japanese and Chinese soldiers *without distinction*, and where they were allowed to wash themselves and replace their dirty apparel with clean Japanese clothes, that these poor Chinese realized their situation.

My own father, in his recent letter to me, wrote among other things that he had visited one of the hospitals in Tokio, where about fifty wounded Chinese are located. They are well provided for, well cared for, and moreover are daily receiving not merely kind words but cakes and candies from our benevolent ladies. When my father asked them what they thought of our treatment, one of them promptly wrote on paper (as we cannot understand each other except in writing) these words, "I cannot realize whether we are still in this wicked world or in that holy paradise." Another wrote: "As your government does not cause us to cut off our queues, I suppose that we shall all be sent back to China as soon as peace is restored. I have a wife, four children, and a father eighty years old, who surely believe me dead long since; how they will be surprised when they see me alive once more!"

Turning our eyes upon the other side of the belligerents, we see very different pictures. Never before have I imagined that our neighbors, the descendants of the benignant Confucius, are so atrocious and cruel. I never could have believed the report that the Chinese lop off the heads from the enemies, wounded and captured alike, had not the facts, worse than that by the way, confirmed it. It has now become notorious that the Chinese authorities issued edicts offering considerable sums of money for the heads and limbs of the Japanese. Some foreign correspondents report that money is being paid, not only for the whole head, but even for part of it — so much for the nose and so much for the ear; but this I have no authority to confirm. At Phöng-Yang, among the trophies captured were found copies of the edicts in which different sums of money were

offered for the heads and right arms of the Japanese; and these served to explain the otherwise mysterious sight of headless and armless corpses of our soldiers which were discovered in various Chinese forts. Mr. De Guerville, to whom I have already alluded, says: —

> Just before leaving Kinchow the Japanese heard from the inhabitants, whom they had been feeding, that two Japanese spies had been burned alive, after suffering frightful tortures. On the 19th, two days before the capture [of Port Arthur], the whole army had to pass before the mutilated remains of their comrades — mutilated in a way that, out of respect for the readers of the *Herald*, I cannot describe in detail. On entering Port Arthur, as Mr. Creelman himself states, they saw the heads of their slain comrades hanging on cords, with noses and ears gone. There was a wide arch on main street decorated with bloody Japanese heads.

A native correspondent from the *Koku-Min*, writing of the same scene, adds, "Before this horrible sight our humanity was shocked and we cried out, 'Ah, the Chinese are not only our enemies, but they are common foes of civilization!'" And it was here that our soldiers once for all refused quarter to the enemies. Even this our government deplores as a national shame, and it is now making a rigid investigation in order to maintain the reputation of the Empire. With this single exception, the Japanese soldiers have not only restrained their anger but treated the enemy's captives and wounded with marked kindness even before the awful sight of their brutally decapitated and mutilated compatriots.

On the battlefield of Phöng-Yang, four Chinese boatmen were forced to help our army transport provisions across the river. Evidently they all expected to be beheaded, according to their method of treating their enemies, the Japanese. To their great amazement, a large sum of money was given to them, and also passports so that they could return to China safely. These poor Chinese only looked at one another, unable to understand what this meant. Then there was a Chinese woman, very pretty and ladylike; she was the wife of a Chinese telegraph operator, and came to the Japanese army to ask for the release of her husband who was among the captives. In the midst of 16,000 soldiers and coolies, the only woman, the enemy's woman, was perfectly safe and treated with the utmost respect. A foreigner, one of the eye witnesses of these facts, cries out, "If these facts do not speak for the highly civilized condition of Japan, I do not know what will."

The Japanese are establishing provisional government wherever they have conquered in Manchooria, releasing the inhabitants from one year's revenues. Our soldiers are strictly required to pay for everything, even for a pail of water or a box of matches. Under the mild administration of the conquerors, the

Chinese are perfectly contented, much preferring it to their own harsh, exacting, disorderly government; an event which doubtless greatly increases Sir Thomas Wade's dread of the possibility of a Japanese dynasty in Pekin.

It is rather a misfortune that Japan, in this enlightened age, has been destined to prove her worthiness by the success of arms. Still, otherwise she could never have accomplished what she has done. By this she has convinced the world that the Asiatic can use the "resources of science," the enchanted armor in which Europe fancied herself panoplied forever. By this she has exploded, as the London *Spectator* confesses, the English central idea that the yellow races were destined to remain weak and semi-civilized, so that the white peoples could deal with them very much as they pleased. Above all she has fully proved that the *Yamato* race, if not all the yellow races, is not immovable, but can improve, can not only adopt and adapt, but also thoroughly imbibe and digest all the principles of civilization.

But what will Japan do hereafter? Will she, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* is afraid, consolidate her neighboring huge empire with her own, and, combining "Japanese adroitness and Chinese solidity," dangerously disturb the omnipresent interest of England? Or will she, as the *Review of Reviews* predicts, likening her to a "human tiger" tasting blood once more, "devour all the Eastern victims? These suspicions are by no means absurd, nor are they unreasonable. Emboldened and flushed with the brilliant victories over the colossus ten times as large as herself, the excitable and sentimental Japan is a just object of dread." Now let us look into the disposition of this dangerous nation.

Professor Ladd, of Yale, in a recent issue of *Scribner's Magazine*, somewhat fully discussed the mental characteristics of the Japanese. While I very much regret that I cannot approve most of the statements of so eminent a philosopher for the reason that they are taken from inconsiderable and otherwise extreme instances; I most candidly, and gladly too, admit that we Japanese are a people preëminently guided by the "sentimental temperament," in which category he sums up our mental characteristics. Indeed there is no nation, even the French not excepted, more excitable and sentimental than is the Japanese. It is, nevertheless, this "sentimental temperament" of the people that has made Japan what it is. Take it out of them, you will find in them little difference from other inert, slothful, moribund yellow races. The Japanese are sensitive to honor, therefore to defend it they are ready to sacrifice their lives; they are sensitive to progress, therefore they contend for matching the European civilization; they are sensitive to dignity, therefore they strive to enter into the enlightened family of the world; they

are sensitive to humanity, therefore they embrace Christianity as soon as they are convinced of its benignant and benevolent power.

Would you accuse us of fickleness? I will admit it, but I wish to add that it is the only dark side of our character. Every sensitive person is changeable when he is not thoroughly convinced of the preëminence of what he is dealing with. Once convince the Japanese of a right principle, surely they will grasp it with enthusiasm and sincerity. Once start them in the right direction, they will at once march toward it with all energy and without ceasing. If, therefore, they should be guided by sound judgment and controlled by solid principle, they would be a hopeful people. Even Professor Ladd, who seems to regard the Japanese civilization as but a crust thick, concludes his argument with these words, "As yet, however, we have confidence in the larger hope for the future of this most 'interesting' of Oriental races."

For what principle, toward what goal, are the Japanese most likely to direct their national energy? is the next question.

During the last few decades the world has accomplished a tremendous advancement, which is, indeed, the greatest surprise in its history. No one, who had a chance to visit the Columbian World's Exposition at Chicago, fails to express his or her profound admiration at the wondrous progress of modern civilization, which most countries on the earth were shown to have achieved. This progress, however wonderful, is mainly, if not exclusively, material; and one might be tempted to conclude, with Thomas Buckle, that civilization simply means an intellectual development, and proudly rejoice in the hope of prospective wonders which another decade may possibly bring forth. But the worthiness of mankind should never be measured merely by the improvement of outward appearance.

While we have seen, perhaps, more than enough in the material development, what insignificant progress and what sad conditions we are to observe, if we turn our eyes upon the moral side of the world's civilization! It is high time, we cannot help believing, that we should direct our energy toward the betterment of human character, and the realization of that long looked for *âge d'or*. Nor is the time unripe. "Utopia," "Oceana" and "Looking Backward" are being warmly discussed, although there are many who laugh at them as day dreams.

It is John Bright, if I remember correctly, who declared that there is no permanent greatness to a nation except it be based upon morality. It is Herbert Spencer who predicted that the "better ideal of life may come to prevail, the truth that moral beauty is higher than intellectual power."

Now this is what the Japanese fully recognize and earnestly

seek to realize. Their ambition is too lofty to follow the mad example of Persia or Rome. Their sense of national responsibility is too sober to drink in the empty dreams of Alexander and Napoleon. The false idea that "Force rules the world" is a mere phantasm reflected on the mind of the short-sighted statesman or the headlong adventurer. Every nation has a higher mission; all great countries have contributed to the world's civilization in one way or another: for instance, Egypt by its sciences, the Jewish kingdom by its religion, Greece by its philosophy and arts, Rome by its jurisprudence and culture, Japan by — what? That is the question.

There is a mission still unfulfilled by any nation, that is, the realization of a kingdom of righteousness, a realm of justice and purity, a virtuous nation such as would be looked upon with respect and deference in the world's intercourse, just as a virtuous person is loved and esteemed in the community. It is the achievement of this mission which is the sole aspiration of the Japanese. This is the principle to which they are attached, this is the goal for which they aim. Wherefore the world may rest assured that Japan is neither a "human tiger" nor a disturber of peace.

Kant of Germany appeals for perpetual peace on earth, and Tolstoï of Russia cries for fraternal solidarity of nations. Yet so long as the nations move according to the dictates of self-interest instead of righteousness, and so long as the unjust compel a Gideon, an Adolphus, a Frederick, an Immanuel, a Washington or a Mikado, as in the present case, to take up arms in order to defend himself or rescue the oppressed, so long the idea, however precious, will remain a castle in the air. Let each of the nations, therefore, first elevate its own national morality, and sweep the unjust from the face of the earth! Then, and only then, we may realize our dream of perpetual peace on earth and fraternal solidarity of nations.

May I add a word outside of my argument? Nothing could be more gratifying to me than to see the Americans, whom we Japanese regard as the most advanced nation in the civilized world, as well as our best friends, so profoundly symphathize with the cause of our country on almost all occasions. That may be due, I think, either to the genial goodwill towards every progressive people, or to the natural magnanimity, incapable of jealousy or envy, on the part of the Americans. Count Hirobumi Ito, our premier, is reported to have said: "A few of our officers who were in Europe when the war broke out, and who immediately returned through the United States, have told us, with much emotion, of friendly feelings and hearty reception they met with everywhere there. Once more we have had an opportunity of finding out who are our friends."

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE INSTRUCTION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD, PRESIDENT NATIONAL W. C. T. U.

Suppose you take a watch, full jeweled, of finest Geneva workmanship, and put it in a case made of gold, then in one made of silver, then in one made of porcelain. You will find that it keeps just as good time in a cheap case as in a costly one, because there is no interdependence between the watch and its environment. But God has wound up a watch in this snug, round box on the top of your head and mine, warranted, with good usage, to tick right on with thoughts for eighty or a hundred years — a watch with the mainspring of reason, the balance wheel of judgment, the fine jewels of imagination and fancy, the dial plate of a human face divine, and the pointers of character thereon; and this wonderful watch, the human brain, cannot keep as good time in a coarse case as in a fine one, for there is the closest interdependence between the brain and its environment, between the tissues of the body and the temper of the soul.

Just as Theodore Thomas or Sir Michael Costa controls an orchestra with his baton, or an engineer his engine with the throttle valve, or an operator his telegraph line with the key, so the wonderful prisoner in the brain controls the body's intricate machinery. Given so much clear thought, and you will get so much clear action; given so much crazed thought, and you will get so much crazed action. There is not an axiom of mathematics more fixed than this physical law. The man who can't think his own thoughts, though nobody hinders him; can't speak his own words, though everybody wishes that he could; can't use his own five senses, though they were given him for that specific purpose; and whose cruelty is greatest toward those he loves the best, presents nature's supreme illustration of the law that alcoholic stimulants have no business in the economics of a well-ordered physical life, — and the time to teach this law is just as soon as a child's brain can take it in.

But the same truth is illustrated from another point of view. The geography of character is a "branch" sure to be taught some day in public schools. But character is bounded on the

north by sobriety, on the east by integrity, on the west by industry, and on the south by gentleness, and these cardinal points are all determined by the first, *sobriety*. Clearly note that this virtue must precede that of integrity. As George Eliot has said, with her almost prenatural discrimination, "We cannot command veracity at will; the power of seeing and reporting truth is *a form of health* that has to be delicately guarded." Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, the leading specialist of England, has spent more than twenty-two years studying the effects of alcoholic stimulants. During a series of experiments he associated three hundred chief physicians with him in this study, and they met in London semi-annually to give results. In one conclusion all agreed, and it was this: No form of degeneracy produced by alcoholic beverages is more invariable than the drinker's untruthfulness in word and deed. The person who drinks will use all his ingenuity to conceal, first, the fact itself, next its consequences; and soon the fine edges of perception and conscience are worn away, so that he is untrustworthy in everything. Therefore sobriety outranks integrity as an essential of genuine character.

Next comes industry. But the muscles are only "middlemen" 'twixt mind and matter; their masters are the nerves or message bearers, and alcohol strikes for the brain as a panther leaps upon a deer. Consequently the muscles, receiving wrong orders from the great nerve centre, move in unwieldy fashion; the hand cannot grasp tools, the foot reports distance inaccurately; the man is transformed from a toiler to a reeler, and proof most painful and humiliating is given that sobriety outranks industry upon the map of character.

But gentleness remains to be considered. It is the perfect flower of strength, the ornament of industry, the fragrance of integrity; and gentleness cannot live without sobriety. That is its vital breath, its native air. For gentleness is "governor" of character's great engine, the plumb line of its perfectness, the binnacle that holds its compass true, so that, when you have "boxed the compass," you shall find sobriety the virtue that dominates all others, since the clear, calm, normal brain turns the pointer of all human hope. Why should it not be so? This body that we live in is in a sense the universe to us. We get no light save that which comes in through this strange sky-light of the brain. The man wonderful lives in a house beautiful, and it is all in all to him. It was meant to be his perfect instrument and not his prison. Perfect obedience to its law would make him the true microcosm — the mirror of the universe — nay, of its Creator.

In his ignorance man began to use strong drinks, and honestly

called them "a good creature of God." But the attractive ingredient in all these beverages is alcohol, a poison that has this changeless law, that it acts, in exact proportion to the quantity imbibed, upon the brain and nervous system precisely as fire acts upon water, lapping it up with a fierce and insatiable thirst. This affinity of alcohol for moisture is like a feverish and consuming passion, and the blistered nose, burnt brain and parboiled stomach of the drinking man are nature's perpetual object lessons to illustrate the fact that alcohol must be the redoubtable enemy of an organization made up as the human body is, of seven in every eight parts water. Put with this fact one other, viz., that alcoholic beverages are the only ones on earth that have no power of self-limitation. One glass says two, and two say three, until, as a general rule, from the power of self-perpetuation in this appetite, the life of a drinker of alcoholics has but two periods; in the first he could leave off if he would, and in the last he would leave off if he could.

But how shall the young and thoughtless avoid this supreme peril of their youth unless they know about it, and how shall they learn without a teacher, and how shall they teach except they be sent? This, then, is the *rationale* of scientific temperance instruction in the public schools.

Nature's way of bringing order out of chaos is steadily to flood darkness with light; and we shall never get beyond this method by any spasmodic pyrotechnics, which, no matter how popular for the time, only serve to make the darkness more visible when the artificial coruscations are withdrawn. When I see our schoolboys stunting their growth and drying up their brains with smoke; when I discover that their very cigars are soaked in alcohol and liquors, and that the boys are baited with beer and enticed into saloons by music, games and evil company; when I am told of their degeneracy in scholarship, so that the percentage of girls who graduate and who take honors is steadily gaining on that of boys, it seems to me that I cannot wait until the schools of my country focus their splendid light upon the problem of prevention. It is a glorious thing to go to the rescue of wrecked and ruined manhood with the lifeboat of reform, but far better to build a lighthouse on the sunken reef, warning the unskilled voyager of his danger.

In the light of twenty years' work as a teacher of total abstinence from alcoholic poison, I solemnly aver that had I the power, our system of education should be so changed that the course of study for every pupil, from the kindergarten toddler to the high school graduate, should be grounded where God grounds our very being — *on natural law*. They should know the laws of health first of all, since their physical being is the firm base of

the whole pyramid of character. "According to law" is the method as it is the philosophic explanation of the universe so far as we can spell it out. The blessed word "health" once literally meant "holiness," and that means simply "wholeness." This body of ours was meant to be the temple of the Holy Spirit, but enemies have taken possession of it and dimmed or well-nigh extinguished the shekinah. The alcohol and nicotine poisons, leagued with bad food, unnatural dress, bad ventilation and ill-proportioned exercise, are the demons that hold the sacred citadel.

Yet we call ourselves a science-loving people and think we care to know God's reason why. His laws, "written in our members," we pass lightly over that we may learn man's formula for parsing a verb or construing a foreign quotation. Even the Saxons knew that "every man has lain on his own trencher"; that what we eat, more than all other contingencies, determines what we are; but we pass over these weightiest matters of the changeless laws of hygiene that we may tithe the mint and cummin of grammatical punctilio and mathematical accomplishment. Even when we study the natural sciences, we soar amid the stars, and hammer the rocks or dissect flowers, but place the study of our own more splendid organism at the foot of the list, instead of building the whole edifice of education upon this solid rock, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. Our obliquity of vision at this point is fatal to the logical sequence of our entire scheme, and will be the amazement of wiser and happier generations.

In the school of the future carefully trained hygienists will be steadily at work studying the habits of the children and teaching them, on scientific grounds, how they may form those upon which physical sanity is conditioned. Clothing that imposes a ligature upon any organ or member of the body will not be tolerated; the eating of highly seasoned food will be condemned; the use of pork as an article of diet shown to be a relic of barbarism, and the physical sin of using stimulants and narcotics denounced with all the emphasis of a "Thus saith the Lord." For we shall never get beyond that *dictum* of the wondrous Hebrew nation. It will be quoted when Aristotle is forgotten. For there is One

> in every age,
> By every clime adored,
> By saint, by savage and by sage—
> Jehovah, Jove or Lord.

Him whom I worship as Christ you may name the "Great First Cause"; but we are both thinking of the *Author of Law*, and the laws are here, close to us as our heart-beats and as constant, and one of them is this: Behind everything there is a thought, behind every thought a thinker, and in the series the first thinker

must come first of all. Another is, that whatever is evoluted must have been involuted first — in the light of which principle the whole scheme of teaching natural law is profoundly and unchangeable religious. For religion is but to bind again to God's law that which had broken away from it.

So not less as a Christian than as a patriot, do I advance most earnestly as the basis of our public school system the teaching of natural law concerning the bodily habits of those who come to be taught. The decalogue of health, the ritual of the Holy Spirit's most sacred temple, must be learned in our public schools, or they are in the deepest sense, what they have been often termed, "godless." As a beginning of this vital education I would teach on scientific grounds the unreasonableness of using alcoholic drinks. By every practical method of illustration and experiment I would set before my pupils that the tendency of yesterday is likely to become the habit of to-day and the bondage of to-morrow. They should be drilled into the fact that the alcoholic habit is cumulative, subtly strengthening by what it feeds upon, so that the ignorant claim that drinks like cider, beer and wine, are preventives of drunkenness, should be an insult to their intelligence.

In my geography should be laid down the maelstrom of moderate drinking, and the Niagara of drunkenness; in my grammar, the conjugation of the verbs "to be" and "to do," as related to a boy's life proceedings, should be no more irregular; and in my arithmetic the knotty problem of life should be the one on whose solution most of study should be expended.

Much has already been accomplished in this direction. Every one of the admirable normal schools of the state of New York is obliged to make a specialty of drilling the teachers in hygienic physiology with special reference to the effects of alcoholic stimulants and narcotics. The same is true of Michigan, Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Alabama, Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon, Nevada, Maine, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Missouri, Iowa, Maryland, Connecticut, New Jersey, Washington and Wyoming, and indeed all but six of the fifty subdivisions of the United States, rounding up with the national law passed by Congress, May 17, 1886. Every child in those states must be instructed in this branch of study. Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, of Boston, is at the head of this department, and has a genius worthy of a major general for strategic points and skilful combinations. In each state and territory she has an official coadjutor, who in turn has one in each local Woman's Christian Temperance Union, so that ten thousand lines radiate from the headquarters of our national society to as many towns where our local members are at work.

But we do not by any means wait for a law to be adopted. We constantly petition local educational boards and individual teachers to use their influence for hygienic teaching. There are thousands of schools to-day where our new and complete series of text books has been regularly introduced, and thousands more in which earnest teachers find opportunity, by oral and reading lessons, subjects for essay, declamation and debate, to lay the foundation for more systematic work. We induce persons of wealth to offer prizes for the best essay on the evil effects of intoxicants. Prizes are also given to teachers in normal schools for similar essays, and reference libraries are furnished to such schools. We have devised text-book covers on which total abstinence arguments are printed, and which many of our unions furnish free to the schools of their own towns. The teachers' conventions in many states and counties have adopted resolutions declaring their adhesion to this movement, and the National Educational Association has given emphatic utterance to the same purpose. President Bicknell in his address said: "Two persons stand at the threshold to protect the incoming generation from becoming an easy prey to the devourer of health, happiness and heaven. The natural protectors of our youth are the parents and the teacher, as home and school are the citadels for their defence. Formation, not reformation, is now the educational watchword which woman has proclaimed as the signal to be sent to all of her allies in the world, and the two words, woman and temperance, each the symbol of the good and the true, shall be forever united."

Talking with teachers on this subject of scientific temperance teaching I have found their sympathy almost universal, but they have often said: "We are already so overcrowded with duties that the practical difficulty is, how can we add this to our cares or find time for the children to take up another branch?" It seems to me that the superintendent of schools in a leading city of Massachusetts made a conclusive reply to this objection when he said to the president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union: "This subject ought to be taught. If the schedule is too much crowded already, we will take something out and make room for this, *because it is entitled to the right of way.*"

I believe this systematic instruction, which both forewarns and forearms them, to be the road out of bondage for the children of America. No other institution of the republic reaches them all. Powerful as are the forces of pulpit and press, the former does not attract all ears, and the latter is largely influenced by the saloon in finance and the saloon in politics. But to the schoolhouse door come white and black, native and foreign-born; inside its walls are invested their formative years, and the laws of their

being, as set forth by science, must appeal to their self-love, an attribute upon which we may always confidently base our calculations! The German, who learns that the laws of nature take sides with total abstinence, will gradually cease the cry of "fanaticism." His boy comes home from school and tells him that in time of pestilence and sunstroke the beer drinkers pay forfeit and the total abstainers get off scot free; that these last are at a premium with the life insurance companies; that they win in the athletic games; that they are the successful explorers and victorious soldiers, and that chemistry, physiology and hygiene prove that this must always be so. Mein Herr scoffed at the "crusading women," but the dignity of science will do much to silence him, and it will convince his children.

MOHAMMED AND THE KORAN.

BY PROF. JAMES T. BIXBY, PH.D.

In Dante's list of the sowers of religious discord, whom he places on the ninth circle of his Inferno, one of the most conspicuous figures is the heresiarch, Mahomet; and for his crimes, his flesh is torn piecemeal from his limbs by demons who repeat their round in time to reopen the half-healed wounds. The great Protestant reformers had an equally blind prejudice against the founder of Islam. Luther calls him "you horrid devil," and debates whether he or the pope be the real Anti-Christ. Melanchthon characterized Islam as "altogether made up of blasphemy, robbery and shameful lusts." Even in the last century, gentle Charles Wesley, in a hymn which even in our own generation has been sung in our Protestant churches, called Mahomet an impostor and Arab thief, and invoked the Triune God to stretch out His arm,

> "The Unitarian fiend expel
> And chase his doctrine back to hell."

Such violent hatred in Christian hearts for the teacher who reverently recognized Christ as one of the five great prophets of the world; who equally with Christians accepted both the Old and New Testaments as sacred Scripture, and who has done as much as any other religious leader, Jesus himself not excepted, in cleansing the world of intemperance, idolatry and polytheism — such hatred could proceed from one source only, the densest ignorance. The science of comparative religion, as it has made us acquainted with the various faiths outside our own, has shown us that even in dealing with polytheism and fetichism we are on "holy ground." How much more when we enter the pale of a faith whose daily cry is that same commandment for which we honor Moses — "The Lord our God is one Lord, and there are no other gods beside Him," and three fourths of whose teaching is substantially identical with the teachings of Christianity.

Accordingly as Christians have become better acquainted with the Koran and the real facts in the life of its author, their estimate of him has been radically altered. It is evident that whatever grave human weaknesses there were in him (and to his credit be it said he never claimed to be exempt from them), he

was one of the master minds of the world's history, a true prophet whose burden was delivered out of the deepest depths of his soul, and who has done a remarkable work for the purification and elevation of religion.

What, then, were the facts of Mohammed's career and the elements of his character? To answer this question we have the most abundant materials. Fortunately for the world, Mohammed's figure stands forth in the full blaze of history. Every other religion has grown up unnoticed in more or less obscurity. Every other great founder of a religious system is a character more or less enveloped in marvellous embellishments or doubtful shadows.

But in the study of Islam we are saved from all this. The Koran is no compilation or accretion from many hands and successive generations — as the Vedas, the Avesta and our own Bible are — but it is the unquestioned work, in every part, of Mohammed himself and contains the frankest autobiographical confessions of his inner spiritual history. From contemporary biographers we know all about his youth, family, personal appearance, domestic habits, private life and the successive steps of his progress as a religious reformer. We know him not only as he appeared to his disciples and admirers, but we know also what his own townsmen and early associates, his rivals and his enemies, had to say of him. And we may feel sure, therefore, that in this pitiless noonday light, not only all his virtues but all his weaknesses were brought forth to notice, and that if under these searching rays of publicity any grandeur of spirit is left to the man, it must be because there was in him some of the genuine stuff out of which prophets are moulded.

To understand the work of Mohammed, we must understand, first, the condition of Arabia at the time when the prophet came forth proclaiming his new faith. A most curious medley of religions, in various stages of degeneration and corruption, filled the peninsula. In some tribes a narrow Judaism prevailed. Other tribes called themselves Christians, but, as a shrewd observer said, owed nothing to the gospel except the custom of drinking wine. In most tribes, a jumble of various systems of polytheism and fetichism, especially the Sabean star worship, prevailed. The Kaaba, the ancient temple of Mecca, became a Pantheon of all worships, in which three hundred sixty idols and images, including one of Abraham and another of the Virgin Mary and child, were collected. Divination, the worship of stones, and human sacrifices were among the superstitions to which the people clung. But while blindly and fanatically adhering to customs that had the sanction of immemorial usage, they often had little or no faith in them.

The social condition of the people was as disorganized as its religious state. Infanticide was a common custom. Polygamy and divorce were universal and unrestricted. We read of a certain woman who distinguished herself by having forty husbands. Drunkenness and gambling were exceedingly common; blood feuds were religious duties, handed down from father to son as the most sacred of obligations.

Such were some of the social and religious evils that called for reform and such were the lions that stood in the path of any champion of purer faith and practice. On the other hand, there were already some stirrings of a better spirit— unmistakable reactions against the corruptions of the time. Amongst the multitudes of polytheists, there were a few who were more spiritual-minded and who had already revolted from the prevailing idolatry and had grasped, more or less definitely, the monotheistic idea and were laboring for it; reformers before the reformation. Such were the Hanyfs, believers in the one God of Abraham, who had in their keeping certain rolls of Abraham and Moses to which Mohammed at first appealed. Amongst these were a band of four, all relations of the prophet, who once met at the Kaaba during the annual feast; and disgusted at the fetichism into which their countrymen had sunk, said to each other, "Shall we go round and round a stone in homage — a stone which neither heareth nor seeth, neither helpeth nor hurteth? Let us seek a better faith." And straightway they left their homes to find the one true religion.

In various quarters thus, there was an outreaching for new light, a fore-feeling of coming change. The prayer of Zaid, the Hanyfite, was probably the secret prayer of many a soul in those days — "O God, if I knew what form of worship thou desirest, I would adopt it. . . . But I know it not." The highway for a religious revolution was made straight in the desert; the glory of the Lord was prepared and only waiting for the bold voice of the prophet to manifest itself. Who was the one who was to show the insight into the new time and the courage of conviction, that should put the match to this splendid pile and set it ablaze? It was no prince nor philosopher nor statesman, but an unlettered camel driver, an orphan from his sixth year, and of sickly constitution.

While still a boy, he had to go to work for his living, tending the flocks, and was often glad to eke out his meagre meals with wild blackberries. In his early manhood, he conducted caravans; his faithfulness gained him the name of "the trusty," and (what was the turning point in his career) the love of the rich widow, Khadijah, who had employed him. She herself offered him her hand and procured her father's consent to the marriage. Hence-

forth, Mohammed was a man of wealth and position, at the head of a large business.

Of that personal appearance which it is always interesting to know, but which history has so sternly denied us in reference to Zoroaster, Buddha and Christ, Mohammed's biographers have given us the fullest details. He was broad-shouldered, with a massive head, covered with curling, dark hair which fell almost to his shoulders. He had great black, restless eyes, which shone out underneath heavy eye-lashes, and long, arched eyebrows. On his forehead, there was a prominent blood vessel which filled and throbbed in a very noticeable way when he was excited. He had a complexion that was red and white; and teeth like hail-stones — that is, hard and white.

In his habits he was extremely simple, never eating cooked food, but living on "the two black things," i. e., dates and water, with a little milk. Whenever there was more money in the house than he needed, he would order it divided among the poor. The only luxuries in which he indulged were perfumes, and certain yellow boots which had been given to him. He had great delicacy and refinement of feeling. "He is more modest than a virgin behind her curtain," his favorite wife Ayesha said of him. He was very kindly and indulgent. His servant Anas said that in ten years he had never once spoken a cross word to him. He was very fond of children. He would stop them in the street and pat their cheeks; he liked to fondle his little girls and romp with them, tell them fairy tales and join with them in playing with their toys.

When asked to curse some one, he answered, "I have not been sent to curse, but to be a mercy to mankind." He visited the sick; if he met a bier, he followed it to the grave; and would accept even the invitation of a slave to dinner. He had no arrogance of bearing, but was thoroughly democratic in his manners, mended his own clothes, milked his goats and waited upon himself. He took a hearty interest in his fellows, never being the first, when he shook hands, to withdraw his palm. He received all who came to see him, without distinction, and even when he was old and his uncle suggested that he occupy an elevated seat, out of the press of the throng, he refused anything that would make him appear distant to his fellows.

On the other hand he was nervously afraid of bodily pain, and would sob and roar under it. He was not overstocked with courage. In the political field he was very cautious; careful to get abundant advice and adjust his course by it. He seems often to have yielded to the pressure of surrounding opinion and been drawn into ill-advised steps. In battle, he took precautions hardly in accordance with that entire trust in Allah which he

preached to his troops. He put on two coats of mail and a casque with a visor, that completely hid his face. He used the customary treacheries of Arab warfare, promised absolution in advance to Othman for all his sins in return for a service, and was not above availing himself of the dagger of a professional assassin, to get rid of a dangerous foe.

Yet on the whole, he was a manly man, warm with the genuine sentiments of humanity, and of sincere religious conviction. When his faithful wife and uncle had both died, and his followers in Mecca abandoned him, and he knew not where to turn, he boldly went to Tayif, the town most wholly given up to idolatry, and preached his new gospel, and when he was stoned out of the city, came back, still patient and undisheartened, saying, "If thou, O Allah, art not angry, I am safe; I seek refuge in the light of thy countenance." When again at Mount Ohud he was signally defeated and wounded almost to the death, he rallied his followers with a *Sura*, declaring that Mohammed is only the human instrument of Allah — that the cause of Allah does not die with him. "What if he had been killed, need ye go back? He that turneth back, injureth not God in the least, but himself." This is certainly not the language of the adventurer and self-seeker whom alone so many can see in Mohammed.

It was not until Mohammed had reached the age of forty years that he entered on his career as a religious reformer. It was in obedience to what he believed to be a divine inspiration that he began this work. While engaged in one of the customary fasts of the land, in a cave on Mount Hira, an hour's walk from Mecca, Mohammed was waked from his sleep by a voice which called to him. Twice he ignored the call; but he was pressed sore, "as if a fearful weight had been laid upon him." And for the third time the voice called to him, "Cry!" And he said, "What shall I cry?" And the answer came, "Cry aloud in the name of the Lord." Then the voice went on to tell "how man had been called into existence by Allah and lifted by the knowledge of the Lord; how the Lord was beneficent and had revealed that which men did not know." Then Mohammed awoke from his trance and felt as if a book had been written in his heart. A great trembling fell upon him and he hastened home to his wife and fell down again in a paroxysm. At first he thought he had been possessed by a *djin* — an evil spirit. But Khadijah, using the same test which Christ used in his own defence, when the Jews accused him of casting out the spirits by the help of Beelzebub, assured him that with one who lived a good life, as he did, such supernatural manifestations must show the hand of God, not of a devil. "Rejoice, O my husband, and be of good cheer. As I live, Allah is my witness, that thou wilt be the

prophet of this people." His aged cousin, Waraka, to whom the supernatural communication was confided, also assured him that it was a revelation from Allah.

After this Mohammed, in awe and trembling, waited for further communications from the supernatural voice. But for a long time none came, and in his perplexity, despair and heart-sick fear that it had only been a mockery of devils, he was many a time on the point of committing suicide. But the angel of the Lord, Gabriel, held him back, assuring Mohammed that he was Allah's messenger. At length the revelations came again and continued for twenty years, with brief intermissions. These revelations were by no means mere imaginations or pretences. If we do not accept their supernatural character, we must acknowledge that physiologically they were trances of a most abnormal character. In the midst of the solitary broodings to which the prophet was addicted, an attack of frightful vehemence would suddenly seize Mohammed. "He roared like a camel, his eyes rolled and glowed like red coals; on the coldest days, terrible perspirations would break out all over his body. When the terror ceased it seemed to him as if he had heard bells ringing, the sound whereof seemed to rend him in pieces; as if he had heard a voice and words had been written on his heart."

As long as the paroxysm lasted, Mohammed did not utter any of his sayings. But as soon as he came out of it, he dictated to his scribe what he had heard, for, according to his own account, he could not write. If there was no parchment to be found, the message was written down on tablets of white stone, date leaves or shoulder bones of the last leg of mutton that was eaten — whatever came quickest to hand. For, like Coleridge's poem of Rhubla Khan, composed in a dream, these *Suras* of Mohammed also must be written down before they vanished from the prophet's memory.

When Mohammed had become convinced that God had appointed him his messenger, to purify the faith of his people, he sought converts. The first was the motherly wife, Khadijah, whose assurances had in the first place given him faith in his own divine call, and who, whenever he was cast down, inspired him afresh with confidence in his holy mission. Next were the freedman Zaid; Ali, his young cousin; and the rich merchant, Abu Bakr, his prudent and energetic counsellor in the troublous years to come.

Most of his relations and townspeople at first laughed at him as a fool. But when Mohammed began vigorously to denounce the prevalent idol worship, they waxed wroth and combined against him. Mohammed openly set the champions of the old superstitions at defiance, crying "There is no God but

Allah," and cursing with burning imprecations all idolaters, denouncing the living as fools and the dead as denizens of hell fire. His enemies demanded of his uncle, his protector, that the possessed man should be surrendered to them, or they would fight them all until one party or the other was exterminated. Mohammed answered, "By Allah, if they put the sun to my right hand and the moon to my left I will not give up the cause I am pursuing until Allah gives me success, or I perish." His uncle, in admiration of his courage, swore to stand by, and for a while fanaticism was baffled.

But if his enemies could not move the master, they could the disciples. Some abandoned him; others fled to Abyssinia. After a while, Mohammed, feeling that he was abandoned and that his single-handed struggle was a hopeless one, sought to conciliate his foes by publicly invoking the three most popular idols, the "sublime swans." But on the following day Mohammed's conscience resumed its ascendency over the weak flesh, and he withdrew his recognition of the idols, declaring that "the devil" had prompted him to it. Soon he gained new converts, among them the martial Omar, who had entered his house with a sword to slay him, but who was converted by a recitation from the Koran and became the most zealous apostle of the faith.

But anon reverses came. Mohammed and his whole family were excommunicated; he wandered to and fro, his life constantly in jeopardy. But just at this time when his fortunes were at the lowest, some converts that he had made among the people of Medina, suggested that he was the one man needed to unite the warring Jews, Gentiles and Christians, of this city. After several secret midnight conferences with the deputations from Medina, in which Mohammed set forth the main points of his new faith, a solemn compact was entered into, twelve bishops were appointed and his chief disciples in Mecca secretly made their way to Medina, to prepare for the coming stroke. When the people of Mecca heard of this they were enraged; Mohammed was sentenced to death and a band of assassins agreed to dispatch him. With one sole companion, the faithful Abu Bakr, Mohammed fled. Several times he almost fell into the hands of his pursuers.

Once his companion began to fear. "We are but two," he said.

"Nay," said Mohammed, "we are three; God is with us."

Another time, it was only this divine interposition, according to the legend, that saved the fugitives. For the pursuers actually came to the mouth of the very cave where Mohammed and his companion were hid; but seeing a spider's web across the entrance and two pigeon's eggs in the mouth of the cave,

they were convinced that no one could have entered for a long season and turned away.

This was the famous Hegira, or flight of Mohammed, 622 A. D., from which Mohammedans henceforth date all historical events. Received with acclamations by the citizens of Medina, Mohammed became henceforth not only prophet but law-giver, general and prince. At first driven by his enemies to battle, his success persuaded him that God had put this providentially into his hands. Within a year he proclaimed war against the enemies of the faith. Tribe after tribe was subdued until all Arabia had been made to acknowledge Islam as their faith, Mohammed as its prophet and their ruler; and Mecca itself recognized the man whom it had driven forth, as the founder of a new kingdom. The Jews of Medina, who thought to use him as a tool, found in him a master, and the man whom they had instructed in Mosaic law and Talmudic legend, now bade the faithful to turn their faces in prayer not to Jerusalem but to Mecca. Under the influence of Omar's martial ambition, war was planned against the Greeks, but before this adventurous expedition was begun, the prophet felt death approaching.

He went as long as he could to the mosque, where he joined in the prayers. "If I have struck any one," he said, "here is my back — let him strike me; if I have deprived any of his possessions, all I have is at his disposal." A half-witted fellow present claimed that the prophet owed him three drachme. "Better shame in this world than in the next," said the dying man, and paid him the money on the spot. Mohammed then recited passages from the Koran, preparatory to death, and exhorted his followers to peace. His last words were broken phrases, showing that his thoughts were on heaven and the angels. As he gazed upward he murmured, "No — the companions above — in paradise," and he never spoke again.

Such were the personal characteristics and career of the famous prophet of Islam. What, then, was this Islam — this faith for which he dared so much, and which has run a course in the world still more remarkable than its founder's history? The word Islam is commonly translated "submission." But it is better translated by "obedience," or as Emanuel Deutsch, the Oriental scholar, phrased it, "the striving after righteousness." It is the doing the will of Allah, the one true God.

The authoritative statement of this divine will and the way in which we should obey God and fulfil righteousness, is to be found, all Mohammedans believe, in the Koran. The Koran was entirely the composition of Mohammed, dictated by him to his secretaries, as we have described, on coming out of the cataleptic trances in which he heard, as he declared, the divine

revelations. The *Suras* as they are called, or separate chapters, consist of a medley of psalms, legends, prayers, meditations, descriptions of the spiritual world, laws, military orders, admonitions and exhortations to the people, which follow one another in the most heterogeneous fashion, the editors having done nothing towards the arrangement of them, except to put the longest first and those of progressively less length respectively next in succession till the series was closed with the shortest. The result is that almost all of the earliest and most important ones are to be found near the close of the book, and to follow at all the progress of Mohammed's thought and the history of the faith, the reader ought to begin at the back of the book and read toward the front.

To a European, the book seems magniloquent and tedious; but the Arabs and Arab scholars regard it as exceedingly musical, sonorous, vigorous and eloquent in expression. Its rhymed prose, something after Walt Whitman's style, occasioned a literary revolution as noticeable as the religious revolution which it produced. The most important conversions which he made were wrought by the magic of the thought and style of the Koran; and to those who asked of him a sign that his revelations were from heaven, Mohammed offered the perfect purity of language in the Koran and the marvellous impressiveness of its diction. It is a prime tenet of Islam that the Koran was a direct divine creation, of the very essence of God, brought down by Allah to the lowest heaven, and then, little by little, imparted by the angel Gabriel to the prophet.

In its doctrine the Koran contains little that to the student of Judaism and Christianity seems original. It is mainly a republication of the Mosaic law, enriched with many later Talmudic legends, Parsee fancies of heaven, hell and the judgment day, and local Arabic religious rites. Its central doctrines, repeated over and over, are those of the Divine Unity and the prophetic mission of Mohammed. There is no God but Allah and Mohammed is his prophet. From Christianity it took very little. Jesus is always spoken of with reverence and counted one of Mohammed's inspired predecessors, but the characteristic doctrine of popular Christianity, that of Divine Sonship, Islam distinctly rejects. In the chapter on the Divine Unity, which though one of the shortest chapters in the Koran is ranked as equal to a third of it, it is said: "Proclaim that God is one, the Everlasting. He begetteth not and is not begotten. There is none like unto him."

We see here the characteristic stamp of the Semitic race in religion. The brilliant French scholar Renan, in a somewhat rash generalization, a few years ago, termed monotheism a Semitic instinct. To justify that, one would have to rule out of the Se-

mitic race all other nations except the Hebrews, for all the rest — Phenicians, Babylonians and Arabians — have been as polytheistic as Greeks or Hindus. But there is an ethnic instinct in the Semites, nevertheless, quite different from that of the Aryan race. It is that which tends to exalt its deities to an unapproachable height above mankind, and invest them with absolute power and despotic dominion. Hence it follows that in Semitic faiths there is an immense chasm between man and God. The idea of incarnations, transubstantiations or other mixture of the divine and human is quite foreign to it. The divine communication comes through angels and prophets only and the *rôle* of humanity is simply to hearken and obey. This is the spirit that characterizes the Koran. Every chapter in the Koran is given "In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate." Mohammed's awe of the divine was most profound. In what exalted terms he depicts the being of God in the second *Sura:* —

> Allah — there is no God but he, the Living, the Self-Subsisting. Neither slumber seizeth him nor sleep. All that is in the heavens and the earth is his. Who is he that can intercede with him but by his own permission? He knoweth what is present with his creatures and what is yet to befall them. . . . His throne reacheth over the heavens and the earth, and the upholding of both burdeneth him not. He is the Exalted, the Great One.

Mohammed's whole soul was filled with deepest veneration for this One Supreme. The idols of his countrymen seemed to him monstrous; the controversies of the wrangling Christian sects of the East as to how many natures and how many wills Christ had, and whether that which was mathematically false could yet be metaphysically true, seemed to him equally ill-advised, and his rough common sense impatiently brushed them aside with the brusque judgment: "Surely they must be infidels who make Allah but a third of three; for there is no God but the one God. The Messiah was but an apostle and his mother was an honest person. They both ate food." It was this simple and straightforward faith which took him into the superstitious temple of Mecca and cleared out from the venerated shrine its three hundred sixty idols and all the ancient falsehoods accompanying them.

For that land and age, this gospel of a single holy Will, a single government and idea, reigning throughout a universe also one and harmonious, and the summoning of all his human servants to stand by God's truth and carry out his will, without paltering or hair-splitting, was a noble gospel — a gospel, indeed, better even to-day than much of the degenerate ritualism and hugging of mysteries and confusion of right and reason that passes current around us for Christian faith.

This lofty monotheism is the first great doctrine of Islam. Next in importance comes belief in the day of judgment, in the angels, in the Koran and in the prophets — of whom Jesus and Mohammed are the two latest. With the most graphic, lurid colors, he paints, again and again, the terrible day, at the approach of which the very seas blaze up in fire and the children's hair grows white with anguish. Like locust swarms, the souls rise up from the grave; and Allah cries to hell, "Art thou filled full?" and hell cries to Allah, "Give me more, still more"; while paradise opens its blissful days to the righteous, and glory ineffable awaits all the servants of Allah.

The most tremendous motives — dread punishment for sin; supreme bliss for the good — are thus straightforwardly put by the Koran before the fateful choice of man. And it is no barren ceremonialism that admits to the realms of paradise. The Mohammedan holiness is emphatically moral. "Righteousness is his only," says the Koran, "who bestows his wealth for God's sake upon kindred and orphans, the poor and the homeless and all those who ask, and also upon delivering the captives; he who is steadfast in prayer, who giveth alms, who stands firmly by his covenants; and who is patient in adversity and in times of trial. These are the righteous and these are the God-fearing."

In all these points, the righteousness of Islam is incontrovertibly sound and practical. It is, indeed, at one with the best Jewish and Christian righteousness. Besides these there are certain special practices, peculiar to the followers of Mohammed. These are its observance of Friday, instead of Sunday as a Sabbath; its fasts, especially the great fast of the Ramadan; the pilgrimage to Mecca, which every devout Mohammedan should make once in his life; and above all, the five daily prayers, strictly to be observed by all good Moslems. If, as I have often heard Methodist preachers say, it is only praying people who are to be reckoned as religious people, then, by this standard, the piety of the Moslems far exceeds that of Christians.

Travellers who have been in the East tell us that nothing more strongly impresses upon them that they are in a foreign country than the first time that they hear the Moslem call to prayer. Perhaps it is midday, and the great throng in the market place stop their chafferings to kneel down on the ground with face toward Mecca and repeat the common prayer. Or perhaps the traveller is wakened suddenly in the middle of his first night on oriental soil, to listen with a strange thrill, as if in a dream within a dream, to the voice of the muezzin singing the first call to prayer. From the lofty minaret, the sweet, solitary, sonorous voice floats down through the moonlight stillness. And at the sound the white figures on the low roofs turn to prostrate

themselves, and join in the words of adoration which rise and fall on the listening night: "Great is Allah. Prayer is better than sleep. There is no God but Allah. He giveth life, and he dieth not. Oh, thou bountiful, thy mercy ceaseth not. . . . Great is Allah" (E. Deutsch, Talmud, 368).

What shall we say, then, on the whole, of Mohammed and of the religion that he founded? Was he an impostor? Was he only a false prophet and in no sense a true one? As I read his history, I cannot believe that. I find that he stood forth, almost alone, in a nation of idolaters, as champion of the unity and spirituality of God. For this great truth he brought upon himself persecution, daily maintained for years; he suffered the hatred of his friends, the loss of his property; he put his life in jeopardy, and escaped only by flight. He was not to be silenced by menaces or bribes. He was not luxurious nor self-seeking. His revelations and angelic voices may be called the work of evil spirits, if you think that a better explanation, or if you are of a scientific turn of mind you may say that they were hallucinations, due to some sort of diseased brain action; but there is no ground that I can see to judge them a mere pretence, or say that to Mohammed they did not seem most real — painfully, terribly real, oftentimes.

Further supernatural powers, such as his enemies demanded as better proof of his mission, and such as his own followers were entirely ready to invest him with, he frankly and honestly disclaimed. On the saddest day of his life, when his little boy Ibrahin was taken from him, an eclipse of the sun occurred as he went home, and his friends spoke of it as a token of the sympathy of heaven. A vulgar impostor would have accepted the flattery, but Mohammed rebuked it: "The sun and the moon are signs appointed by the Lord. They are not eclipsed at the death of any human being." In a similar spirit of sincerity and modesty, he waited for months — once for two years — for communications which he very urgently needed.

When, out of weakness, he had swerved from what he recognized as the path of duty, he did not hesitate to blame himself. Having one day, when engaged in conversation with a man of power and influence, impatiently turned away from a blind man who accosted him, the next day's revelation contained a stern rebuke of the prophet's own behavior. At another time, when he had as yet only half established his position, a powerful Christian tribe offered its submission on condition that Mohammed should leave their chief some remnant of his power. "Not one unripe date," was the prophet's uncompromising answer. On the other hand, when at last he entered Mecca in triumph, with absolute power, we find him wielding that power

with the most striking moderation. There were no proscription lists, no plunder, no wanton revenge, such as would have marked the course of one whose religious aspirations were only a mask.

Such incidents are not such as characterize a mere adventurer and selfish charlatan. Mohammed, I believe, had a deep faith in his own mission, as well as in the truths for which he battled. But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that his character had grave faults, and that in his latter life these faults grew upon him. After the death of his first wife, Khadijah, he seemed to have lost his wise counsellor, the balance wheel of his life. The heights of political and spiritual power to which his success exalted him, made him dizzy, and he underwent a moral degeneration. His pet weakness was his disreputable fondness for women. Not satisfied with the four wives which his own laws allowed the faithful Moslem, he claimed the privileges of his rank as supreme prophet, to add still more women to his harem till they numbered eleven — one of them being the wife of his own adopted son, divorced on purpose that Mohammed might himself enjoy her; and to silence the scandal, a special revelation from Allah was soon produced, permitting the transgression.

Such gross blots on the Koran and the prophet's character show plainly that Mohammed's inspiration sometimes came more from the flesh than the spirit, and that, as time went on, he confounded what came from below with what came from above. "When a man is once persuaded fully of his own divine mission as a whole, he unconsciously begins to invest his personal desires, even his coarsest lusts, with a supernatural sanction." Such stains do not necessarily show that the man was consciously a fraud; but they certainly put him on a distinctly lower plane than such heroes of conscience as Elijah or Paul or Huss, not to speak of the teacher of Nazareth.

As a consequence of these faults in the character of its founder, Islam has not a few manifest imperfections. The license given to polygamy is a noticeable one. The Koran allows a man four lawful wives and as many concubine slaves as he pleases. And what is worse, he can divorce any of his wives at any time, without assigning any reason or fault or other legal procedure than to say, "I divorce thee"; and Mr. Lane says that in Cairo there are few men who have not divorced one wife, and many who in the course of ten years have successively married twenty or thirty wives. It is evident how much such a system must do to degrade women, destroy pure love between the sexes, kill purity and modesty, and ruin all true home life.

The same gross sensuousness defiles the Moslem conceptions of heaven. When the soldier went forth to battle, his leaders urged him on with visions of his coming reward in heaven —

visions more intoxicating than the strongest of brandies. "I see," cried Khaled's cousin at the battle of Enusa, "the black-eyed houries of Paradise; one of them, if seen on earth, would make mankind die of love. They are smiling on us, and beckoning, 'Come hither, my well-beloved.'" Beside these voluptuous beauties, soft couches and luscious fruit and flesh contributed to make up Islam's ideal of celestial bliss.

And this reminds us of another blot on the escutcheon of Islam — its use of the sword in spreading its faith. "Without Islam," as St. Helaire says, "the Arabs had not been the conquerors of the world. But without war Islam itself had not been." Until Mohammed appealed to the sword, his principles made little progress. "The Koran, tribute, or the sword — these were the alternatives offered to every land which they conquered. No wonder that whole tribes were in a few hours convinced of the truth of the new faith; when extermination is the penalty a decision on the profoundest mysteries is quickly reached.

For inciting martial ardor, for putting a faith before a new people in a form, most simple and easily graspable, for meeting half-way the weaknesses of Oriental peoples, Islam is admirably adapted. But for the quieter and more solid victories of peace and the needs of higher civilizations, for promoting social liberty and personal development, it is not well-fitted. "The Moslems," says Osborn, "are strong only for destruction. When that work is over they either prey upon each other, or beat themselves to death against the bars of their own prison house. No permanent dwelling place can be erected on a foundation of sand, and no durable or humanizing polity on a foundation of fatalism, despotism, polygamy and slavery."

In the field of religion, the same divine autocracy on one side and blind obedience on the other, is what we find. The attitude of man to God is never more than that of a servant to his Master — a Master who

> "Shrouded in his lonely light
> Rests utterly apart"

from all his creatures and who is conceived as doing with entire arbitrariness and absoluteness whatever he wills. In such a system there is no room for that divine sonship of humanity and filial communion and love between the Heavenly Father and his earthly child which forms the privilege and glory of the Christian life.

But on the other hand, it would be an equal error to refuse to recognize the many good points in Islam. Its absolute condemnation of all idolatrous practices and the use of any images

or human representations whatsoever in its temples, is most commendable. Compared with many a Roman Catholic cathedral, the Moslem mosque exhibits a decidedly superior spirituality of thought and purity of worship. Islam effected in the Oriental world what neither Christianity nor Judaism had, at its time, accomplished — the sweeping away of the remnants of polytheistic worship, and the firm establishment in men's thought of the idea of one Supreme God; an idea, indeed, which among many who esteem themselves orthodox Christians is even to-day darkly obscured, the Heavenly Father and Divine Creator being still to them, as to the old Christians of Arabia, "a third of three."

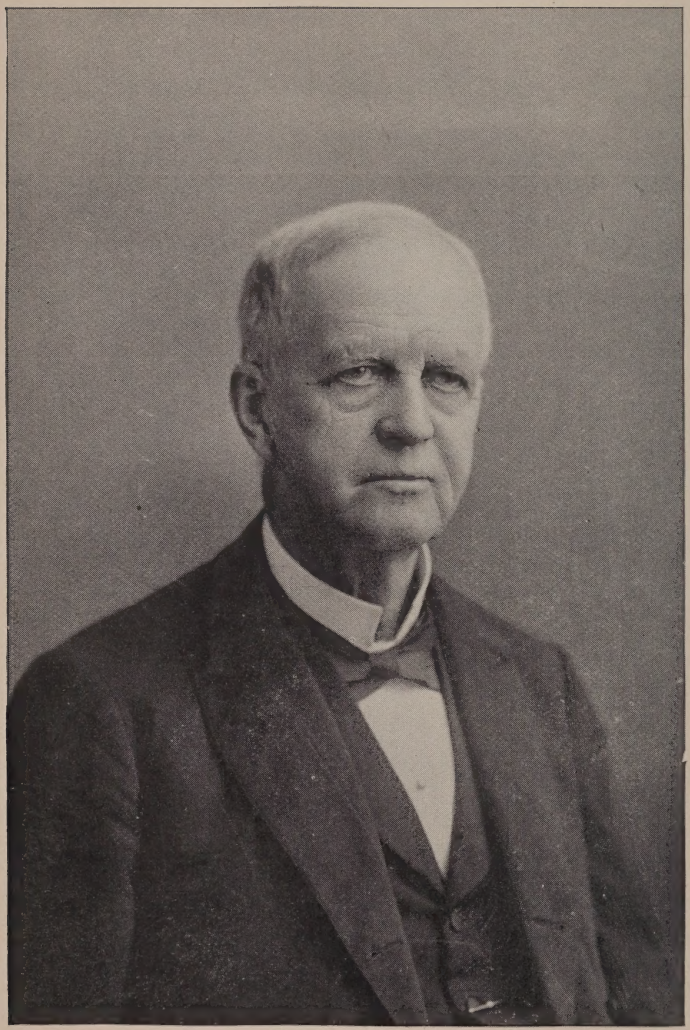
The simple creed of Islam — the unity of God and the prophetic mission of Mohammed — is one which needs no elaborate metaphysical explanations, but is comprehensible by the most ignorant, even on its first recital. It is a creed free from supernatural incredibilities and the attacks of criticism and science. It not merely asserts that God is not confined to temples or any special place, but its worshippers daily reduce the principle to practice, offering their prayers wherever they happen to be, as often as the call of the muezzin is heard. The Moslems exhibit at once an admirable courage and a frank devotion in performing five times daily these sacred services; and in their relations with one another they show a gentleness and humility that is in fine contrast. "As meek as a Moslem," is a common proverb in the East; and in hospitality to strangers, temperance, patience and charity to the beggar and suffering, a Moslem community will usually surpass a Christian community of similar size and stage of civilization.

Again, in merging all colors, ranks and races in the consciousness of a common brotherhood, Islam has a power usually surpassing that of Christianity. The Koran and the general education which it fostered was in the first centuries of Islam's growth a great intellectual quickener; and during the Middle Ages, Saracenic culture and learning was far ahead of that of Christendom. The Arabic figures with which we daily cipher algebra and astronomy, and the terminology of our present chemistry, are living monuments to what we owe them in these fields.

However much Islam may have owed to the sword in former ages for its diffusion, it is abundantly able at the present day to advance without it, and does most rapidly spread without the least shadow of coercive measures. Its missionaries to-day are peaceful and earnest apostles, of the most devoted spirit. In India and Africa and Central Asia, it is spreading much faster than Christianity, and by the testimony of Christian observers themselves it does much more effective work, where it gets a

lodgment, in elevating a barbarous people and driving out debasing superstitions, than Christianity, as commonly applied to these lands, effects. It strikes directly and with an incomparable vigor against the idolatry, sorcery, human sacrifices, intemperance and squalor that are their besetting sins, and makes them realize that they walk beneath the eye of a strict and holy Master, whose judgment-day they cannot escape.

While, then, I do not regard Islam as a religion adapted to foster the highest civilization and to be a final faith for humanity of the best type, nevertheless, to meet the wants of barbaric and semi-civilized nations, it has most admirable qualifications. For this purpose it is practically superior to Christianity — at least, as Christianity is popularly understood and practised. Islam is not merely an approach to Christianity but, as Bosworth Smith says, "the nearest approach to it which the unprogressive part of humanity can ever attain in masses"; and to the great hosts of the East, who for many centuries longer will undoubtedly remain in this stagnant intellectual and social condition, Islam may well serve as the schoolmaster, who one day, we hope, may bring them up to the Christ. As Mohammed generously recognized that all the words of Jesus were true and the Christ a brother prophet, so should all broad-minded Christians, with equal catholicity, recognize the author of the Koran as also a teacher sent from God, and in whose word great multitudes of souls have been blessed.



Lyman Trumbull

LYMAN TRUMBULL.

BY RICHARD LINTHICUM.

When freemen unsheathe the sword it should be to strike for liberty, not for despotism or to uphold privileged monopolies in the oppression of the poor.—*Lyman Trumbull.*

It is a hopeful sign and an inspiring spectacle when a patriot and statesman like Lyman Trumbull of Illinois, after many years' retirement from an active public career, again raises his voice and takes up the pen in behalf of human freedom and the rights of man.

History repeats itself. It is but the logical sequence of human events, prophetic to all lovers of their country and their fellowmen, that the grand old statesman who wrote into the fundamental law of the land these words, "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall exist within the United States," thereby emancipating the black man from bondage, should now declare for the freedom of the white bondman enslaved by unjust laws and corrupt rulers. Doubly prophetic, indeed, are such words from the contemporary of Lincoln, Seward and Sumner. They are an overpowering answer to the jeering charge of plutocracy that the reform element is composed of cranks, knaves and malcontents. Lyman Trumbull's public career was noble and brilliant; his private life has been spotless; no man has ever applied the epithet of crank, knave or malcontent to him. He has received the adulation of both the Republican and Democratic parties in the past, and now, when he openly charges these parties with being the mere agents of the money power to enslave the people, and warns the masses against permitting the further encroachment upon their rights by federal power, military or judicial, the boldest plutocrat has not the audacity to attempt the usual answer of epithet and vituperation.

To the younger generation Lyman Trumbull is a figure in history; to the older generation he is an aged oak with its roots yet firm in the soil, its great trunk unbroken by the storms of time, hale and vigorous amidst a ruin of fallen timber and a growing forest of saplings. There is no living man with whom he can be compared intellectually except William E. Gladstone. Like the great English commoner he is essentially a man of the people, but earlier in life than the sage of Hawarden he flung away ambition and voluntarily relinquished all claims upon the people for

patriotic services rendered in the forum and on the justice seat. For twenty years he has lived as a private citizen and has avoided any participation in politics. Nothing less than a crisis in our national life could have induced him again to participate in the discussion of public affairs. That a crisis has been reached none sees more clearly than Judge Trumbull, and none is abler in directing the application of the legal remedy.

From *ante-bellum* days to the present he has been universally recognized as a great lawyer. For twelve years he was the chairman of the judiciary committee of the United States Senate. This was at a time when the upper house of Congress was composed of statesmen and not mere stool pigeons of sugar trusts, oil, iron and manufacturing monopolies, and the general attorneys of railroad corporations paid by their respective organizations to defeat the very measures of legislation they were elected to enact. During the time that Lyman Trumbull served as chairman of the Senate judiciary committee that body had for its members at various times such lawyers as Conkling of New York, Thurman of Ohio, Hendricks of Indiana, Ten Eyck of New Jersey, Foster of Connecticut, Harris of New York, Reverdy Johnson of Maryland and Edmunds of Vermont. From 1848 to 1853 he was a justice of the supreme court of Illinois, and of late years has been president of the Illinois Bar Association. In the light of these facts, few, if any, will question his interpretation of existing laws, his conception of needed legislation or his ability to expose the rottenness and instability of statutory enactments that oppress the masses, from whom the power to make laws is derived.

Before entering upon the matter of reforms proposed by Judge Trumbull, I wish to give the reader a glimpse of the great lawyer as I recently saw him in his office, together with a brief review of his notable career. In his professional life Judge Trumbull is a cliff dweller, occupying offices on the tenth floor of a Chicago skyscraper diagonally across from the court house, and here he is to be found each week day, rain or shine, attending to his legal work. Eighty-one years of existence have not been able to bend his tall, spare figure, and among his whitened locks can still be seen traces of the original color of his hair. Intellectuality and kindness are the dominating expressions of his smoothly shaven face. His features are a compromise between the rugged physiognomy of Webster and the fine, delicate patrician lineaments of Clay. Time has furrowed his broad brow and left its wrinkling touch lightly on his face, but his eyes are undimmed and he does much of his reading without the aid of glasses. Physically he is the best preserved man of his years of whom there is record, and mentally he was never more vigorous.

His mind is as clear as a crystal lake. Only in the softened tones of his voice, which has ever been heard in defence of liberty and the rights of man, has age won a victory over his powers. His faculties are unimpaired. Dressed in the broadcloth frock coat that custom has designated as the garb of professional men, he retains that commanding presence which distinguished him during his active political career. His surroundings suggest the simplicity of Jefferson or Lincoln. His office furnishings are of the plainest, in striking contrast to the luxurious apartments of the corporation lawyer.

Judge Trumbull was born in Colchester, Conn., Oct. 12, 1813. At the age of twenty he had charge of an academy at Greenville, Ga. In 1837 he was admitted to the bar in that state. He shortly thereafter removed to Illinois, and in 1840 was elected a representative in the legislature; before the expiration of his term he was appointed secretary of state and fulfilled the duties of the latter office for two years. Thereafter in the practice of his profession he soon became the peer of the most eminent lawyers in the state, and as a recognition of this fact, he was, in 1848, elected one of the justices of the supreme court of Illinois, and in 1852 was reëlected for nine years. In 1853 he resigned from the supreme bench, and in the following year was chosen to represent his district in Congress. Before he had taken his seat the legislature elected him United States Senator for six years from March, 1855. He was reëlected in 1861 and again in 1867, making in all eighteen consecutive years' service in the Senate. His ability and eminence as a statesman and constitutional lawyer have been gracefully recognized by McKendree and Yale Colleges, both of which have conferred upon him the honorary degree of doctor of laws.

Such is the man whom a large portion of the reform element would gladly hail as their presidential candidate in 1896, but Judge Trumbull has given no word or sign to indicate that he would accept even such high honor at his time of life. On the contrary he has said to representatives of the people: "Never have I so regretted my advanced age and my inability to fight in this battle. The brunt and burden of it must be borne by you younger men, and upon you rests a grave and solemn responsibility. We must remember that this is essentially a conflict between the workers and the money power. Bury your differences, work manfully together for the great common end, the uplifting of the masses and the amelioration of the wrongs they are suffering at the hands of the monopolies. By so doing, by burying all differences and working in hearty accord, you can but reach a solution of the problem we have set ourselves to solve. Put your own men on the bench, elevate to judicial

honors and responsibilities men of your own stamp and kind, men who are, first of all, of the people and with the people. In that alone lies safety and a certain ending of judicial practices by which men are made to suffer imprisonment without trial by jury."

Such is the man who has written what the reform element of Chicago calls "the new Declaration of Independence," for the guidance of the national convention in shaping a platform upon which all lovers of liberty and justice may stand without a confusion of issues or obscurity of meaning. It is comprehensive and cannot be misinterpreted or wrongly construed. It is herewith given: —

1. *Resolved*, That human brotherhood and equality of rights are cardinal principles of true democracy.

2. *Resolved*, That, forgetting all past political differences, we unite in the common purpose to rescue the government from the control of monopolists and concentrated wealth, to limit their powers of perpetuation by curtailing their privileges, and to secure the rights of free speech, a free press, free labor and trial by jury, — all rules, regulations, and judicial *dicta* in derogation of either of which are arbitrary, unconstitutional and not to be tolerated by a free people.

3. *Resolved*, That we indorse the resolution adopted by the national Republican convention of 1860, which was incorporated by President Lincoln in his inaugural address, as follows: "That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the states, and especially of the rights of each state to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depends; and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force on the soil of any state or territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes."

4. *Resolved*, That the power given Congress by the constitution "to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, to suppress insurrections, to repel invasions," does not warrant the government in making use of a standing army in aiding monopolies in the oppression of their employees. When freemen unsheathe the sword it should be to strike for liberty, not for despotism or to uphold privileged monopolies in the oppression of the poor.

5. *Resolved*, That to check the rapid absorption of the wealth of the country and its perpetuation in a few hands, we demand the enactment of laws limiting the amount of property to be acquired by devise or inheritance.

6. *Resolved*, That we denounce the issuing of interest-bearing bonds by the government in times of peace, to be paid for, in part at least, by gold drawn from the treasury, which results in the government's paying interest on its own money.

7. *Resolved*, That we demand that Congress perform its constitutional duty to coin money, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin by the enactment of laws for the free coinage of silver with that of gold at the ratio of sixteen to one.

8. *Resolved*, That monopolies affecting the public interest should be owned and operated by the government in the interests of the people; all employees of the same to be governed by civil-service rules, and no one to be employed or displaced on account of politics.

Government by injunction, set up by a sanhedrim of soiled federal jurists, in which Jenkins and Woods are the highest priests, has aroused the spirit of Judge Trumbull, who has watched with growing fear for popular rights, and with much personal disgust, the self-increased, arbitrary authority assumed by the federal judiciary. The same good right hand that wrote the constitutional amendment unloosing the yoke of slavery, which Lincoln with the armed power of the executive tore from the neck of the black man, has been raised to check the assumption of federal courts and draw the confines of their power within such bounds as to make oppression impossible. Judge Culberson of the House judiciary committee and Senator Pugh are each in receipt of the following bill drafted by Lyman Trumbull: —

Bill for an act giving power to impose oaths and punish contempts and resistance to United States officers.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled that sections 725 and 5,398 of the revised statutes of the United states are amended to read as follows: —

"The courts of the United States shall have power to impose and administer all necessary oaths, or to punish by fines not exceeding one hundred dollars and imprisonment not exceeding thirty days, contempts of their authority; provided that such power to punish contempts shall not be construed to extend to any criminal act or misdemeanor punishable under information or indictment, or to any cases except the misbehavior of any person in their presence, or so near thereto as to obstruct the administration of justice; misbehavior of any of the officers of said courts in their official transactions, or by any party, juror or witness to any lawful writ, process, order, rule, decree or command of the said courts.

"Sec. 2. Every person who knowingly and wilfully obstructs, resists, or opposes any officer of the United States in serving or attempting to serve or execute any mesne process or warrant, or any rule or order of any court of the United States, or any other legal or judicial writ or process, or assaults, beats or wounds any officer or other person duly authorized in serving or executing any writ, rule, order, process or warrant, shall be subject to indictment, and on conviction shall be imprisoned not more than twelve months and fined not more than three hundred dollars."

The passage of this act will restore to the people trial by jury, of which constitutional right they have been arbitrarily deprived by a series of federal injunctions. One has only to consider a judge passing upon the legality of his own edicts to comprehend the infamy of such a proceeding. On this subject Judge Trumbull says: —

Of late years United States judges have assumed jurisdiction they would not have dared to exercise in the earlier days of the republic. They now claim the right to determine the extent of their jurisdiction, and enforce such orders as they think proper to make. These federal judges, like sapper and miners, have for years silently and steadily enlarged their jurisdiction, and unless checked by legislation, they will

soon undermine the very pillars of the constitution and bury the liberties of the people beneath their ruin. To vest any man or set of men with authority to determine the extent of their powers, and to enforce their decrees, is of the very essence of despotism. Federal judges now claim the right to take possession of and run the railroads of the country, to issue injunctions without notice, and to punish for contempt by fine and imprisonment any one who disputes their authority. Congress some years ago passed an act limiting the powers of federal judges to punish for contempts, except such as are committed in their presence, or by officers of their courts, or in disobedience of some lawful order. But what protection does this afford the citizen, when the very federal judge who issues the order, passes upon its legality? It is to be hoped that Congress will put some check upon federal judges in assuming control of railroads, and issuing blanket injunctions, and punishing people for contempt of their assumed authority. If this Congress does not do it, I trust the people will see to it that representatives are chosen hereafter who will.

As an evidence of his desire to secure justice to the labor element and to check the extension of the jurisdiction of federal courts, Judge Trumbull has signed the *habeas corpus* petition presented to the supreme court in behalf of Eugene V. Debs and others, and if able to undertake the journey will go to Washington and make the principal argument in the case.

But to Judge Trumbull's judicial mind the greatest danger threatening the welfare of the masses is the vast and rapid accumulation of wealth. The growth of the money power he regards as the central evil. Upon this subject he has expressed himself publicly, but his utterances have been systematically suppressed by the newspapers with sufficient space to print them. He said: —

It is chiefly the laws of property which have enabled the few to accumulate vast wealth while the masses live in poverty. For many generations our laws have been framed with a view to the claims of property rather than the rights of man. For ages the money power has controlled legislation the world over, and, I am sorry to say, has exercised a controlling influence in our own land for many years.

In Great Britain, whence we have derived most of our laws of property, the policy is to build up great estates. Hence, by the laws of that country, land descends to the eldest son, to the exclusion of the other children. The effect of this is to limit the ownership of land to a few persons. Thirty-four persons in that country own six million two hundred eleven thousand acres of land. The Duke of Sutherland is said to own one million three hundred fifty-eight thousand acres, and a few other dukes and earls own a great proportion of the land of the United Kingdom.

In this country we have abolished the laws of primogeniture, by which the eldest son inherited the landed estate of his ancestor, but here vast estates are being rapidly accumulated in few hands, and this is especially true during and since the War of the Rebellion. In 1860 there were few millionnaires and few large fortunes in this country, but since then a rich class has sprung up, so that in 1890, according to reliable statistics, ten per cent of the people owned as much wealth as the other ninety per cent.

The richest corporations and persons on earth are probably in the United States. How have they accumulated their vast fortunes? Surely not by their own industry and thrift, but by the aid of statutes regulating the rights of property, generally statutes providing for the transmission of property by descent or by will, or the creation of monopolies. It is only by virtue of statutory law that man is permitted to make disposition of his property by will, and it is only by virtue of statutory law that one person is permitted to inherit property from another, and it is by virtue of statute law that great corporate monopolies have been built up. No man has a natural right to dispose of property after death, nor has one person a natural right to inherit property from another. As Blackstone says: "There is no foundation in nature or in natural law why the son should have the right to exclude his fellow creatures from a determinate spot of land because his father had done so before him, or why the occupier of a particular field or of a jewel when lying on his death-bed, and no longer able to maintain possession, should be able to tell the rest of the world which of them should enjoy it after him."

The money power has governed legislation in all civilized countries for generations. It matters not what party is in power in the national or state governments of our own country, the money power has exercised a controlling influence in many instances in the shaping and administration of our laws. If the accumulation of vast fortunes goes on another generation with the same accelerated rapidity as during the present, the wealth of this country will soon be consolidated in the hands of a few corporations and individuals to as great an extent as the landed interests of Great Britain now are.

What is the remedy for this state of things, which, if permitted to continue, will make the masses of the people dependent upon the generosity of the few for means to live? So far as concerns corporations of a public or *quasi* public character — and none other should exist — the remedy is simple. They are completely under the control of the legislatures, whence they derive all their powers. It is entirely competent for a legislature to provide the manner in which the business of a corporation shall be conducted. Under the powers inherent in every sovereignty, government may regulate the conduct of its citizens towards each other, and, when necessary, for the public good, the manner in which each shall use his own property. I do not undertake to specify all the provisions which it would be necessary to incorporate in a charter, to secure to labor its just reward. All I attempt is to indicate the power which the legislature has in creating and controlling corporations.

Formerly, corporations having special privileges were created by special acts, which the courts construed to be contracts between the granting power and the corporators, which once granted could not be repealed or varied by the granting power. This granting of charters to favored individuals, conferring upon them privileges not possessed by the general public, became obnoxious to public sentiment, and, as a consequence, general laws have been passed in this and many other states, under which any three persons may become incorporated for any private purpose. This has become a worse evil than the old system of granting special charters. Under the general laws enacted in the state of Illinois twenty years ago, I am informed, twenty-seven thousand two hundred corporations have been created. Seventy-eight per cent of the great fortunes of the United States are said to be derived from permanent monopoly privileges which ought never to have been granted.

As before stated, the power to dispose of property after death by will is conferred by statute, under certain limitations. Why should this

privilege be given to dispose of more than a fixed amount of property to any one individual, say property to the value of not over five hundred thousand dollars to the wife, of not more than one hundred thousand dollars to each child, and of not more than fifty thousand dollars to any other relative, extending to the third or fourth degree, and that the balance of the estate should escheat to the state, to be used by it for the support of schools, charitable institutions, the employment of laborers in making roads and other good purposes? The law now provides for the escheat of estates of persons dying without heirs. The same limitation might be put upon inheritances where there is no will, and in this way the accumulation of vast estates by inheritance or devise would be checked, and property, especially landed estates, which by nature belong to all, would be more equally distributed. It should not be forgotten that the method of transmitting property from the dead to the living is entirely derived from the state. If public policy requires that the state should give to the dying possessor no longer able to control or take with him his possessions, the privilege of disposing of so much as may be conducive to the comfort and happiness of his surviving kindred, does it require that this privilege should be extended to his disposition of millions to the injury of the rest of mankind?

If it is said that to limit the privilege of disposing of exceeding a million dollars of property by devise or descent would check enterprise and industry, as no man would struggle to acquire property which he could not leave to his surviving kindred, my reply is, that man by his own thrift and industry is seldom able to acquire more than a million dollars' worth of property. Fortunes exceeding that amount are usually acquired by speculation, trickery or some device by which one man takes advantage of his fellow man, which means, if not illegal, are immoral; or by members of privileged monopolies, trusts and syndicates. We have already abolished primogeniture, by which the eldest son, to the exclusion of all other children, inherits the entire landed estate of his ancestor, and no one in this country at this day would think of restoring that right, although it still obtains in England.

Evasions of laws limiting the amount of property to be devised or inherited, by conveyance during life, could be prohibited in like manner as conveyances in fraud of creditors are now prohibited. But how are these laws of property to be modified or changed? They are the result of centuries of organized injustice. Will the money power which now exercises such a controlling influence in national and state legislation, consent to a modification or change of the laws of property by which great estates have been accumulated and perpetuated, and which as a rule are a detriment rather than a blessing to those to whom they descend?

Neither strikes of the laboring classes, which array against them the money power and the governmental power which it controls, nor the governmental control of the great railroads and other corporations will remove the existing conflict between labor and capital, which has its foundations in unjust laws, enabling the few to accumulate vast estates and live in luxurious ease, while the great masses are doomed to incessant toil, penury and want. What is needed is the removal of the cause which permits the accumulation of the wealth of the country in few hands, and this can only be peaceably brought about by a change of the laws of property.

Forbidden by advancing years to cherish political ambition, I may, I trust, without the imputation of interested motives be permitted to make some suggestions as to the policy to be pursued by the middle classes and the toiling masses to bring about such change in the laws of property

as, by giving equal opportunities to all, will check the accumulation of vast wealth by the few.

Lest the millionnaire should not listen, I would say to the men of the middle classes, of moderate means, farmers and others, though they may not now feel the oppression of the money power, Arouse to the danger that threatens soon to place you at the mercy of corporate and individual wealth, as the toiling laborers are to-day. I would say to the laborers, now robbed of the just reward of their labor, and even compelled in this land of plenty and abundance to suffer hunger and cold, Lay aside all manner of bickerings or disputes about minor affairs, and assert your independence by going to the polls, uninfluenced by money or those in authority, and cast a freeman's vote for representatives in Congress and the general assembly, who will be true to your interests and secure the enactment of such laws as will permit you to share in the wealth created by your toil, and to eat of the bread your hands have earned. Send forth to the country and to the schoolhouses of the land apostles of freedom who will agitate for the rights of man, now fettered by the laws of property. A majority of lawmakers devoted to the people's interest will soon find a way to protect them against the oppression of the money power, if not in the way I have suggested, in some other way. One wiser than any of us has said: "Give me neither poverty nor riches. Feed me with food convenient for me." Let us profit by the divine precept and so frame our laws as to secure to all food convenient for them, and to none vast riches unearned.

The state is the only power that can place limitations upon the amount of property to be acquired by devise or descent, the federal government lacking the constitutional right.

Judge Trumbull favors the abolition of the present banking system. Like Webster he regards it as the greatest scheme ever devised to enrich one class of people out of the toil of others.

"Both the Republican and Democratic parties are dominated by the money power, and none of the looked-for reforms can come through them," said Judge Trumbull. "The hope of the country is in the masses; the power to right all wrongs is theirs; at one election they can take charge of the government. Will they do it?"

Judge Trumbull is the last of the great constitutional lawyers and statesmen developed during the war. He will close his grand career of usefulness as it was begun, pointing the way to human liberty and upholding the rights of man. In the full fruitage of years he has "touched the highest point in all his greatness."

THE WELCOME CHILD.

BY LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

I SUPPOSE that to all connected with reform movements the consciousness comes with overwhelming force that we attack too late the evils we desire to remedy. The set of brain is fixed, the trend of the life bent one way; and in vain we endeavor to retrace the lines drawn by the centuries. Questions dealing with the best interests of the race with which the ancients were familiar have been overlooked in our modern life. Nothing is more startling than to find the most modern theories standing out grim and stern from classic pages — milestones that measure their civilization and our stagnation.

Coming down to later times, it is interesting to recall the arguments of those who oppose the woman movement of our day on the ground that it will unfit the sex for its special duty, and then to realize what was the attitude taken by women and approved by men not a hundred years ago. For we read in the fiction of that period (and it is a true portraiture of the social life) of women being bled in order to look delicate. In a volume of "Advice to Ladies" the author says, "They must not seem robust, as that will diminish their attractiveness to men, who prefer the weak, frail women"! Maria Edgeworth's stories are full of allusions to the thin shoes in which in summer and winter women were wont to walk; other writers allude to the damp dresses that were worn in order to obtain the lines and folds that were to suit the classic garb of the First Empire. To these follies we are undoubtedly indebted for the seeds of that lung disease which has held in its clutches victims innumerable in England and America.

Only lately has the pendulum swung back, and it is perhaps the dawning of socialistic and therefore truly Christian principles, that has brought with it the renewed consciousness that every man and woman lives not an individual life but one that makes for the upbuilding or the destruction of the race itself Slowly but surely the realization of this truth has brought us t understand that the study of child life in all its aspects is vital to the welfare of the world.

There is no question to-day as to the importance of heredity. The light of science has revealed to us the depths and heights of

this question. Frances Power Cobbe, one of the truest friends that woman has had in this century, commences her intensely interesting autobiography with the sentence, "*I was well born.*" Nothing would be more significant than this avowal. She does not make it in any conventional, but in the truest scientific sense: I was born under propitious, happy, right circumstances. It is the keynote to her joyous life — a life which she sums up by saying, "To me it has been so well worth living, I would gladly live it over again."

If I were asked by the devotees of older creeds to state what I mean, or rather what I think they mean, by original sin, I should say: The unwelcome child is its completest definition. I believe original sin *began there*; for how many blighted, blasted, bewildered lives may this not account? And the millennium will set in when every child is welcome. Let us remember the number of children that are at this moment awakening into this world whose mothers greet them with a sigh, and hold out their arms to take them with a sob instead of a kiss, wishing that the little baby face turned up to theirs had never seen the light; yet they crowd in, these little unwelcome strangers, upon the weary workers of the world, the women who bend over their tasks until they lie down under the great agony of maternity, and know that, when it is over, weak and wan they must take up their labor again with another mouth to feed and less strength to gain the wherewithal. Through those dreary months before the final tragedy, that child has been environed with the consciousness that it was not wanted; gloomy anticipation has robbed the little one of joy and hope, and so once more a being comes into existence with a life blighted, a nature narrowed and cramped, affections chilled, before it has seen the sun in the heavens or drawn the breath of life. And this happens not only in the garret and cellar, but in homes of opulence and ease. The unwritten tragedy of woman's life is *there.*

It is all told in the fact that by our sinful, short-sighted ignorance we have trained man to believe that he dominates woman. We have perverted passages in the Bible, and built up a creed as far from the laws of God as the poles are asunder. Economic independence, social and political independence, are of vast import to women; but there is a deeper lesson and a harder one to teach — the personal independence of woman; and only when both man and woman have learned that the most sacred of all functions given to woman must be exercised by her free will alone, can children be born into the world who have in them the joyous desire to live, who claim that sweetest privilege of childhood, the certainty that they can expand in the sunshine of the love which is their due. Whoever doubts this has only

to study the laws of God written in the life of the animal world, and he will find that the whole creation in a natural state is founded on the principle of the mother's right to choose when she will become a mother. This is the chief corner-stone of that holy temple we are to build — our character.

We trace the prenatal influence in a thousand ways; indeed I believe it would be impossible to examine any marked or developed characteristic without finding some solution for it in the laws that govern such influence. Nothing is more striking than to study the history of our prominent men. There is a tongue in America that is gifted with a greater power of prose poetry than perhaps any other in our day; none speaks in more beautiful rhythm; and although the matter of its discourse is to us often painful, many of us believe that some of its work has possibly been beneficial in awakening men and women from the deadening influence of the men-made creeds which have so often taken the place of the gospel teaching of true brotherhood. But all will agree that the despairing materialism of this great orator, that deliberate crushing of the wingéd spirit in man that naturally ascends to things unseen as the sparks fly upward, that absolute want of the skyey nature that turns to God because there alone it finds an echo for the divine in its own heart, is one of the great losses of the century.

It will be of interest to know the following facts, which are from the lips of the man himself to a confidential friend. He said that his mother, who was most impressionable, recoiled from the Calvinistic doctrines taught by his father, who was a minister, and during the prenatal period of his life his mother went on a visit to the home of a relative where she found the writings of Voltaire. She had never read infidel literature, but her mind was naturally given to doubt. In her present nervous state the books had a fascination for her and she read them with intense interest. When the boy was born he had a fine poetic nature and one to which restraint was odious, and as he developed he was from the first a pronounced unbeliever in the divine revelation. It is also of interest to learn, that when a cousin of this same gifted man, who is a woman of rare intellect and a philanthropist, told him some years ago of her Christian faith which, though deep and strong, was free from Calvinism and extreme doctrinal views, he said, while the tears coursed down his cheeks, "I would give all I have, cousin, if I could believe as you do, but I can not." From these two incidents it is apparent that heredity had a decided influence on the career of the man whose writings have done more than any other author of his time to unsettle the faith of the people of this country in the eternal verities.

Dr. Norman Kerr has clearly demonstrated the heredity of inebriety as an established physiological axiom, and to every one who has studied the subject this fact has probably come home with terrible emphasis. I remember on one occasion the nurse who had charge of a child, one of whose parents had died of alcoholism, telling me that when the little boy was but three years old she had the greatest difficulty in restraining him from stealing down to the dinner table not only in the dining room but in the servants' apartment, to drain every glass in order to get a few drops of the drug for which he had inherited so strong a craving. And this is but an example among the many that have come under my personal observation.

Flaxman, the great limner, had a mother who was so desirous of creating the beautiful that she procured the most exquisite studies of Greek art and ranged them round her in order that her imagination might be steeped in their beautiful forms.

I might indefinitely multiply instances as illustrations of this law. It is not the exception but the rule. The world's mothers are the most fateful beings that it contains, and well will it be for the world when they ponder more than they do now over the responsibility of such knowledge; when their surroundings, their knowledge of art and literature, of science and government, shall be such that they can endow their little ones; can make those months that follow nature's great annunciation a holy retreat into the most beautiful surroundings that the world can yield in form and color, thought and utterance. These may seem truisms repeated again and again, but I feel that if we realized them more profoundly women would be helped in a hundred ways and protected where now they are exposed. The frictions of family life would be avoided, and a peace would reign round them like the sacred silence of some hallowed place. This will be the culmination of all we hope for from the coming brotherhood of man in society and the state.

There is a point of difference between England and America that I would like to touch upon, and I do so very apologetically because in all the delicate consideration that can be shown to women, the younger country is ahead of us; but there has grown up in America an artificially imposed silence upon all questions relating to maternity, until that holy thing has become a matter almost of shame. Will not the women try to break this down? It seems to me life will be truer and nobler the more we recognize that there is no indelicacy in the climax and coronation of creative power, but rather that it is the highest glory to the race.

It has been held by mothers who are in positions of ease that in the early years of a child, responsibility is dormant; that to get a trustworthy nurse who keeps a child in health and ministers

to its wants is all that is really needed; but I am hoping to see an entire revolution in the position of the woman taken in that capacity, and instead of some half educated, well-meaning but ignorant nurse, I believe the day will come when no woman will be considered too highly educated or too refined to mould the early impressions of the youngest child, and that mothers will see that in order to secure the services of such refined and cultured ladies they must make a revolution in the accepted ideas of the position of nurse in the houses of the rich. There ought to be no situation so honorable, no friend so trusted, as the one who from the earliest moment of the child's awakening intelligence undertakes to guide the thought and form the character at a time when such formative influence is vital to future well-being.

The trouble is that we commence too late; we allow a child's mind to become a garden of weeds, and then before we can plant we see that we have to uproot that which has been sown during the most fruitful years; and, therefore, time is lost in undoing which is invaluable for cultivation. The games, the rhymes, the songs, the associations, of the nursery, should all have a decided color, should all help to bend the young mind in the right direction, and the impressions made at a time when they leave ineffaceable traces should be drawn with the deliberate intention that they shall thus potently affect the character.

The sorrows of childhood are not so near the surface as they are supposed to be. "A boy's will is the wind's will, and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." How many children chafe under the sense of injustice that the treatment of their difficulties brings to them! I knew a child who, because she was outspoken as to the doubts that arose in her mind — perplexities that have bowed many a thoughtful head in every age — was spoken of in her family as a moral pariah, kept apart from all the other members of the household alone upstairs in her room; mentally tortured into a submission which was only given because there seemed no alternative, but which left a mind bewildered between the sense of her extreme wickedness and its revolt against the injustice which she could not reconcile with any ethical standard or religious principle. Many a sorrow eats into a child's heart that it has not the strength to express or the courage to share with its elders; but I think that if instead of posing as infallible — a *rôle* which at best breaks down very soon — we were to speak more freely of our difficulties to the young, we should find out the beautiful law which binds us together, and which makes mutual confidence the most delightful feature of home life.

A friend of mine asked a little girl, six years old, to tell her

what she really thought about grown-up people, and what were the differences between older people and young people; and as the child spoke, this friend wrote down exactly what she said, without any change of words or suggestions from her of any kind.

"In the first place," said the child, "they are bigger; and then they don't like sweets — not very often; and next they don't like to climb trees; and next they don't like to ride donkeys so much, because they like to do other things. They like to write books, and they like to go to meetings, and also they don't like to be always with children for it takes them from doing these things. Another difference is, they don't like to pretend because they want to know what is *really* going to happen. I have seen them get angry, so I know they are not always good. Sometimes they tell children to do what is not right; they tell us not to ride on donkeys because they might get kicked, but the children don't mind that, they rather like it. They are a great deal older; some are twice as old as others. You must be twenty-one to be grown up, and after that you keep on being so. Here's a way in which they are both exactly opposite to each other. Grown people think that children are naughty and children think that grown-up people are naughty. There's another difference: they know how to swim — that is, some do, but some children do. They live for money; some, not all, spend it for useful things, which children think are not useful because they don't like them; therefore they think the money is wasted. They think when a person gets *langouste* [a sort of French fish], they think the money is wasted on that because they don't like it. Some live to give things away, and there's one person I know that nearly almost lives for children, and that is grandma. I don't think there would be another one like grandma. They have long dresses and trousers. They generally, that is, sometimes, care more for their friends than for children, but this particular person that I am talking about doesn't. They do their hair differently; they screw it up, but men have it cut short but *they* have beards. Some grown ups are nice, and some children; but this particular person, grandma, is nicer than any child. I really can't explain any more."

We are apt to overlook the extreme nervousness that often renders life a perfect misery to a little child. This nervousness is often treated as cowardice, and the elders endeavor to overcome it either by ridicule or by forcing the child to do that which brings abject misery to its life. But were we wiser, we should remember that childishness is not folly; it is only the inability to understand of what to be afraid and what to dread; a child's mind can grasp an argument as well as an adult's if that argument be brought before it with tender consideration.

I do not believe we ought to underrate the power of discipline but rather to emphasize it, because this will be the truest help to self-discipline by and by. Mrs. Booth, the mother of the Salvation Army, speaks in her autobiography of the way she conquered once and forever the will of her baby son when he was still in the cradle. The child wanted to get out of his little cot, when she intended he should lie still, and for over two hours that mother sat by his side to gain her point. How many of us would have lifted up the crying child because we could not bear to withstand his crying any longer, and so have missed a golden opportunity. Not so that devoted mother; she loved her little one too well. After that day she never had to do anything but express her determination, and his obedience was perfect. That boy grew up to be a character whom to know is to admire, in its calm, conscientious self-restraint.

Above all else I would entreat that a child's illusions (if they are illusions) should not be rudely destroyed. There is, no doubt, in a child's mind a natural reverence — a worship of the beautiful, a belief in the great and good; that is the divine untouched by contact with the human. Children believe in the goodness of others until they have had reason to doubt it; they believe that the world is beautiful until they have been shown the sadness, the misery or the sin; and I think that many a conversation would be guarded and many a light and perhaps cynical remark from older lips would be hushed if a more reverent understanding were arrived at as to the effect of such talk on a child's mind. Why not leave as long as possible unimpaired that beautiful faith of youth and foster, as far as in us lies, the belief that all on which the child eyes rest is what it seems? But so often motives are ascribed to others hastily, and criticisms are passed that awaken children all too early to a sense that however much good may be apparent, underneath may lie the rottenness which they have not discovered. Let us leave children their faith in humanity, their faith in goodness, their faith in divinity; for too often on the one hand we cultivate it dogmatically and destroy it conversationally.

Edouard Rod in his beautiful book, "Le Sens de la Vie," puts this thought in one passage that I think contains the idea I fain would impress. He describes his visit to the Pantheon and tells how his mind had revolted against the accepted ideas of a conventional Christianity, and how the hatred which such revolt had caused had been succeeded by a profound indifference. At the time of the securalization of the Pantheon, when Paris had deposed God in order to replace Him by Victor Hugo, by chance he entered that temple. Some of the municipal councillors were there, talking, discussing — politicians of all sorts, their hats

upon their heads, their cigars in their mouths, proud to chase away by the fumes of their tobacco any lingering incense of devotion that might still hover about the building. They laughed, gesticulated, insolent in their desire to mark their disrespect for any sacred memories. In a corner, however, he says, one altar had remained that had not yet been removed, and there an old peasant woman, her head bound in the black kerchief, in her blue apron and her shabby dress of coarse material, prayed fervently as she knelt. She had brought two little tapers, and their light scintillated and cast meagre shadows around her under the great vaulted roof. The author says that as he gazed upon her bent figure he wondered what burden she had come to lay there; what remorse, perhaps, what confidence, was she addressing so silently yet so fervently to Him, who, she believed, understood and pardoned? And when the last altar would be laid low, which of all these political place mongers would be able to give her the means of assuaging her pain? And in an instant he said he perceived that to take from her that which was highest and best was to rob her of what he could never replace; and thus overcome by a profound reverence he knelt, feeling that the divine communion in her with the great Unseen found at any rate an echo in the best of all that he possessed in his own nature.

And so I believe that if with children, instead of showing them, too often through sheer thoughtlessness, the seamy side of life, we built up in them that reverence for humanity, that expansion towards what is great and good, if we permitted them to breathe the atmosphere only of that rarefied air that is to be found on moral heights, they would learn to live to see the best in all, and face the evil of the world by and by only in order to remedy it by their deeds, but most of all by their inspiration and their character.

THE ITALY OF THE CENTURY OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

PART II.

SOME FATAL FIGURES OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

I WISH to notice now as briefly as possible some of the masterful minds among the rulers, writers and artists of this epoch, for in this way we shall catch the lights and shadows of those eventful times and be enabled to appreciate to a degree the atmosphere of the age. The Medici and the Borgia families among the rulers, Machiavelli among the writers of great intellectual power, and Cellini among the artists, afford us illustrations of the darker side of life, as Michael Angelo, Raphael, Da Vinci and Correggio reveal the artistic triumphs of that age.

The history of the Medici family is exceedingly suggestive, because it illustrates the manner in which the usurer class and the acquirers of wealth subvert liberty, trample upon justice and, while maintaining the shell and name of free institutions, exercise a despotism as baleful in its influence over the masses as it is progressive in its character; a despotism which subtly advances step by step, through controlling the opinion-forming organs of society, and later by controlling legislation from behind the scenes, until the wealth producers of a city, nation or civilization become in reality, though not in name, the bond slaves of the acquirers and manipulators of unearned wealth. So important is this truth and so vividly is it illustrated in the history of the Medici family that I shall quote somewhat at length from the learned Professor Vallari of the Royal Institute of Florence in his admirable paper on the house of the Medici in the Encyclopædia Britannica. In discussing this family Professor Vallari describes "the subtle policy that was persistently pursued from generation to generation," and shows how Giovanni de Medici apparently "took little part in political affairs, but realized an immense fortune by establishing banks in Italy and abroad, which, in his successor's hands (Cosimo de Medici) became the most efficient engine of political power." Of Cosimo de Medici, our author says:—

He succeeded in solving the strange problem of becoming absolute ruler of a republic that was keenly jealous of its liberty, without holding any fixed office, without suppressing any previous form of government and always preserving the appearance and form of a private citizen.

The Medici were thrifty; they had subtly conquered the people, before these realized that they were slaves, by a lavish expenditure of gold; but no sooner was power theirs than they made it tell in replenishing their exchequer. The policy of Cosimo was so like the methods which have been employed during the past generation by the money power in our land, that it should serve as a timely warning to all who love freedom and justice more than selfish gain or personal aggrandizement, inspiring them to the consecration of life's best energies in a ceaseless combat against a power which more than once has slain liberty, degraded manhood to slavery and ultimately destroyed national life. In speaking of the artful methods of Cosimo, Professor Villari observes: —

He was generous in lending and even giving money whenever he could gain popularity by that means. At critical moments he frequently came to the succor of the government itself. He was very dextrous in turning his private liberality to account for the increase of his political privileges, and showed no less acumen and fewer scruples in making use of his political prestige for pecuniary profit. Indeed, whenever his own interests were at stake he showed himself capable of political villainy, although this was always tempered by calculation. . . . He had comprehended that the art of politics depended rather upon individuals than institutions, and that he who ruled men could also dictate laws.

Lorenzo de Medici pursued the same policy as his father, although he felt less necessity for employing the same degree of caution, as the public conscience was being rapidly lulled to sleep. He was more lavish in the expenditure of money than his father, while he was not nearly so shrewd a business man; consequently he was sometimes driven "to help himself from the public purse." At length he succeeded in becoming "complete master of Florence." Professor Vallari continues: —

Florence was still *called* a republic; the old institutions were still preserved, if only in name. Lorenzo was absolute lord of all and virtually a tyrant. . . . The more oppressive his government the more did he seek to incite the public to festivities, and lull it to slumber by sensual enjoyment. His immorality was scandalous. He kept an army of spies and meddled with the citizens' most private affairs.

No one reading Professor Villari's masterly paper will fail to be impressed with the striking similarity of the action pursued by the Medicean family and the banking fraternity of our time. And as Florence ceased to be a republic without losing her republican form of government, so our nation is threatened with a similar fate.

Lorenzo de Medici occupies so large a place in the history of Italy during the century we are considering that he calls for

more than a passing notice. A closer view of the man and his methods will enable us to understand how without the aid of great daily papers to fashion the unthinking public mind he succeeded in deluding the people into imagining that an absolute despotism was a republic so long as the shell of her institutions was preserved. His palace was the meeting place for beauty and culture. Its gardens and festal boards welcomed the foremost scholars and men of genius of the age. Here Angelo Poliziano was welcomed — Poliziano, who became the representative of the highest attainment in the scholarship of his age and country. Here, too, appeared Pico della Mirandola, who became the greatest mystic of his time; a man whose later life was singularly pure, and who brought the energies of his brilliant intellect to the work of harmonizing the Christian and classical traditions. Of Pico it has been observed that, having conceived the "great idea of the unity of knowledge, he sought to seize the soul of truth which animates all systems." Here the eminent architect and sculptor, Leo Battista Alberti, conversed with the polished scholar Landino. And here, also, Michael Angelo first wielded his chisel. Indeed, Angelo owed much to Lorenzo, for while the young sculptor in following the strong bent of his mind met with the strenuous opposition of his father and the intense jealousy of his tutor, the prince took him into his family and treated him much as a son.

It is safe to say that had it not been for Lorenzo de Medici Europe would not have received the sudden intellectual impetus which followed the focusing of Eastern scholarship in Florence. His patronage of letters and art made scholarship and the fine arts popular, and stimulated intellectual activity and artistic impulses in a very marked degree among the young, while his liberality to master minds enabled men of genius to give forth the best from the storehouses of their brains. This much can be fairly said to the credit of Lorenzo de Medici, and it is a genuine pleasure to be able to give a bright side to so fatal a figure without veneering his crimes or ignoring his grave faults. He was, moreover, a finished writer of prose and a poet of more than ordinary power.

But his influence on public and private morals was baleful in the extreme, because he lived on the sensual plane. He was master of Florence, but the slave of his passions. His life was scandalously immoral. Nor was he satisfied with slaying virtue to glut his lust in order to secure for himself what he conceived to be pleasure; he composed carnival and dance songs reeking with revolting obscenity, which he sang on the streets and amid the populace of Florence, thereby poisoning many minds with vile images, and giving vice the sanction of culture and power.

Of late Lorenzo has found eulogists, who have tried to apologize and gloss over his flagrant faults; this is as sad as it is significant. It indicates that not only authors but a reading public are willing to condone in the powerful and learned, evils which destroy manhood and undermine civilization.

The Borgias afford another illustration of the eclipse of conscience in individuals who were fine scholars and patrons of art. They, for a time, wielded great power. Roderigo Borgia, who on his election to the papal chair took the title of Alexander VI., has been frequently termed "the worst of the popes," but the way for his excesses had been prepared by the godless and vicious rule of Sixtus IV., and the weaker but scarcely less revolting pontificate of Innocent VIII.*

The most eminent of Italian historians † thus characterizes Alexander VI.:—

He combined craft with a singular sagacity, a sound judgment with extraordinary powers of persuasion, and to all the grave affairs of life he applied ability and pains beyond belief; but these qualities were far surpassed by vice, private habits of the utmost obscenity, no shame, no sense of truth, no fidelity to his engagements, no religious sentiment, insatiable avarice, unbridled ambition, cruelty beyond the cruelty of barbarous races. He was the most sensual toward both sexes, keeping publicly women and boys, but more especially toward women.

The life of this pontiff affords another vivid picture of the dark side of high Italian life during the century of which we write.‡

* Of these two popes Mr. Symonds says: "Having bribed the most venal members of the Sacred College, Francesco della Rovere was elected pope, and assumed the name of Sixtus IV. He began his career with a lie: for though he succeeded to the avaricious Paul, who had spent his time in amassing money which he did not use, he declared that he had only found five thousand florins in the papal treasury. This assertion was proved false by the prodigality with which he lavished wealth immediately upon his nephews. It is difficult even to hint at the horrible suspicions which were cast upon the birth of two of the pope's nephews and upon the nature of his weakness for them. Yet the private life of Sixtus rendered the most monstrous stories plausible, while his public treatment of these men recalled to mind the partiality of Nero for Doryphorus. . . But Christendom beheld in Sixtus not merely the spectacle of a pope who trafficked in the bodies of his subjects and the holy things of God, but one who also squandered basely gotten gold upon abandoned minions. The peace of Italy was destroyed by desolating wars in the advancement of the same worthless favorites. Sixtus desired to annex Ferrara to the dominions of Girolamo Riario. Nothing stood in his way but the house of Este, firmly planted for centuries, and connected by marriage or alliance with all the chief families of Italy. The pope, whose lust for blood and broils was only equalled by his avarice and his libertinism, rushed with wild delight into a project which involved the discord of the whole Peninsula. He made treaties with Venice and unmade them, stirred up all the passions of the despots and set them together by the ears, called the Swiss mercenaries into Lombardy, and when finally, tired of fighting for his nephew, the Italian powers concluded the peace of Bagnolo, he died of rage in 1484. The pope did actually die of disappointed fury because peace had been restored to the country he had mangled for the sake of a favorite nephew. . . . Another peculiarity in the pontificate of Sixtus deserves special mention. It was under his auspices, in the year 1478, that the Inquisition was founded in Spain for the extermination of Jews, Moors and Christians with a taint of heresy."

"Of Innocent's pontificate little need be said. He was the first pope publicly to acknowledge his seven children, and to call them sons and daughters. Avarice, venality, sloth and the ascendency of base favorites made his reign loathsome, without the blaze and splendor of the scandals of his fiery predecessor. In corruption he advanced a step even beyond Sixtus, by establishing a bank at Rome for the sale of pardons. Each sin had its price, which might be paid at the convenience of the criminal."

† Guicciardini.

‡ The toleration of such a pontiff for a day is in itself a startling illustration of the possible degradation of religion when church and state are united. Victor Duruy, in his

Passing from Alexander VI., we come to notice his son. Cesare was daring, unscrupulous and vicious. He lived in reckless abandon, a slave of lust and personal ambition. He was learned and a patron of art, kind and considerate to those who obeyed him but treacherous and merciless toward his enemies. After the storming of Sinigago Pia, toward the close of 1502, he ruthlessly slaughtered the prisoners, including several princes. The number of assassinations and sudden deaths by poison attributed to Cesare and his father were probably exaggerated, but the general credence given to the charges indicates the popular estimate in which the Borgias were held. Of Lucretia, it is fair to say she has doubtless suffered, as one writer suggests, vicariously, there being little evidence that she was guilty of the poisonings and other monstrous crimes attributed to her.

Another notable character in the shifting scenes of this age was Machiavelli, who in his great work, "The Prince," takes Cesare Borgia as his model. Machiavelli was one of the most brilliant minds of this wonderful era. His keen intellectual penetration was as remarkable as was his contempt for the fundamentals of morality. Like Lorenzo de Medici he has found many apologists; but if anything further than the facts that he held up Cesare Borgia as an ideal prince, that he fawned at the feet of the Medici, and instilled the most diabolical philosophy into the minds of those unscrupulous and corrupt tyrants, is needed to disillusionize those who have been led to admire him, we have only to read his letters to Vettori. They describe among other things the vulgar dissipation and low intrigues of the author with a realism which cannot fail to disgust all high-minded men and women, and confirm the opinion suggested by his other writings, that in his personal life as well as his habits of thought, he never took morality or good conduct into account, which is equivalent to saying that his magnificent mental powers failed to lift him above the animal plane in thought and conception. I do not think that any one who, after reading the writings of Machiavelli's apologists, will turn to the "Age of Despots" and patiently follow the most brilliant and painstaking English historian of the Italian Renaissance, will fail to reach the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Symonds.

Machiavelli represents a type present in all ages, but whose

"History of Modern Times" (pp. 65), thus describes Alexander VI. and his son Cesare: "His election was disgraced by the most flagrant simony, his pontificate by debauchery, cruelty and perfidy. He was not deficient, however, in skill and penetration. He excelled in council, and knew how to conduct important affairs with marvellous address and activity. It is true he always played with his word, but the Italy of that day held integrity and good in exceedingly small esteem. Cesare Borgia was handsome, educated and brave, but corrupt and evil, persuading everything he wished by the enchantment of his speech. He used hardly any weapon except lying, poison and the dagger. He meditated his blows calmly, took his time, and acted in silence; no crime was repugnant to him."

influence is most pronounced in a state of society which is sinking into insignificance through triumphant animalism. He and Benvenuto Cellini* are striking examples of gifted minds without sufficient moral strength to lift them above the plane of sensuous life. Such paradoxical characters remind one of bodies without souls. They may be endowed with brilliant intellects, as was Machiavelli; they may possess rare artistic skill, as did Cellini, but their gifts, lacking the virility imparted by the presence of *conscience*, fail to raise them above the sensuous plane of those who live merely for self. This was quite marked in the life and writings of Machiavelli. To understand men of this character it is important that we bear in mind the fact that their view of life and its ends, in so far as they stop to philosophize, is diametrically opposed to that entertained by men and women of conscience and conviction. Thus, with Machiavelli, as Mr. Symonds so graphically points out: —

> The ethics of this profound anatomist of human motives were based upon a conviction that men were *altogether bad*. The abrupt division of the realms of ethics and politics which he attempted was monstrous. From first to last he held to the proposition that the only permanent agencies in the government of man are calculating ability, resolution and the might of physical force. Ethics found no place in his political economy.

Nobleness, highmindedness, honor, convictions of right — in a word, conscience — these were foreign to his political scheme. He was a time server, and though endowed with intellectual brilliancy and a penetration equalled by few scholars of his century, these failed him in his efforts to rise to the pedestal from which he had fallen, notwithstanding the ignoble means by which he sought to rise, or rather because of this unworthy conduct. "His intellectual ability was untempered by political consistency or moral elevation." Thus when fate threw him in a position where his peculiar ability enabled him to satisfy the requirements of the Republic of Florence, he fulfilled his duties in a manner highly satisfactory to the temper and spirit of the age. But when the Medici returned to power, and Machiavelli found himself disgraced and compelled to live in a

* Cellini was the greatest goldsmith of his age, an engraver and statuary of the first rank. He was, however, a reflector of his age rather than an original genius, and his mind seemed thoroughly devoid of ethical impulses, although he was an emotional religionist, and seemed to imagine that God was specially favoring him, even when thrusting the stiletto into the back of a foe. Cellini's history of his own life is one of the most amazing autobiographies extant; he records assassination, murder and indulgence in the vices of the day without a shadow of compunction, and, indeed, seems to think that Providence was with him in his disgraceful and criminal acts. In many respects his life reminds one of the "Three Musketeers" of Dumas, with this exception, Cellini never hesitates to resort to assassination and other acts of an infamous character, which Dumas makes intensely foreign to the character of his heroes. Cellini reflected the intellectual ability, the versatility and the vices of his age; he was unmoved by lofty genius, and religion in its true sense was a stranger to him, notwithstanding his ardent acceptation of the letter of dogmatic theology. His masterpiece was the bronze statue of Perseus, in Florence.

frugal manner on his farm, he manifested the spirit of sycophancy which would be impossible for a true patriot or a man of conscience to display. He fawned like a spaniel at the feet of his old enemies, the enslavers of Florence, as will be seen from the following quotation from a letter written by Machiavelli to Vettori, "ten months after he had been imprisoned and tortured by the Medici, just thirteen months after the republic he had served so long had been enslaved by the princes before whom he was now cringing": —

I have talked with Filippo Casavecchi about this little work of mine, whether I ought to present it or not; and if so, whether I ought to send or take it myself to him. I was induced to doubt about presenting it at all by the fear lest Giuliano should not even read it, and that this Ardinghelli should profit by my latest labors. On the other hand, I am prompted to present it by the necessity which pursues me, seeing that I am consuming myself in idleness, and I cannot continue long in this way without becoming contemptible through poverty. *I wish these Signori Medici would begin to make some use of me, if it were only to set me to the work of rolling a stone.* If I did not win them over to me afterwards, I should only complain of myself. As for my book, if they read it, they would perceive that the fifteen years I have spent in studying statecraft have not been wasted in sleep or play; and everybody ought to be glad to make use of a man who has so filled himself with experience at the expense of others. About my fidelity they ought not to doubt. Having always kept faith, I am not going to learn to break it now. A man who has been loyal and good for forty-three years, like me, is not likely to change his nature; and of my loyalty and goodness my poverty is sufficient witness to them.

A further insight into the character of Machiavelli is obtained from the dedication of "The Prince," which runs as follows: —

Niccolo Machiavelli to the Magnificent Lorenzo, son of Piero de Medici: Desiring to present myself to your magnificence with some proof of my devotion, I have not found among my various furniture aught that I prize more than the knowledge of the actions of great men acquired by me through a long experience of modern affairs and a continual study of ancient. These I have long and diligently revolved and examined in my mind, and have now compressed into a little book which I send to your magnificence. And though I judge this work unworthy of your presence, yet I am confident that your humanity will cause you to value it when you consider that I could not make you a greater gift than this of enabling you in a few hours to understand what I have learned through perils and discomforts in a lengthy course of years.

In the volume referred to it will be remembered that he argues that the prince or tyrant should rule men "by caressing, or crushing." The idea of "doing right because right is right, in scorn of consequences," was something which might have called forth the smile of contempt, but could never enter into the philosophy of a man who lived on Machiavelli's plane of life, and who had been schooled in Italian politics of the Renaissance. Perhaps we cannot better obtain a glimpse of the intel-

lectual atmosphere which brought forth the thought of Machiavelli than by noting one of his sentences: —

It is not necessary that a prince should be merciful, loyal, humane, religious, just; nay, I will venture to say, that if he had all these qualities and always used them, they would harm him. But he must seem to have them, especially if he be new in his principality, where he will find it quite impossible to exercise these virtues, since in order to maintain his power he will be often obliged to act contrary to humanity, charity, religion.

As before observed, in this book addressed to the reigning prince of a family who had more than once enslaved Florence, Machiavelli holds up as a model Cesare Borgia, the despot whose name is the synonym for ignominy, the ruthless prince who won by force and fraud, whose dissimulation was only matched by his cruelty. And it must be remembered that this work was not written for the general public; it was a treatise, or handbook, by which the prince to whom it was addressed might crush freedom and set aside law. All through the work we see the pernicious doctrine of "the end justifying the means"; he praises Cesare Borgia's perfidy, as we would extol the patriotism of Washington. It is a volume of remarkable strength, and well illustrates how brilliant an intellect may be while destitute of highmindedness.

It is only fair to observe, however, that Machiavelli in "The Prince" reflected the political tactics of his age rather than created an original work. He was a historian before he was a philosopher. He was a close observer, and knew how to generalize as well as specialize. His treatise, intended for the private perusal of a Medicean prince, illustrates how readily a man without moral poise may turn from the service of liberty to that of tyranny. The cause of the republic which had honored him possessed no interest for him when he hoped his lot might be bettered by his becoming the willing tool of absolutism, and his "Prince" shows that he was quite as ready to bring the wealth of his intellect to the cause of despotism as he would have been to continue to serve the republic. His personal aggrandizement and selfish comfort outweighed all other considerations.

The real purpose of Machiavelli in writing the political masterpiece is in my judgment most admirably set forth by Mr. Symonds in this concise characterization of "The Prince": —

Machiavelli was the first in modern times to formulate a theory of government in which the interests of the ruler are alone regarded, which assumes *a separation between statecraft and morality*, which recognizes force and fraud among the legitimate means of attaining high political ends, which makes success alone the test of conduct, and which presupposes the corruption, venality and baseness of mankind at large.

In the "Principe" it was not his purpose to write a treatise of

morality, but to set forth with scientific accuracy the arts which he considered necessary to the success of an absolute ruler. We may, therefore, accept this essay as the most profound and lucid exposition of the principles by which Italian statesmen were guided in the sixteenth century.

The pages of history afford few more impressive illustrations of the hopelessness of a character in which motives of self interest instead of conscience form the mainspring of action. Such characters are never safe — the ring of artificiality sounds in their every deed. And what is true of an individual is true of a state, as the Italy which Machiavelli so vividly reflected bears witness. Sincerity, justice, morality and integrity are the only sound foundations for human character or human society, and whenever a life or a nation attempts to build on other foundations, that individual or state becomes a curse to civilization.

Many people seem to overlook the fact that Machiavelli's "Prince" was not written for the public. It was intended only for the eyes of the ambitious prince, who might avail himself of the services of so conscienceless and astute a politician as could compose such a work. And it was not published until 1532 — after the death of Machiavelli.

I have dwelt at length on Machiavelli and his most important political work because he stands out in such bold contrast to another great thinker and writer, who at the time when Machiavelli was trying to get the Medici to read his "Prince," was writing a work which also treated of the philosophy of human government, but which was as unlike "The Prince" of Machiavelli as a dove is unlike a serpent. The "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More was as diametrically opposed to "The Prince" as light is opposed to darkness. They were born of different thought worlds — one was the child of darkness, the other the first born of the dawn; one was the offspring of egoism, whose range of vision was never above the level of intellectual animalism, the other was the flower of a prophet's inspiration, the acorn from which the true social democracy shall one day spring.

"The Prince," which Machiavelli held up as a model, failed in his design; Machiavelli, notwithstanding his time-serving policy, failed only less signally than did Cesare Borgia. The "Utopia" of More, though born far too early to blossom in the century which marked the tragic death of its author, has been a beacon and an inspiration to noble souls since the day it was published. Machiavelli finished "The Prince" in the latter part of 1413. Sir Thomas More published his "Utopia" in Flanders in 1416. It is a remarkable fact that these two concrete expressions of the fatal philosophy of serfdom in human government and the redemptive social science of altruism, should have leaped almost simultaneously from the thought worlds of two great intellects.

HOW TO ORGANIZE THE UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS IN THE VILLAGES AND COUNTRY DISTRICTS.

BY PROF. THOMAS E. WILL, A. M.

In The Arena for July, 1894, appeared an article by the present writer concerning the organization of the Union for Practical Progress in the city; to that article the present contribution is supplementary. The greatness of the need of the modern city for industrial, social and ethical regeneration must not blind us to the needs of the vast regions lying outside the city limits. It was once the fashion to paint idyllic pictures of the farm or rural hamlet where the peasant or villager, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" and secure in the possession of home and the means of subsistence, sat peacefully beneath his vine and fig-tree with none to molest or make him afraid. The rural dweller was the type of self-sustaining, manly independence.

To-day such a picture is largely an anachronism. The railroad and the telegraph — indispensable agencies, though they be, of modern civilization — have gridironed and trellised not only the city but the country districts; and, with their ever-extending branches, are to-day rapidly binding together all parts of the great American wilderness and desert into a greater American commonwealth, a truly organic whole. Because of this intimate organic connection it is impossible that the different parts of our country should remain independent of each other or unaffected by each other's prosperity or adversity. The price of the farmer's products, not less than of the food and clothing he now buys in constantly increasing ratio, is fixed in the city stock exchange. Transportation charges on his purchases and sales are likewise determined in the great centres. To a large extent his ideas, political, economic, educational, religious, are formed by the Associated Press whose thought waves, pulsating from Boston, New York and Chicago, reach the remotest country post office. The rural dweller cannot, if he would, cut himself off from the great nation and, indeed, the great world, of which he daily becomes a more actually vital part.

Upon conditions prevailing in the country space forbids that I should dwell; suffice it to say that the cities, like huge engines, are pumping from it its lifeblood. Like the horse leech the city cries, "Give, give!" and, to far too slight an extent, does it recompense again? Some have noted a striking parallelism between the rural districts of the United States to-day and those of France in the last half of the eighteenth century. Here, as there in the days of Arthur Young, the country is being drained of its population and wealth to gorge the city.

The country must be redeemed. But the redeeming impulse must come from the centres whence radiate the impulses that actuate our modern life, and must move along the now well-worn channels. While political corruption and economic despotism and exploitation centre in the city, from the city, notwithstanding, comes with chief emphasis the new truth of human brotherhood, the new light that like the sunrise is brightening the day of the incoming century, the new gospel of each for all and all for each that is destined to supplant the barbaric principle of each for himself and devil take the hindmost. The city must lead in the work of redeeming the country.

Do we ask, How? Note, then, as an example of what has already been done, the account of the first campaign of the workers in "The People's University," the educational department, recently organized, of the Union for Practical Progress.* The People's University is a child of the same parent as the university extension and the Chatauqua movements. Each recognizes the tendency in the past to store up the waters of truth in huge reservoirs of higher education, inaccessible to the people at large. The result has been the creation of a literary cult and the separation of society into an ignorant multitude and a handful of *literati* gorged and surfeited with the "culture" of which they held a strict monopoly; the educated class, meanwhile, looking too often with contempt upon the "philistines" and "barbarians" outside the college walls. The spirit that could look with complacency upon such a state of things was closely akin to, if not identical with, the spirit that could rest content in the belief that the vast majority of the human race are doomed to lifelong poverty in this world and to eternal burnings in the next.

Against such conditions and beliefs the new altruism — the spirit of applied Christianity — revolts. Its fundamental principle is that all men are children of one common Father and therefore brethren; and that brotherhood implies mutual helpfulness and the sharing of all that is good and ennobling, to the end that each may develop his latent powers and faculties and

* For prospectus see p. liii. and following of THE ARENA for January, 1895.

that the divinity within him may be released from its clog of inert clay. Each must have a chance to be a man. Hence the waters dammed up and stagnating in the reservoirs of higher culture must be brought down to the plains below that the desert may rejoice and blossom and that the putrefying waters may themselves be healed.

On the first four days of August, 1894, the People's University Association, represented by Rev. Robert E. Bisbee, Rev. E. S. Stackpole, Rev. H. C. Vrooman and Herr Buechler, held its first meeting in the little village of Cornville, Maine. These workers are believers in the new theology, viz., that all truth is one and that all things are for the good of man. They are exponents of the new thought; they are waiting and *working* for the new time, for the establishment in the world, by peaceful evolutionary processes, of the kingdom of righteousness and peace and fair play. Because they believe they work.

Mr. Bisbee, the organizer, proceeded as follows: (1) He visited Cornville and secured the appointment of a committee. (2) He issued the following circular: —

TO THE PEOPLE OF CORNVILLE AND VICINITY: —

It is proposed to hold a four days' Christian Institute in the Town House, Cornville, Aug. 1–5, 1894, under the auspices of the People's University Association, of Boston, Mass. The design of the Institute is to bring to the people of the country all the religious and educational advantages of the city for at least a brief period. The Institute will be in charge of earnest Christian and reform workers of the highest rank. Among them will be: —

I. Rev. Robert E. Bisbee, of Newburyport, Mass. Mr. Bisbee is a graduate of Wesleyan University. He has travelled extensively and has preached and lectured in many states.

2. Rev. E. S. Stackpole, D. D. Dr. Stackpole is a graduate of Bowdoin College, and of Boston University School of Theology. He has travelled extensively in Europe and Palestine, is the author of several books, and is a thorough and practical evangelist. He can put the profoundest religious truth in as clear a form as any man now living.

3. Rev. Harry C. Vrooman, of Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Vrooman is a graduate of Harvard University, is a young man of brilliant attainments, and of earnest, devoted spirit. He is a native of Kansas, where his father was a judge of the Superior Court. Mr. Vrooman understands the people and their needs.

4. Herr Prof. Ph. H. Buechler. Prof. Buechler will have charge of the music. He is a thoroughly educated German musician, and a very entertaining, instructive and popular lecturer on musical art.

Rev. T. G. Moses, of Skowhegan, Maine, will also be invited to take part.

It is hoped also that Mrs. C. W. Stiles, of Newburyport, will be present, at least a part of the time. Mrs. Stiles is one of the sweetest and most effective evangelistic singers of the present day.

The above workers agree to come to us without charge for their time and services, simply if we will pay expenses and entertain them. For this purpose we need pledges of fifty cents each from at least one hundred persons. Shall we have them?

Just think a moment what we will receive. The presence of these Christian workers among us for four days. One hour's daily instruction in the Bible. Two hours' daily instruction in music. One hour's daily instruction in social science. Three inspiring sermons each day. A beautiful illustrated lecture each evening. A grand social gathering of all the well disposed people in this vicinity.

Here is a great opportunity. Let us not pass it by. All who are willing to help, please sign the attached coupon and forward to S. O. LOCKE, Revere, Maine, at once

S. O. LOCKE.
E. WHITTIER.
SHELDON BEALS.
MRS. HELEN C. MORRILL.
MRS. S. O. LOCKE.
Committee of Arrangements.

Coupon.

Sign and send to S. O. Locke, Revere, Maine, at once.

.....July , 1894.

I promise to pay fifty cents towards the expense of a Christian Institute in Cornville, Maine, Aug. 1 to 5, 1894.

.....

(3) When sufficient responses had been received Mr. Bisbee issued Circular No. 2 : —

THE PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY ASSOCIATION OF BOSTON, MASS.,

Will hold a four days' Christian Institute in the Town House, Cornville, Maine, Aug. 1 to 5, 1894.

The Institute will open Wednesday evening, August 1, at 7 o'clock, with an illustrated lecture and sermon by Rev. Robert E. Bisbee, of Newburyport, Mass. The subject of the sermon will be "The Purpose of Our Coming." Be present at this opening service if possible. Among the workers of the Institute will be Rev. E. S. Stackpole, D. D., of Auburn, Maine, Rev. H. C. Vrooman, B. A., of East Milton, Mass. and Herr Buechler, of Melrose Highlands, Mass. Rev. T. G. Moses of Skowhegan, and Prof. A. F. Chase, of Bucksport, have been invited to be present and assist.

The work of the Institute will be positively non-sectarian. We invite people of all faiths and no faith to be present. We promise all genuine beliefs a candid and respectful treatment. We emphasize points of agreement, not of difference. Our motto is *purpose* not *creed*, as a bond of union. We extend a cordial welcome to all. Come join in our work.

The following will be the daily programme, subject to such slight modifications as the occasion may require: —

Forenoon: — 9 to 9.45, Experimental Religion — Salvation and its Evidences, Stackpole; 9.45 to 10.30, Lecture on Musical Art, Buechler; 10.30 to 11-45, Preaching and Evangelistic Work; 11.45 to 1, Noon Recess — Basket Lunch — Conversation. *Afternoon:* 1 to 2, Music and Bible Classes, Buechler and Stackpole; 2 to 2.45, Applied Christianity — Social Science, Vrooman; 2.45 to 4, Preaching — Evangelistic Work — Questions Answered; 4 to 7, Recess — Home Duties. *Evening:* 7 to 8, Illustrated Lecture; 8 to 9, Preaching — Evangelistic Work.

Note. — This will be a great opportunity for Musicians. Herr

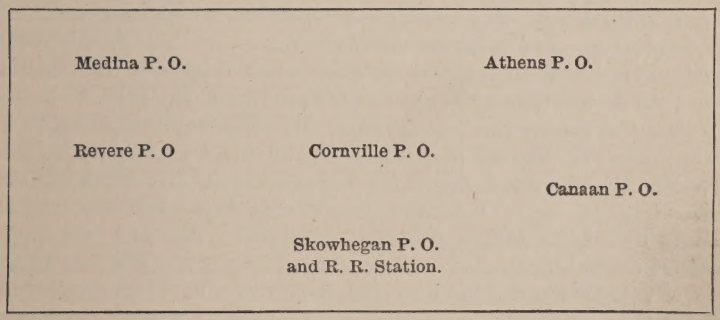
Buechler is a thoroughly trained and accomplished instructor. All lessons and classes free.

(4) Mr. Bisbee was on the ground on time with his workers and "captured the crowd."

(5) For four days the workers, following the programme, did the best work of which they were capable; they broke to their hearers the bread of a new life; and astonished and aroused a people, sick to the death of the old dogma — the stone so long given in response to the demand for bread — with the possibilities of religion in earnest; religion that, instead of hiding, owl-like, from the search light of scientific truth, or fighting and anathematizing the light bearers, welcomes all truth as of God and seeks to apply it to the life of man and of human society.

(6) All the subscribers to the expense fund were organized into a branch Union for Practical Progress.

(7) These subscribers were next grouped into local reading circles, with a centre near each postoffice. Following is the plan: —



Each local reading club was advised to subscribe for THE ARENA, the *Outlook*, the *Kingdom*, and other helpful periodicals; also to form a library of fifty best books of progressive ideas to circulate among the different clubs. This, by the way, is a part of the English Fabian plan for rural propaganda. A number of boxes of books are made up. A box remains in a given neighborhood until the readers have had time to use its contents somewhat fully; it then goes on to another neighborhood, to be replaced, in turn, by another box. In this way a comparatively small number of books may be made to do a very large amount of work. By numbering each box and placing all the boxes under the supervision of a central secretary, chosen by the different clubs; and by holding the secretary of each club responsible for all books sent to his club, confusion may be avoided and efficiency secured.

The Cornville clubs are expected to meet occasionally all to-

gether for discussion and comparison of notes. Occasionally they may have a lecturer. Next summer they will hold another institute to enlarge their knowledge, renew their enthusiasm, increase their numbers and widen the circle of their operations. By this process an entire community may, in time, become leavened with the new thought.

Allowing a week for each institute and for the time necessary to move from one point to another, a single group of workers such as these can visit ten or fifteen different communities in a single summer campaign, or fifty in a year; and the circle of influences established in each may be expected to widen until at last the many pools blend in one unbroken sea.

How hearty, it may be asked, was the popular response to the effort in Cornville? Mr. Vrooman writes: "The Institute held three daily sessions. A large number of farmers who came from a distance brought their lunches and stayed all day. The average daily attendance was about one hundred twenty-five, the average evening attendance about two hundred twenty-five, crowding the town hall to its utmost capacity; and this in a community where the average attendance upon the ordinary preaching service is about twenty-five. . . . The people were enthusiastic in the reception of these social ideals." Mr. Bisbee says, "The workers are unanimous that this is the way."

As to the question of expense, Mr. Bisbee, remarking first that this work, like all philanthropic and most educational work, must at the outset depend for support upon the workers and their friends, says: "At the end of the first year the scheme would be largely self-supporting. We call every one who subscribes to the expense of our visit a constituent. We have now about ninety constituents as the result of our Cornville work. Next year we would probably add fifty or sixty more in Cornville. Fifty points as the result of a year's work would probably give us a constituency of from three to five thousand. The cost of our first institute was forty-two dollars. The average cost would probably be about forty dollars, exclusive of the pay of workers. If we can induce the constituency to pay one dollar each annually into the treasury of the association we can work out the rest of it in the sale of books, etc."

We speak sometimes of "consecrated wealth," and of "those whom the Lord has blessed with substance." Fortunes have been thrown away and worse than wasted in unscientific charity and in support of unworthy enterprises. How could one possessing wealth and moved by benevolent impulses better aid in bringing in peacefully and joyously the good time coming than by endowing the People's University, and thus assuring its success?

But, from the very nature of things, the People's University must for some time be beyond the reach of many communities in which the study of the new truth and the higher ideals should be at once begun. Those who cannot receive outside help should begin without it. And first of all they should organize a class for the systematic study of human society. History, political economy, social ethics, social problems, political science — any one of these opens a field the culture of which may be made to yield a rich harvest. A course of lectures by a specialist would add greatly to the value of this work. In the absence of a lecturer let the class appoint a committee to lay out a course of study for a limited period, as three months. Let a topic be provided for each meeting and assigned at the outset or well in advance either to some member of the class or to some competent and willing non-member. Let the members of the class study the topic for the evening, and then come to the meeting prepared intelligently to take notes on the lecture or paper and to discuss the same. The discussion should be made a prominent and valuable feature of the work. The fullest forbearance and tolerance should be cultivated; each should be actuated by the desire to know the truth and the whole truth, and the class should feel that its work is not to settle once for all the questions on which doctors disagree, but to learn of the literature in which the subjects under consideration are presented from different view points, to awaken thought, to arouse interest and to enable each to act more intelligently his part as a citizen of a commonwealth ruled by public opinion.

As the next step I should urge the beginning of a vigorous agitation for a public library. Carlyle declared that the true university is a collection of books, and that the most the college can do for one is to teach him to read. The life of the race is reflected in literature. Of all the forces that combine to make men good and great how few there be that may not operate through the printed page! The man or the community without literature is like the Crusoe on his island; and the life thus isolated must be the narrow and, to a great extent, the barren life. The New England civilization, than which there is none higher, is peculiar in that it was "founded upon a book."

The community that would emerge from the wilderness must have a library. Who shall take the initiative? In a community where the class has been organized the class would naturally lead off in this work, for none would derive from the library more benefit than its members. Elsewhere a single interested individual should not hesitate to take the lead. "No one knows what he can do till he tries." A lady in a Nebraska hamlet informed the writer that she once set out alone to procure a library

for her home town elsewhere; and that, as a result of a single call upon one old man, she obtained six hundred dollars in cash — a sum which the generous donor in a few years swelled to six thousand dollars.

In almost every community there are men of means and of more or less public spirit. Let them be appealed to. They must die and leave their property. How better can they build to themselves a monument than by establishing and endowing a public library? They can reap a reward in their own lifetime by being enabled to live among a more intelligent people. As the stream cannot rise above its source, so the individual intelligence cannot rise much above the level of the general intelligence. Should one feel a cultured indifference to his neighbors let him nevertheless scatter the light that he may himself walk in it.

The mover in this enterprise should receive the hearty coöperation of teachers and superintendents of day schools and Sunday schools. Children may be engaged in the work of soliciting subscriptions and their efforts may be reënforced by concerts, exhibitions, festivals, etc., the receipts from which should go to the library fund.

The clergy, too, should aid gladly in this effort, remembering that, in the language of the Methodist discipline, if they are diligent in the spreading of books they, themselves, will have the use of them. An educational sermon now and then, followed by a collection for the library, might add not a little to the fund.

Individuals should be appealed to for donations of books as well as of money. In this way many a dust-covered, forgotten volume might be made a part of the resources of the community while its former owner could still avail himself of its use.

Book publishers, too, should be solicited for donations, the appeal being accompanied by the promise to post conspicuously in the library or to publish in the village newspaper the names and addresses of all responding favorably. The publisher with an eye to business will doubtless see in moderate gifts on such conditions an opportunity for the exercise of "five per cent philanthropy."

Last of all and after public interest has been thoroughly aroused, the town board should be appealed to. Since the entire community, under our system, supports education, one should have little difficulty in making clear that the community as a whole should provide the means of education, and that among these the public library stands well to the front.

Another agency of great possibilities, once flourishing in rural and village communities, but now in too many cases decayed, is

the literary and debating society. The country or village youth is liable to read little, while the little he reads is liable to be of slight value. Yet he feels no special loss resulting from his intellectual sloth and sees no particular occasion for mental exertion. To begin systematic, industrious reading and study would be to cut himself off from the crowd and make himself peculiar. Failing to read or to associate with readers he lacks ideas; his opinions come at second hand and are warped and narrow; his prejudices are deep-seated. He is unable to converse; he has nothing to say and, if he had, he lacks the power to say it. To such a youth the debating society may be a peerless means of education. Such an organization attracts the readers and thinkers in the community. Questions of general interest are discussed and discussed freely. That one may make a creditable showing he must read and think; he must work up his case and hence must learn to use books, to consult authorities and weigh arguments. That he may hold his own against his antagonist he must study both sides of the question. That he may speak he must cultivate self-control; he must learn to think consecutively and on his feet. The passage at arms on the forum demands that the winner shall have his entire intellectual resources at his command.

The debate is educative in its effects upon the judges, since public opinion soon comes to demand that they shall decide according to the merits of the discussion; it is a means of education to the audience, for each auditor resolves himself into a judge and critic and weighs, as best he may, the arguments adduced. The exercise is stimulating to non-participants. Many a lad who otherwise would never have dreamed of facing an audience is aroused to test his powers. All, speakers, judges and listeners, are intellectually awakened and enjoy the benefits of the ventilation of a question which few would otherwise have examined save on one side if at all. Trashy reading in the community now steadily gives place to the reading that upbuilds. Gossip becomes less and intelligent discussion and inquiry more and more the characteristic of conversation; and thus the intellectual level of the community steadily rises. Minds thus developing will naturally turn to the consideration of great questions of human interest.

The class, the library and the debating club are designed especially to arouse the mind of the community. Another agency should be brought into play to do the more active, executive work of social reform; this agency might be called the General Welfare Club. The dominating factor in our industrial life during the period of the industrial revolution has been self interest. Each has been taught, six days in the week, that the chief

end of man was to look out for Number One at whatever cost to others. Our national deity has been the almighty dollar. Snatching and grabbing have been dignified as "business"; any other motive than self seeking has been scorned as "sentiment." This has not, however, been an unmitigated evil; self interest has been a necessary factor in social evolution. Until men have reached the point where their higher natures can successfully be appealed to they must be moved, if at all, by motives relatively low. It was necessary that the material foundations of the higher civilization should be laid; that forests should be cleared, marshes drained, mines exploited and capital accumulated; and, that this work might be done, it was better that men should be impelled by greed and by fear of hunger than that they should not be impelled at all.

But the hedonistic, each for himself principle, unbalanced by the altruistic motive, is anarchical and socially destructive. Such a book as Mr. Stead's on Chicago is a striking commentary on the results of faithfully following out the first and despising the second, until a great city is in the power of the Assyrian who has put his hook into her jaws and is leading her whithersoever he will. What most people overlook, when aroused to the situation, is that the Assyrian, whether enthroned in the City Hall of Chicago or in Tammany Hall, New York, or wherever, is simply playing the part of the "good business man" and looking out for Number One. Other men all about him are hustling for the shekels and watching for the main chance. Public spirit is regarded as simply a manifestation of "sentiment." Everybody's business becomes, therefore, nobody's business except his who can turn an honest penny by taking charge of it. Since there is money in politics for him who knows how to get it out, here, certainly, is the opportunity for him whose business capacity runs in the direction of managing caucuses, getting out the vote and selling franchises to the highest bidder. If he is accused of exploiting the public, what more is he doing, so long as he keeps out of the clutches of the law, than his fellow business men all about him who operate through the street railway line, the gas works, the factory, the bank and the stock exchange? Each performs a social function and, at the same time, feathers his nest if he can. Each tries to keep within the limits of the written law; or, if the law allow him too little elbow room, each tries to get it stretched by the legislative or the judiciary; or he tries to find a hole in it through which he may creep. As for the dear public — let them be *anathema*. They, too, must look out for themselves. Thus out of the "mere conflict of private interests" we seek to "produce a well-ordered commonwealth," and miserably fail, as a matter of course. How can we hope to find in the grist something that has not gone into the hopper?

What is done on a vast scale in the metropolis is done on a smaller scale in the village. Here, as there, each helps himself as fully as he may, limited chiefly by fear of the penitentiary, and the public is welcome to what is left. The citizen as an individual may deplore the spoliation of the public in which, if he would hold his own, he is compelled to participate, but his individual protest is as a voice crying in the wilderness.

Hence the need of a General Welfare Club. Public-spirited citizens should organize and make their protests effective. Such a club should regard anything and everything pertaining to the good of the community and not otherwise provided for as within its province. It should demand good sidewalks, clean, well-kept and shady streets; parks and playgrounds; creditable public buildings; adequate educational appliances and salaries that will bring and hold such teachers as will make good schools. Recognizing that religion, historically and philosophically viewed, is not a mere matter of opinion, of private belief or unbelief, properly subject to individual anarchy or corporate ecclesiastical tyranny, but a tremendous fact, a prime social force, and, like education, a matter of the most vital public interest and moment, the club should demand harmonious coöperation among the churches of the village as among the various departments of the educational system; and should insist that the pulpits be filled by wide-awake, broad-minded, earnest, sympathetic, public-spirited men who will work for the realization of the kingdom of righteousness in their midst. This club would naturally push the work of building up the library and making the class and the debating club a success. It should encourage the formation of reading circles and Chautauqua circles; it should arrange lecture courses, University Extension centres, People's University institutes and the like.

It should wage war on local evils and abuses; gambling, betting and the saloon, at least in its present unregenerate form. It should recognize in the seemingly harmless vacant lot a perennial source of public detriment; unsightly, scattering the citizens over a wide area, decreasing neighborliness and increasing expense for streets, sidewalks, water and light; raising rent by lowering the margin of use; making home owning more difficult and thus necessitating house renting. The substitution of the renting for the home-owning class, it should readily be seen, discourages improvements; since the landlord lacks interest and the renter, by improving, would simply donate improvements to the landlord and raise his own rent; it militates against public spirit since the renter feels that the town is not "his town" and that he is at best a sojourner upon sufferance. The vacant lot should be taxed out of existence; and the General Welfare Club

could not more truly serve the public than by taking the lead in this work.

Other clubs, societies and altruistic organizations — Helping Hand societies, Woman's Relief Corps, temperance societies and the like, doubtless already exist in the village. The General Welfare Club should appear among these not as another competing organization, but, like the city Union for Practical Progress, as a unifier of existing organizations and a coördinator of the work of all. Its relations toward all these should be most fraternal. It should recognize them as doing a more highly specialized form of work than itself; by banding them together it should increase the dignity and efficiency of all and raise all in the estimation of the community.

The village organization, like the city union, should seek to utilize fully the pulpit and the press. Many of the topics adopted by the National Union for Practical Progress can be profitably used by villagers; where they are unsuitable, topics of local interest can be substituted. By broadening the view, however, and recognizing that the village is an integral part of the whole nation, whose fortunes it must share, and with which it must prosper or decay, we may see that any subject of genuine interest to the city is of at least indirect interest to the village. There is not a villager in America who should not feel that the downfall of Tammany is a positive gain to the nation and to him; and who should not watch with jealous apprehension lest the stealthy hand of Platt seizes the fruits of the victory.

The village organization, combining the General Welfare Club, the class, the debating society and such other organizations as it may unify, should take the name, "The Union for Practical Progress," and should, by all means, affiliate with the national organization. The keynote of the general movement is *union*, and union for *progress*. No village organization, therefore, should repeat the old mistake of isolating itself and hiding its light under a bushel, only to fossilize and die. Join the great army of righteousness.

The local union should choose as officers a president and a secretary-treasurer. These two officers will be *ex-officio* members of the General Council of the National Organization, and, as such, will share with the General Council the power to recall members of the National Executive Committee, and to veto any or all of the acts of that committee. (See Constitution of Union for Practical Progress, p. lii. of THE ARENA for January, 1895.) The secretary-treasurer is the officer upon whom will fall the bulk of the burden of the local work. He should, therefore, be chosen with care. Immediately on his election he should correspond with the National Secretary at Boston, enclosing the registration fee of one dollar. No subsequent dues are required.

It is by no means essential that the proposed organizations should be exactly uniform in all villages. The initiator must, in each case, be governed largely by circumstances. There may be cases where a wide-awake clergyman with a sympathetic constituency may be able to organize an "institutional church." In such a case, if he possess the rare faculty of allaying jealousy and suspicion, he may make his church, for a time at least, the centre of the entire village movement. (See a brief but suggestive article on "The Institutional Village Church," by Rev. E. A George in the *Outlook* for Sept. 1, 1894.)

In the country districts the organization will be still simpler than in the village. Chief emphasis will be laid at first on the educational side; from this education will result in time political action, local, state and national. Where the People's University workers can be secured they should, by all means, be called in to set the movement on foot. Yet, valuable as such help will be to those who can avail themselves of it, the rural community should not wait. Let some one lead off and establish a reading circle in his neighborhood with a box of books, as before indicated. The movement may centre at some farmhouse or better still, perhaps, at the country schoolhouse. Here the debating society would naturally meet and flourish, as it has flourished in many a country schoolhouse, to the immeasurable advantage of the young people who have availed themselves of its privileges. The singing school, too, should be revived, and the power of music enlisted in the work of moral and social uplifting. Let patriotic and reform songs take the place of the chaffy ditties that too often do duty as music; and the result no one can doubt who has witnessed the power of song whether at concert, fireside, political rally or camp meeting. Music, rightly selected, may be grandly effective, too, in singing out of the reform movement the canker of selfishness and bitterness that too often marks it; and in singing into it the spirit of true nobility, of self sacrifice, of love to neighbor, to country and to God — the spirit that must save us, if we are to be saved at all, from the troublous times that some so freely predict when the screw has been turned once too often and "the hungry fellows break loose." *

These local groupings should be unified in a Union for Practi-

* Note as a straw the following, clipped from the Boston *Transcript* of July 19, 1894: —

New York, July 19. Herbert Spencer has written the following letter to James A. Skilton, general secretary of the World's Congress of Evolutionists: —

FAIRFIELD, PEWSEY, WILTS, May 28.

DEAR MR. SKILTON: In the United States, as here and elsewhere, the movement toward dissolution of existing social forms and reorganization on a socialistic basis I believe to be irresistible. We have bad times before us, and you have still more dreadful times before you — civil war, immense bloodshed and eventually military despotism of the severest type.

Yours truly,
HERBERT SPENCER.

cal Progress, with a secretary to bring them into touch with similar organizations and with the National Union. Such other officials as they may need should be chosen, care being taken not to put so many wheels into the machine that it will readily get out of order. This local union might include a school district or two. As similar unions spring up they may be grouped into township unions, these into country, and these, finally, into state organizations. Through the agency of these higher groupings, say township and county, it will become possible to circulate the book boxes quite widely, at the same time keeping track of them.

The county and especially the state organization will be able to arrange lecture courses and public discussions on economic and social topics, and thus make possible the bringing of the best thought of the time to the people of the country districts. The lecture bureau of the National Union, advertised from month to month in THE ARENA, should be found especially serviceable to these organizations. Effective speakers, too, should be trained up as a result of the local reading, study and discussion. These might organize themselves, with the help of the secretary or the county union, into local lecture bureaus. Thus an effective means for the interchange of thought would be provided. The manager of the local lecture bureau should make it a point, too, to have his speakers on the programmes of old settlers' meetings, grange meetings, Sunday school picnics and the like, that the soil may continually be ploughed and the seed sown.

Economic students should attend political gatherings armed with standard literature that previous study and marking have enabled them to use; and, being there, should miss no opportunity to puncture the sophistries and falsehoods that campaign spellbinders palm off on the gaping groundlings for the quintessence of political and economic wisdom. In this way the prepared student may make himself a terror to the darkeners of counsel and a power for the promotion of clear and independent popular thinking.

It is the object of this paper to suggest rather than to lay down hard and fast rules for organizing the movement. Life is infinitely varied; here, then, as everywhere, it will manifest itself in ways infinitely diverse. While, as intimated, one organizer may make his church the centre of the movement, another may start with a Sunday school class; another with a sewing circle; still another with a temperance or fraternal organization, a farmers' club or even with the aggregation that nightly assembles in the corner grocery.

TRUE OCCULTISM, ITS PLACE AND USE.

BY MARGARET B. PEEKE.

> Truth is within us all: it takes no use
> From outward things, whate'er we may believe.
> There is an inmost centre in us all
> Where Truth abides in fulness; but around,
> Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems us in.
>
> — *Robert Browning.*

THERE are no mistakes in nature's workings. A law immutable and eternal holds all things in a divine grasp, working out a plan that dates back to creation's morning and forward through eternities yet to come. It is because this plan was the offspring of the First Cause, that we can know for a surety that it is unchangeable, and all the movements of time have been but episodes in the onward march of a great purpose. Years must widen into centuries, and centuries into ages, before the mind of man can be large enough to scan the grand *motif* of creation and man's evolution, breathed from the heart of God, and running like a diapason through His works. The circle of immensity cannot be measured by a finite mind, and it can be approximately known only where, entering into higher realms of vibratory action, the creature senses kinship with his Creator. To *know all* would be to stand at the universal centre, side by side with Deity, and see above, below, before, behind, within and without, past, present and to come, with a single glance. Instead of this we find the race wrapped still in swaddling clothes, and looking out upon the world with open-eyed amazement. Of the past and future, what is known? The present brings us day by day, its load of cares and joys, and we receive the seeming good or ill, as from the hand of chance, knowing not nor caring, what the law may be that works these marvels from the great and unknown world of causes.

As in our homes the child at first is kept within the bounds of nursery walls, then passes into the larger world of school and thence to college, on and on to ever-increasing spheres of life's experiences; so has the race been slowly ripening, unfolding latent possibilities, and climbing up the steep ascent from lower physical conditions, till the height is reached where man stands complete in rational endowment, alas! to find this height is not finality, for he sees a realm now open to his mental vision that

must be known by other powers than those of intellect. This racial growth from infancy to manhood needs must be. The law could not be broken, and the times of God are sure, and all must move divinely to the end. As evolution is unfoldment, and that which becomes manifest must first have been involved and held within the outer, no force external could have hastened man's progression. It needs must come in nature's order — "first that which is natural and after that the spiritual." "The first man is of the earth earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven."

Thus we see that the race must bide its time, and grow from childhood's feeble sense to manhood's strength before it could have the power to understand those higher laws that ever work for good. And thus we also see that every form of worship, every vision of God, every creed and religion and all the senseless discords of the ages over sects and isms, have had their place and use. Through them the race has found a wider range of vision, and, clinging to the good that formed the base of each, the march has never ceased to lead man upward.

To-day the world has entered upon a new age. The seed time has given place to ripeness, and the upward trend of the great evolutionary spiral has begun. A new rate of vibrations is established, gaining individual centres here and there soon to be recognized by all. Material success and intellectual power must give place to the higher thought of spiritual supremacy, as heretofore the age of barbarism was swept away by civilization. *No human power can stay this onward movement of man's destiny.* Its time has come and every day is giving proof of newer, larger outlook than the race has known before. The time of fears and timid shrinking has gone by; men are waking up amazed to find they dare to question *truth*, and in their gladness they turn upon it all the light of science and intelligence, only to find the truth more beautiful and kingly. We know this verdict cannot be final — it cannot be, until the observer holds a light impersonal and clear; but this we know, that ne'er before since earth knew man, have prejudice and blindness and the narrow bigotries of sect and creed been given up so fearlessly. The morning dawns so rapidly that what we hitherto have held as sacred because mysterious, we now can see in brighter light to be a partial truth explained by better knowledge of the law.

Never before could occult knowledge have taken hold of human mind. Fear was the keeper of the door. As in a child *fear* keeps it close within the shelter of its home, so this dread monster has stood guard through all the childhood of the race. Fear takes various forms: at one time *fear* of punishment, *the basest fear of all*, as if the God that reigns were but a larger

human child and victim of the lower moods of mind. Then followed fear of letting go some phantom of belief that long familiarity had made a friend; then fear of ridicule from other finite minds who could not see the light; and so these *fears* like watch dogs have chased each other round the citadel of man to ward off all ideas that might, if once they entered in, turn out the spectres of the night. To-day these curs are chained. Man thinks no more of fear. He looks into the face of facts and finds a law that never fails. He looks into the record of the past and finds her miracles are all explained by knowledge of the higher law. He looks into the history of all religious sects, and finds they were but man's conception of a Deity that evermore was needed, and while in Himself unchangeable, was ever changing to the ever growing child observing Him within His works.

This is the day of composite art, and as we know the characteristics of a college class by looking on a picture of the many merged into one, — so in our views of truth, we need but take a composite of all the races and their creeds, to know the necessary place of every part, to bring about the present age. Barbarian, Scythian, Greek or Roman, Mohammedan, Confucian, Buddhist or Scandinavian belief, or later creeds with their cruel persecutions, have all been needed features for the coming man, whose day is now at hand. There is no need of bitterness or sad repinings. Man could not heretofore have known his heavenly Father, because till now he has not been a spiritual being. The slower rate of vibratory action could never know the things of spirit. "God is spirit, and must be known in spirit and in truth," and knowing this we see why occult science steps upon the stage of life and proves its *raison d'etre.* It is another instance of the law that when an organ is developed, the conditions for its use are also brought to light.

True occultism deals with nature's unseen forces, and the powers in man to govern them. It proves that through the ages all these powers have had existence, but because man had not come of age when he could bring his latent forces into use, they were not known or recognized. Perhaps a Moses or a Daniel or some rare embodiment of spiritual force, showed to the world a wisdom hitherto unknown, and by their works proclaimed the fact; but even then the cry of *miracle* was raised, and no one saw the truth that *all* men were alike.

Occult philosophy teaches, first of all, that man must *be.* The doing is of secondary import. Only as he *is*, can he rightly *do.* The hidden wisdom of the Sphinx and Isis is the same. *Is-is* (Isis), *Be-Be*, "I *am* that I am," sums up the secret of all life, and when one knows this law, the powers long hidden in his being will arise and crown him king. In Genesis we read

that "Man was made to have dominion over the fish of the sea and the fowl of the air and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth," but we see no time when this has been fulfilled. Paul writing to the Hebrews said, "What is man that thou art mindful of him? Thou madest him a little lower than the angels, and didst set him over the works of Thine hands. Thou hast put all things under his feet." And then Paul adds, "But now we see not all things put under him." There must, therefore, be a universal supremacy to be enjoyed by the human race that has not been attained, and we naturally ask, "When shall these things be?" The answer comes, "When he has attained, through evolutionary development, his innermost and highest condition, where all mental and spiritual processes are as familiar to him theoretically and practically, as are the physical and mental operations of body and mind to-day. Then and then only can he attain that truly subjective state that allies him at once to the Over-Soul of the universe, and will enable him to do by occult law and natural processes what has hitherto been relegated to the realm of the marvellous, the mysterious and the miraculous. This application of occult law will be considered in our next article.

AN OPEN LETTER TO HON. JOHN G. CARLISLE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY GEORGE W. PEPPERELL.

SIR: Your position as finance minister of this great nation is a most important one. You, more than any other administrative officer of the government, hold in your hands the weal or the woe of the people. I beg of you to remember that the people live — that they are happy or miserable — as you control the finances for or against their best interests.

When, on March 4, 1893, I heard the words of President Cleveland's inaugural address in favor of "sound money," I knew that he meant the single gold standard. All the world knew that he meant death to silver. At that moment I wondered where he would look for his secretary of the treasury who would carry out his policy. Surely, thought I, he cannot find a suitable finance minister in either the South or the West. Surely he must go to Wall Street, and select his secretary among the money changers — into that "den of thieves" whom the Saviour of men would scourge from the temple, were He on earth again. Surely he would be compelled, thought I, to find his pliant tool among the gold gamblers, whose machinations caused President Lincoln, in 1862, to exclaim, "I wish every one of them had his devilish head shot off." Surely he must go to the men whom that great Democrat, Thomas Jefferson, called "the traitorous class." He must consult the usurers whom all the world calls "Shylocks."

I was greatly mistaken. President Cleveland knew something of men and things. He looked to the West and South — and he found his man! Not in Wall Street, not on the Rialto among the Shylocks, not in the temples and palaces of great wealth which have not been purified by the scourge of the Master! No, sir, not by any manner of means. The president turned his face to the sacred soil of Kentucky! — the land where dwell the men of "honor," the men who set up the high claim of being above suspicion; where the slightest breath or tarnish is resented with the bludgeon or the revolver; where men have appealed to the

"code" on the merest punctilios of unhappy allusions. And there the president found a finance minister able and willing to obey his slightest nod in the assassination of the best half of the people's money — a man who could even teach his master lessons in finance — who could lead the van in the unholy enterprise of destroying the peace and prosperity of a great nation. He found a statesman who had studied his subject, and had long ago described the dire results of the work in hand.

Sir, my language is weak. No words can fully paint the calamities resulting to a people through the destruction, the suppression or the contraction of the volume of the currency. It begets falling prices, and that stops the free circulation of all existing money. Industry ceases, compelling the idleness of labor. Idleness of labor means distress of the people, then beggary, then that frightful condition known as "organized hunger," overflowing the land in a delirium of starvation, beggary and destitution, which the plutocrats propose to cure by shooting the sufferers in order to "keep the peace." All this is a mere hint at the evils which must follow the suppression of silver, and the enthronement of that newest and least tried of all wild-eyed money schemes, known as the "single gold standard" — a scheme never known on earth prior to 1816.

Mr. Secretary, let me appeal to your own recorded testimony as to the truth of my statements. On Feb. 21, 1878, in the Congress of the United States, you said: —

> I know that the world's stock of precious metals is none too large, and I see no reason to apprehend that it will ever become so. Mankind will be fortunate indeed if the annual production of gold and silver coin shall keep pace with the annual increase of population, commerce and industry. According to my view of the subject, the conspiracy which seems to have been formed here and in Europe to destroy by legislation and otherwise from three sevenths to one half of the metallic money of the world is the most gigantic crime of this or any other age. The consummation of such a scheme would ultimately entail more misery upon the human race than all the wars, pestilence and famine that ever occurred in the history of the world. The absolute and instantaneous destruction of half the entire movable property of the world, including houses, ships, railroads, and all other appliances for carrying on commerce, while it would be felt more sensibly at the moment, would not produce anything like the prolonged distress and disorganization of society that must inevitably result from the permanent annihilation of one half of the metallic money of the world. — *Congressional Record*, Second Session, forty-fifth Congress, App., p. 43.

That brief testimony of yours, sir, does not overstate the case. Now can a great leader of the people, knowing the results of his course, be found who can, willingly, join in the hellish work contemplated? The man has been found. He understands the case in full. He knows all the dire calamities by heart. For a moment's brief fame he is willing to throttle and crush sixty

millions of people, to turn loose among them the sufferings and passions which no man can describe, and to change a happy republic into "chaos and old night." You, sir, were a leader of the people. We trusted you as Washington trusted Arnold. We honored our leader. We followed him. But we have been deceived and betrayed.

> For a handful of silver he left us,
> Just for a ribbon, to stick on his coat.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
> One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
> One more devil's triumph and sorrow for angels,
> One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!*

Sir, having betrayed the people and insulted God, you seem now determined to serve no master but mammon. To please the Shylocks you trample the people's money under foot by refusing to pay out lawful standard silver dollars on coin contracts. Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Benton and all the fathers and defenders of American liberty agreed in making the standard silver dollar the "unit of account and standard of value," in the American finances. You have spit upon their standard money and branded it as base metal. This you do in violation — in repudiation — of all coin contracts, because your masters, the great fund holders, demand it of you. At their bidding you pay gold on coin contracts, thus appreciating that fickle and unreliable metal, so that as your gold reserve disappears you may find an excuse to load the people with interest-bearing bonds.

Having betrayed the people until soup houses are needed in every city to assuage the public hunger; until increased police forces and even federal troops are required to suppress the cries of distress; until brave men and helpless women can no longer find employment, but are met with threats of violence, or, at best, with the crust of charity; until your own truthful predictions of 1878 seem to promise ultimate fulfilment; you now propose as a remedy to retire the lawful paper money of the government, and to surrender the finances of the country entirely into the hands of the banks. You, a mere administrative officer, have had the hardihood to formulate a banking bill, and to send it into the halls of legislation demanding its enactment into law. You demand that the government shall surrender to corporations the sovereign power of issuing money — that the people and the government shall take all the risks and guarantee the currency, while the corporations shall enjoy all the profits. This you do, in spite of the teachings of those great Democratic statesmen who founded your party, and whom you profess to follow.

* Robert Browning.

Thomas Jefferson, the first great Democrat in this country, expressed himself on various occasions, substantially as follows:—

Bank paper must be suppressed and the circulation restored to the nation to whom it belongs.

The power to issue money should be taken from the banks and restored to Congress and the people.

I sincerely believe that banking establishments are more dangerous than standing armies.

I am not among those who fear the people. They, and not the rich, are our dependence for continued freedom. And to preserve their independence we must not let our rulers load us with perpetual debt.

Put down the banks, and if this country could not be carried through the longest war against her most powerful enemy without ever knowing the want of a dollar, without dependence on the traitorous class of her citizens, without bearing hard on the resources of the people or loading the public with an indefinite burden of debt, I know nothing of my countrymen.

Mr. Secretary, as a follower of the great Jefferson and a member of that great party founded by him, how is it possible for you to favor the issuing of United States bonds and the establishment of banks of issue, when the issue of non-interest bearing legal tender paper by the government, as recommended by Mr. Jefferson, will meet every useful purpose and every legitimate demand? These are questions that the people are asking; and the public officers who fail to listen and obey will pass from power into merited oblivion or eternal infamy.

Sir, for a generation or more your party stood by the teachings of Jefferson, Jackson and Benton, and their compatriots on the money question, and, almost uniformly, marched to assured victory in the national elections. In those glorious days the platforms of your party held aloft their victorious banner, bearing the following inscription:—

Resolved, That Congress has no power to charter a national bank; that we believe such an institution one of deadly hostility to the best interests of the country, dangerous to our republican institutions and the liberties of the people, and calculated to place the business of the country within the control of a concentrated money power, and that above the laws and will of the people; and that the result of Democratic legislation in this and all other financial measures upon which issues have been made between the two political parties of the country have demonstrated to candid and practical men of all parties their soundness, safety and utility in all business pursuits.

Resolved, That the separation of the moneys of the government from banking institutions is indispensable for the safety of the funds of the government and the rights of the people.

In those old Democratic platforms it was declared to be "indispensable" that the government moneys should be "kept separate from banking institutions." Your party now does not hesitate to place the government moneys in the hands of hun-

dreds of banking institutions. It is placed with them by the millions without interest. The banks loan the government moneys at interest and pocket the proceeds, without even a hint at dividing the profits with the tax payers who furnish the money. If the present administration of the finances is Democratic, then what shall we say of Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson and Thomas H. Benton, who taught and practised the exact opposite? — and who would condemn every act and practice of Mr. Cleveland's administration as wrong, and dangerous to the liberties of the people!

To prove to you, sir, that the present national banking system, with its variations in the direction of state banks authorized by federal authority, is quite as dangerous as the banks so often condemned by the Democratic party and by the people, I call attention to the following testimony. On June 19, 1882, Senator D. W. Voorhees said: —

> It is now twenty years ago that this government first engaged in building up, fostering and encouraging the present vast and overshadowing system of national banking. No favor ever demanded by the banks has ever been withheld, no privilege denied, until now they constitute the most powerful moneyed corporations on the face of the globe. Congress has heretofore on nearly all occasions abdicted its powers under the Constitution over the finances of the banks, except when called upon to legislate in their favor. They have demanded the violation of legislative contracts with the people, and the demand has been granted, whereby their own gains and the people's burdens have been increased a thousandfold beyond right and justice. They have demanded the remission of all taxation on their bonds, and it has been conceded, thus leaving the poor to pay the taxes of the rich. They have been fortified in their strongholds of moneyed caste and privilege by double lines of unjust laws supplemented with here a redoubt and there a ditch, to guard them from the correcting hand of popular indignation, until now, deeming themselves impregnable, they bully and defy the government.
>
> Sir, with full and unrestricted power over the volume of the currency and, consequently, over all values conceded to the banks, together with ample machinery by which in an emergency they can defy the passage of any act of Congress, what is left to the government except an abject submission? This government could not, to-morrow, go to war in defense of its flag, its honor or its existence without first asking permission to do so of the great financial corporations of the country. If there was an invading force on our soil this hour, Congress could not with safety or show of success declare war to repel it without first supplicating cowardly and unpatriotic capital, engaged in banking, not to contract the currency, withhold financial aid, and leave the country to starve. In fact, there is no measure of this government, either in peace or in war, which is not wholly depending on the pleasure of the banks. This government is at the mercy of its own creatures. It has begotten and pampered a system which is now its master. The people have been betrayed into the clutches of a financial despotism which scorns responsibility and defies lawful restraint.

That truthful testimony refers to the course of the banks in 1881, when they began to rapidly retire their currency in order

to compel the government to obey their wishes. The government yielded. President Hayes vetoed a certain funding bill which did not please the banks. The same history was repeated in 1893 by the banks, in order to coerce the government into compliance with their wishes on the silver question. Again the government yielded. The repetition of the testimony on this matter has wearied the nation, and no man has ceased to remember it. The present distressing financial and industrial condition of the country emphasizes and intensifies that testimony, so that all feel it in both purse and person; yet it is into the hands of these banks that your bill sent in to Congress proposes to surrender the finances of the country.

Sir, all the leaders of thought in both of the great political parties have borne testimony to the fact that whoever controls the currency of the country is absolute master of all industry and commerce. The government itself ceases to be independent. It can neither declare war, make peace, nor do any important thing without consulting the "Neptunes" who preside over the ebb and flow of the currency. The people and their dearest interests are no longer safe when they surrender the control of their finances into the hands of corporations. As we have recently seen, the corporations controlling the money can put up and put down prices as suits their own interests or caprice. All real estate, all growing crops, and every important commodity of commerce is in their power. "All property is at their mercy." Sir, these facts and truisms have been so often stated that I need not further reiterate them. Now in all candor, sir, what must the verdict of history be as to the reputation of the public officer who deliberately surrenders, or advises the surrender of, this great nation, with all its best and dearest interest, and its millions of warm-beating hearts, into the hands of corporations which know no mercy and worship no god but mammon?

Mr. Secretary, in your published reports the facts respecting the volume of the currency are not properly set forth. They tend to deceive the people, leading them to mistake the financial condition of the country, and hence, to ascribe the public distresses to other causes than the true ones. In your tables of 1893 and 1894, you claim to show the amount of money in the United States, and the amount outside of the treasury. You also attempt to show the annual increase and decrease of the money of the country. In each and every case you fail to make any deductions for lost and destroyed notes and coins, or for exported gold. You call the amount of United States notes (greenbacks) $346,681,016. Senator Plumb estimated, in 1888, that at least forty-six million dollars of those notes had been lost or destroyed. That was six years ago. Since then the waste

has continued, and the amount is now, evidently, far below three hundred millions. For thirty years, bank notes and greenbacks have been subject to the same waste and losses. Other currencies now in existence, and the subsidiary silver coins, have been wasting away for shorter periods. I see no deductions for these great losses, amounting, certainly, to many millions of dollars. As to the gold coin, it was recently stated in the hearings before the banking and currency committee that, in two years, from June 30, 1891, to June 30, 1893, one hundred fifty-six millions of dollars had been exported. And, sir, your recent bond issues to replace exports of gold, seem to show that gold has been leaving the country since June 30, 1893, quite as fast, or even faster, than ever before.

For the waste and losses of notes and coins, and for the exports of gold, you make no deductions in your tables. This deceives the people. Your tables show an increase of money, while the facts, if all stated, would prove that from year to year our stock of money in the United States is rapidly and continually decreasing. This, however, is an old trick of the masters whom you serve. Your predecessors in the treasury department, under other administrations, practised the same deceptions. You have all been following the example of the finance minister of England in 1829; and the English historian, Mr. Thomas Doubleday, called attention to the deception as I am now calling attention to your imitation of it. Mr. Doubleday said: —

> In reply to the asseveration that Peel's act was causing the pressure complained of, the duke actually went so far as to assert that the money in circulation at that moment was, notwithstanding the low and declining markets, equal to the highest amount when the paper money was in its most depreciated state! He might as well have asserted that, when the thermometer stood at thirty-two degrees, the temperature was the same as when it rose to sixty-four degrees. The assertion, however, was made; and to prove it, the noble duke produced the following extraordinary statement: —
>
> [Here follow two tables designed to show that the circulation was greater in 1829 than at any time prior to 1819. The table prior to 1819 shows a circulation of £64,000,000. The table of 1829 shows a circulation of £65,000,000.]

The historian then proceeds: —

> Making every allowance for the increase of commercial transactions and of the population up to 1830, it is utterly impossible that, with such a circulation, the fall in prices now in progress could have occurred to so great an extent, supposing the estimate to be in itself creditable. But it is a preposterous statement on the face of it. To obtain £28,000,000 in gold (as the duke claimed) the duke must have taken the whole coinage since 1819 and assumed it to be current, without deduction for exportation and the sums locked up in the tills of bankers, discounters and merchants.

After getting through with the false and absurd claim as to the gold in circulation, the historian says: —

> The statement as to silver coin is equally fallacious — the probability being that not more than half that amount (£8,000,000) was ever current at one and the same period. This unfortunate attempt at economical calculation on the part of the minister, of course became a source of some amusement to those who had any knowledge of such matters. Elsewhere it had no effect of any kind; nor did the assertion of over-production as an excuse for the continuous fall of prices universally over the kingdom fare much better.

Now, Mr. Secretary, do you not see yourself in that mirror? Have you not merely repeated the deceptions ordered by your masters, the Shylocks, as the finance minister of England did?

Contraction of currency in every commercial country is always followed by the same disastrous results. The authors of it have the same rapacious designs, and their agents and attorneys make the same false reports and tell the same absurd stories. History is an exacting critic, and the public men who cannot escape attention should be very particular as to the records they make, lest their annals may prove a grief to their posterity.

Now, Mr. Secretary, in closing, I am sorry to be able to compliment you on the fulfilment of your prediction of Feb. 21, 1878. Speaking of the demonetization of silver and the destruction of one half of the world's supply of money, you called it "the most gigantic crime of this or any other age." And you added, "The consummation of such a scheme would ultimately entail more misery upon the human race than all the wars, pestilence and famine that ever occurred in the history of the world."

That, sir, was strong language, but not too strong to be true. The first effect was reduction of the volume of metallic money. The next was a reduction of paper depending on coin redemption. The reduction of money caused falling prices of commodities. That drove all existing money from use into hiding, waiting for prices to touch bottom. As long as commodities increase and the volume of money does not, prices will never touch bottom. Hence, hoarding of money will never cease, and investments will not begin. Suppression and hoarding of money means the depression of industry, idleness of labor and starvation of the people. That is our condition to-day, and there is only a temporary barricade of soup houses in the great cities, to prevent a general uprising of the distressed people, ready for any and all crimes in the decalogue.

Senator Ingalls of Kansas, another whilom friend of silver, described the situation, Jan. 14, 1891, as follows: —

> A financial system under which more than one half of the enormous wealth of the country, derived from the bounty of nature and the labor

of all, is owned by a little more than thirty thousand people, while one million American citizens, able and willing to toil, are homeless tramps, starving for bread, requires readjustment. A social system which offers to tender, virtuous, and dependent women the alternative between prostitution and suicide as an escape from beggary is organized crime, for which some day unrelenting justice will demand atonement and expiation. . . . So it happens, Mr. President, that our society is becoming rapidly stratified, almost hopelessly stratified, into a condition of superflously rich and helplessly poor. We are accustomed to speak of this as the land of the free and the home of the brave. It will soon be the home of the rich and the land of the slave.

Mr. Secretary, when in Congress you uttered the prediction; Senator Ingalls the fulfilment. Both of you and the parties to which you belong have contributed to the direful results. What, now, is your opinion of your handiwork?

All this, sir, can yet be remedied by the restoration of silver and the lost, destroyed and cancelled paper, and the increase of good, lawful money as the people increase, in the form of gold and silver coin and United States notes, all receivable in the public revenues and legal tender in all payments, but not otherwise redeemable. Such a money rests on all values, and, when circulated through the lawful disbursements of the government, it never fails while the issuing government exists and continues to collect and disburse revenues. There is no exception to this rule, and herein lies our easy and only means of escape from the evils you too truly predicted and which are now upon us. What will you do in this crisis? It is well to note that human life is short and the hereafter long, and that the Nemesis of history is making up a never-dying record, which will mention your deeds and perpetuate your memory.

A DAY WITH JOAQUIN MILLER.

BY HELEN E. GREGORY-FLESHER, M. A.

A PAIR of rather long, worn boots with the set of a small, finely shaped masculine foot, and the faint aromatic perfume of a handful of withered rose leaves, recall some of the pleasantest hours of my life, a day spent with Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, at his home in California. To find his place of abode was a difficult task and involved a walk of two miles beyond the ordinary appliances of civilization such as railways or street cars, for he has fled "far from the madding crowd" and buried himself among the mountains and green meadows. I was properly armed with a letter of introduction, but the only direction I could obtain as to how I should reach my destination seemed remarkably vague.

"Go to the last station on the Oakland branch of the Broad Gauge Railray, then take the street car as far as it goes, and ask your way."

The horse cars, which proved to be delightful arrangements with open seats on the roof like English omnibuses, run through the loveliest country imaginable; on either side are beautiful suburban residences with close shaven lawns, or small fruit ranches white and fragrant with blossoms, the promise of the coming fruit.

"Goin' to see Joaquin Miller?" queries one of the rustics, of whom I "asked my way," according to instructions. "There's a good many goes to see him," he remarked as he eyes me curiously. "It's the highest house on the hill."

The walk on the dry, even country road, the edges gay with golden poppies, the eschscholtzia the emblem of the state, blue harebells, delicate wood anemones and countless other wild flowers, was exhilarating; the air, laden with the sweetness of the orchards, was so pure and fresh that inhaling it in great draughts was like drinking champagne.

Round and round the mountain winds the road until it reaches the poet's home, and goes no further. After crossing the little wooden bridge that spans a tiny rushing brook, the first house approached is occupied by Joaquin Miller's foreman; then through a little avenue of roses planted each side of the highway we reach the gates of a place half wild, wholly beautiful. Two nar-

row rustic bridges bring us to the entrance of the small white house which is the poet's *habitat.* The door, flung back, for it is never shut, day or night, summer or winter, opens directly upon the room wherein the owner sleeps and writes; his "living-room" literally; a place full of interest, for here are gathered together all the small personal possessions of a man who has seen strange phases of life and gone through many thrilling adventures; who has been feted and feasted with lords and ladies of high degree, who has slept in the miners' camp, and who at the early age of sixteen had already taken part in many Indian battles and in a fierce Modoc raid barely escaped with his life.

Across the bed lies the skin of the famous "woolly horse" for which an appropriation was once made. On the floor is the skin of a young grizzly and against the wall is fastened a heterogeneous collection of pictures, and photographs of friends, many of them celebrities who have visited this modest dwelling either to make or renew acquaintance with its famous host. Henry M. Stanley and Dorothea Tennant his wife, Sir Edwin Arnold and his charming daughter, occupy conspicuous places. Near them is the picture that appeared some time ago in the *Century*, of Miller's well known Washington cabin that used to stand facing the White House. The little table by the bedside is littered with a mass of letters and miscellaneous mail matter, for one of the poet's peculiarities is to send only at long intervals to the post office and in consequence his mail accumulates until it assumes alarming proportions.

In vain one looks for books—there are none. One of the party ventures to remark upon their absence.

"No," is the decided reply, "there are none. I read nothing but the Bible and Shakespeare. My work concerns the future, not the past. Books cannot help me."

A little further up the hillside is the house of Joaquin Miller's mother, a sweet old lady with a gentle, kindly manner. All the mountain and the canyon behind it belongs to the poet, and his time is spent in making it a veritable paradise of birds and flowers and little crystal clear streams. To the top of the hill runs a broad carriage drive, guarded on the outer side by a low stone wall. The entrances at both ends are closed with large white gates. Fancy a mile of roses of every sort, great crimson fragrant Burgundies, the rose of Castile, Marechal Niel, pure white waxy buds, flaming little Spanish roses and a pink-hued, half wild variety. The heavy perfume and glorious mass of color almost intoxicate the senses with delight. Now we stroll on the canyon, a typical California gorge thickly wooded with redwood trees. Here every Sunday the poet holds an informal picnic. At twelve the camp fire is built, the iron gypsy pot

swung and at two all is ready. Bnt it is the feast of reason and flow of soul, the host himself, that is the great attraction, beside which the good things of the pot sink into insignificance. The guests generally comprise two or three noted people, come to pay their respects to the man who above all others has made California known to the outside world—authors, painters, travellers and well known sociey people of both hemispheres, for to those with any pretension to intelligence a visit to the Golden State is not complete until they have rendered homage at this shrine.

The genial host possesses a gift lacking in too many writers—he is a brilliant conversationalist with a limitless fund of anecdote. His accent is singularly pure, his voice full and pleasant; and as he discusses some congenial theme his thoughts rove from early pioneer days when as a boy in the diggers' camp he cooked their unvaried fare of salt pork and boiled beans, allotted to each man his share of the gold dust, and in his spare hours wrote and cultivated that divine faculty that later brought him fame. His appearance is striking and his face beams with intelligence. He usually wears long boots into the tops of which his trousers are tucked. His hair, streaked here and there with silver, hangs almost to his shoulders, and is inclined to curl as is also his beard.

A firm believer in the doctrine of toil, half his day is spent in physical labor. He seldom rises until noon, when he breakfasts with his mother, and then some outdoor work occupies him until dark.

Near his door is a little pond with five different sorts of fish, higher up is another filled with young carp, and near his mother's house still another and larger one. Its banks are fringed with calla lilies and on its pellucid bosom floats that lovely flower whose beauties another American poet, Edgar Allan Poe, has described as the snows of the lolling lily.

From the upper end of the carriage drive a view of unsurpassed magnificence opens in wide vista before the eye. At our feet lie meadows and rising hills, and in the far distance is Golden Gate itself. To-day a few fleecy white clouds sail across the translucent blue of an Italian sky and cast shifting shadows upon the swelling hills and smiling valleys.

Turning again toward the poet's domain, upon the top of the mountain and to the right we see three high, square heaps of stones and beside each a pile of wood. One of these is Joaquin Miller's funeral pyre and here, after death, he intends to be cremated. One has already been used, and the third is for a Parisian lady whose body, when her spirit has left it, will be brought hither and burned.

Some one asks a questions about them, to which the poet replies: "When I am dead, my body will be placed there and a great fire kindled. In the smoke my soul will ascend to heaven."

It will be remembered that these are very similar words to those he has used in "Pepita, or My Own Story." And truly in this earthly paradise, with its perfumed, sunlit air and atmosphere of purity and peace, such an ending seems more natural and in accord with the poet's life than the mock melancholy of the undertaker's man, the hearse and all the hideous trappings of conventional burial rites.

After dinner as we eat water cresses pulled fresh from one of the clear running streams, the host discourses either upon one of the many varied scenes of his life or tells of some curious fact in the habits of wild creatures learned, perhaps, as he slept in the woods at night. Upon such subjects he dilates with the unfeigned enthusiasm and pleasure of a genuine nature lover who has heard the throbbing of our Great Mother's heart.

By his mother and brother he is regarded with affectionate pride, while his own manner toward the former is delightful, and is that of a kind and tender son who thinks it worth while to remember all her little fancies, her likes and dislikes. His mother's house is much like his own but larger. In the sitting room is an immense old-fashioned fireplace in which, in the cool evenings, whole logs can be burned. The brass bedstead upon which she sleeps is a historic one, made long before the days of machinery. Upon it are stamped the royal arms of England, for its original owner was no less a personage than Queen Anne.

It is a characteristic April day and the light summer showers have wetted the grass. As a consequence my shoes are damp. Joaquin Miller, quick to notice, immediately suggests that I take them off and dry them before we leave, and bringing out a pair of his own long boots bids me wear them in the meantime. Later on he gives me permission to carry them away as souvenirs of this charming visit, and now as they stand side by side near my fireplace they fill my thoughts with pleasant memories.

When the time comes and we must say farewell he gives us great bunches of roses, and as we depart pelts us with them. We say a reluctant goodby amid a shower of scented petals. So we leave — the day is ended, and our last glimpse of Joaquin Miller the poet is as he stands, with a bright smile on his face, in a background of flowers, either hand filled with their fragrant leaves, white, crimson, pink or yellow.

JOHN BURNS: A STUDY.

BY RICHARD J. HINTON.

This man of thirty-eight looks a rugged and well-worn fifty; at that age he will probably appear younger than his years. Mental combative work, as well as physical labor, evidently agrees with him. The outer shell is a little tough, the personal manifestations may be somewhat acid, but the kernel is sweet, sound, and wholesome. He is a bit "bounceable," as an Englishman of his own ilk would put it; a trifle brusque and overborne at times in speech and manners. The face is Gallic, not Anglo-Saxon. The figure is hardly of middle stature, yet he gives you the impression, physically, of being a sawed-off giant. But he is well-proportioned. Five feet six inches in height, broad of frame, without the slightest appearance of squatness; his deep, wide chest, strong, square shoulders, short neck, sturdy arms and legs, the latter ending in rather small, well-formed feet, present a rare combination of strength and endurance. By occupation an engineer, his appearance gives you the same idea as does the machine he runs — that of unquestioned and concentrated energy.

Looking and listening as he spoke from the Cooper Union platform, he forcibly recalled the comparison of Webster as "a steam-engine in breeches"; a reminder which is intensified by the face of this leader of labor. The deep cavernous eyes, darkening in their depths beneath strongly arched, large brows, again recall Daniel Webster to one's memory. Yet one would say this is a shapely pilot engine, not a great laboring mountain locomotive. The comparison holds nevertheless. The head and face intensify the interest that the torso, general build, strong, alert manner, and compact form would always arouse in any close observer. One might be apt to say at first glance, as an editorial friend whispered when the speaker rose from his chair and came to the platform's edge, "An intellectual compound of terrier and bull-dog." But there is very much more than what that remark implies, though the first impression certainly justifies it. One does not expect the manners of a courtier, or the personal grace of Wendell Phillips.

Note.— For a summing up of certain points of interest in the socialist-labor movement, and exactly relevant in this study, the reader is referred to the department of Notes and Announcements in this number.

A strong man mentally, he has the ambition to serve and the purpose to compel recognition. In both he has succeeded, and yet the long vistas are but just opening before him. Of Scotch parentage, born to the inheritance of labor, on the sunnier side, fortunately, as to years, of that line in British social-economic conditions which marks the more favorable opportunities for education and personal advancement; in other words, the slow beginnings of real democracy, John Burns must always have been a diligent student, a keen, close observer, questioning all things and reverencing but little on its own showing. He may not have overmuch faith in the men he meets, but he is unquestionably guided by a lofty estimate of Man, his racial possibilities and destiny. He is doubtless an agnostic, a questioner, in the English freethinker's sense; but behind all this negative denial there must be true natural faith, fine ideals, deep human love, and most serious convictions, moulding those large spiritual forces which alone can direct the acts and speech of one of whom we speak as the strongest man, the most aggressive will, and the keenest brain that the ranks of labor among the English-speaking race have so far produced.

His head is large, but so compact of mould and round of form that its size does not strike you at once. The neck, like his body, is short, so that as he speaks the head rolls slightly backwards. The perceptives are large, even remarkably so, while the forehead rises above them in a regular cliff-like, craggy form. The eyes in conversation or repose are a warm, pleasant gray; in speaking they darken, change, and burn with something of sombre concentrativeness. There are two drawn lines between the wide eyebrows, and across the bold, strong forehead are deeply ploughed furrows. The face is scarred a little. It shows the abiding heat of the African coast, where he spent two years just before his meteoric career as agitator, public speaker, leader, and administrator of public trusts first held public attention. The forehead occupies one-half of a well moulded, short, broad, set, and quite stern-looking face. The nose is of no particular shape, but masterful, with wide nostrils and broad roots. The mouth is not large, but well set and shaped; the chin square and prominent, these features giving the peculiar look of both tenacity and pugnacity which is at once seen. The mouth and eyes, however,—humorous, kind, even tender, with all the scornful twist of the lips,—humanize the hardness, even harshness, that a first impression gives of the stern, soberly sad, but masterful countenance John Burns carries. He has, too, the far, isolated, impersonal look of the man set apart, often misunderstood, yet assured of himself and the sterling uprightness of his own purposes, aims, and ambitions.

John Burns is not an orator, though he very often reaches the marge of that splendid domain. He is, however, a great public speaker, a fluent, well-equipped debater, within the large province he commands. Evidently, too, an exhaustive reader, who assimilates thoroughly, he gives you the impression of being Francis Bacon's "full man." Listening to his speech, one would say that he has not gathered diction from that "well of English undefiled," the King James' edition of the Bible, and that Milton, Jeremy Taylor, and Hooker have been but little studied by him. The impression is that the dramatists and poets were only tolerated, not absorbed. But he has evidently been an omnivorous devourer, and digester, too, of modern economists, publicists, and scientists. One would expect to find in his library Hume, Locke, and Berkeley, ranged with Mill, Ricardo, Karl Marx, and Fourier; Henry George and Spencer, with Darwin and Huxley, all cluttered up among blue books and parliamentary reports, text-books of science and Swedenborgian essays; Benjamin Kidd and a treatise on the steam-engine, Malthus and Fabian essay alongside each other, will probably form, with Macaulay, Hallam, Carlyle, and Shelley, the *olla podrida* on his book-shelves.

He has evidently absorbed as a speaker some of the older models, for his sentences are long, though well balanced and fully proportioned. The literary quality, then, is by no means so marked as the oratorical, rotund, rhetorical. But the fact that this man thinks, and clearly too, marshalling results in logical sequences, gives weight and dignity to his somewhat ponderous sentences. Ten years from now he will have a terser, more compact diction, no less weighty; more vitally ornate, yet more simple in structure. This will come largely by the need of dictating which must accompany the career whereon he is so successfully entering — that of the political administrator. His voice is a full, even deep, baritone, with mellow, level notes, rising clearly from a powerful chest and lungs. It must be of great volume and power for out-of-door speaking, yet it is well under control, with easy modulation, having the power with no apparent effort to fill every corner of a large hall. He has the English habit of "chaffing," and knows how to bandy wits. His open-air agitation taught him that. He is self-assertive before his audience, even at first arousing some antagonism thereby, which is soon removed by the impersonal quality of his thought and expression. The man's motives are so open, so evidently seeking the larger good, as he sees it, that the combative tone is recognized as an effort to secure the freer utterance.

John Burns' mark was earliest made in Trafalgar Square. There is an old law, precedent, or custom which forbids public demonstrations relating to pending legislation within one mile

of the Houses of Parliament. Trafalgar Square has always been the scene of popular demonstration, the centre of great agitations. English ministries have continuously and ineffectually tried to suppress or prevent them. At the time John Burns came to the front there was a severe spasm of militarism among the "classes," and an army officer being then at the head of the police, there ensued a furious and persistent series of collisions in Trafalgar Square with the discontented. Apparently the latter were defeated; practically they won. Honors were easy, at least. John Burns, with others, went to prison; broken heads were plentiful on both sides; some property was injured, less than would have been if Burns had not been a leader; but the military chief retired and the people still meet in the Square. The riot leader is now a member of Parliament, of the London county council, and the chief of a rapidly rising political party.

He is an avowed socialist, and was elected as such, but he is also a sagacious and accepted Opportunist, and a Trades Union leader who desires to build therefrom to a larger form in economic activity and civic power. From prison he went to the Nottingham hustings as a candidate for the Commons against a Liberal whom he defeated without securing a seat for himself. He won recognition, or at least he has been feared ever since, by the party that could not hold power without the votes of labor. But the work which first placed John Burns above the agitator was his remarkable success in organizing and controlling the striking dock laborers, 100,000 of whom and of men in related occupations and sympathizers, he marched through London's chief streets from the East to the West End. That John Burns rode at the head of this force was accepted as proof of peaceful proceedings. In London the police led the van and opened the way. In New York they would probably have clubbed the men before the column was formed.

Since that date John Burns has illustrated a protean capacity for work. Elected to the new municipal parliament — the county council — from Battersea, where he lives in rented rooms, he divided with Lord Rosebery the leadership of the Progressist party in that body. Since Rosebery became premier, Burns has been the acknowledged chief. As a county councillor he shows himself possessed of remarkable practicality, great sagacity, industry, and ardor. He has given his whole time to that work and his attendance at the House of Commons, of which he has been a member, also from Battersea (elected as a socialist by the votes of wage-workers), for the past two years. Without other means than he could earn at his trade, he is supported by the workingmen of his borough, receiving, as do all the remaining labor members in Parliament, from their trades unions or constituents, an

income of £300 ($1,500) per year. In the county council John Burns serves on committees such as street-cleaning, drainage, sewers, public parks, civic employment, building inspection, and related questions.

He has made for his party a distinct policy having a very definite series of aims. For labor it has been among other things: (1) Recognition of Trades Unions by the employment on municipal work of members only. (2) Recognition of the Union or living rate of wages. (3) Recognition of the eight-hour day, and its rigid enforcement. (4) Abolition of contract system in all public works. Employment by day's labor, under rigid official inspection. (5) No child labor in work done for the municipality. (6) No purchase of supplies, etc., from those using non-union labor or materials, where union labor or materials can be obtained.

For the health and social advancement of wage-workers John Burns and his party associates demand and compel clean streets and increased park facilities; they support and are securing good drainage; compel full inspection of schools, workshops, factories, tenement houses, and construction of all kinds; they are demanding, on coöperative commonwealth lines, the taxing and falling-in of ground rents, the municipal construction and ownership of better dwellings, the opening and maintenance of public markets, the most thorough enforcement of excise laws; indeed they are all supporters of a vigorous local-option system; the regulation of music halls, or their suppression when it is proved that immorality flaunts itself, making headquarters for more or less gilded vice, as in the recent case of the "Empire." They have forced the practical acceptance in the county council, under John Burns' leadership, of the policy that public-service functions, franchises and trusts, such as gas, water, street traffic and intercommunication, must be controlled and owned by the public itself. London's tramways are to be gradually absorbed. One line, six miles in length, has already been municipalized. "Progress by instalments," said John Burns in New York. It would fill more space than can be given to enumerate all the methods and demands of the "new politics" of Great Britain; sufficient has been stated to show the roads it designs to travel.

John Burns came then to the United States at the invitation of organized labor to tell what English workingmen are striving for. The presence of this strong man, organizer, and approved practical leader, who assumes that the day of the agitator is really passing, and that the doors open wide for men who will learn to administer affairs in the interest of the people, is a genuine portent, an incident of most notable significance.

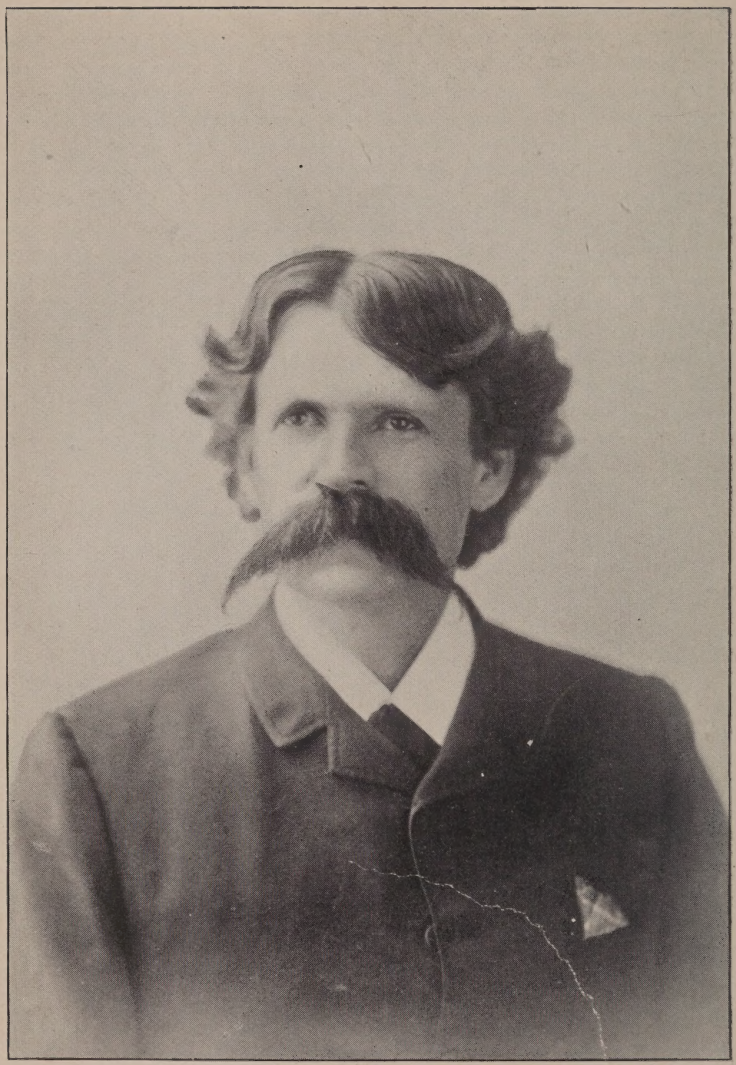
John Burns in substance argues that under the economic and

political conditions created by our prevailing competitive life, the general environment and demands of those who are compelled to work for wages, to produce that others may exploit and profit by, must be substantially the same in all modern countries. In this declaration he is as radical as Karl Marx and Frederic Engels, avowing himself in uncompromising language, an "International Socialist." But he emphatically argues that each state or nation must be governed in action by its special conditions. He holds, also, that the largest impelling force for accomplishment must come from the English-speaking communities of the world — already a hundred and fifty million strong.

His policy, then, as given in the Cooper Union speech, may be briefly summed up: Wage-workers, being made, not of their own will, a separate economic class under competitive conditions, must everywhere and always act together. To this end they must, as wage-workers, belong to and maintain appropriate trades and labor unions. That being accomplished, it is their duty to combine and act together for civic and political ends. They are, from poverty alone, compelled to endure the greater part of the evils of municipal misrule, with all its vice, filth, overcrowding, police oppression, and other horrors. They must, then, *as a class force*, be always ready to compel, through agitation and votes, the changes which the lives of their children and the decency of their homes so imperatively demand. John Burns points to British examples as evidence of the wisdom of this policy. He demands labor concentration for assimilation with not segregation from, the community. In state and nation, this astute labor leader, still holding the wage-workers as a separate political and civic power, would force, by their votes and numbers, from the "classes in possession," step by step, if that is the only way, such economic changes as must ensure, from the standpoint of wage labor, which John Burns regards as that of true civilization and justice, the establishment of genuine democracy — economic, social, and political. It is not an attack on property he leads; but a demand for the better organization of *all* human needs and security.

Before this study is published the action of the Denver Congress of Labor will have become part of current history. That body will have contained the representatives of a million and a half of intelligent and conservative American wage-workers. In the persons of the English visitors it will have received the sympathy of two million more, who are also voters in their own land. The American workman reluctantly assumes the position of separate political and civic action. He has always been unwilling to be set apart. Yet the trend has been steady in that direction; and, however slowly, organized labor is coming to the

conclusion that no other course is open, if organized social economic poverty, mainly made by law or through its action, direct and indirect, is ever to be minimized or ameliorated, and perhaps abolished. The message that John Burns has brought, the methods that he illustrates in his own person, and the evidence that he gives show that separate wage-labor organization is not of itself revolutionary and destructive, but that it can and will be conservative in a true spirit, while truly reconstructive and regenerative in noble and uplifting ways and results. In practical politics John Burns emphasizes the policy of Charles Stewart Parnell. The Irishman offered to Ireland an opportunity, and enforced against English hostility a wonderful lesson of resistance under the constitution and by means of lawful but aggressive action. He used the parliamentary arsenal to secure weapons for Irish freedom. John Burns shows how the forces of law may advance the commonweal and aid in the inauguration of the true commonwealth.



Yours sincerely
William Jackson Armstrong.

SAVANS TO THE REAR!*

BY WILLIAM JACKSON ARMSTRONG.

In the face of unmistakable admonitions from every quarter it would seem most strange that any thoughtful Americans should longer deny that radical modifications are necessary and long past due in our industrial civilization. That such should exist adds one more evidence of the tyranny of preconceived theories over minds otherwise liberal and just. The case, however, is historically common. For more than half a century, ending only within the last twenty years, all respectable England, including her universities and the vast majority of her statesmen and literary men, was dominated by Ricardo's theory of the wage fund, or the doctrine of the "iron law of wages," making the despair of labor. Without question or examination of its fact, this plausible but remorseless doctrine was accepted as a fundamental and eternal verity of political economy. The great universities relied with pig-headed confidence on the beneficent results of teaching it to the working classes. "Teach them," it was said, "that the rate of wages is not the result of accidental causes within the control of man, but of great natural laws beyond his control, and all will be well." Philosophers and literary stars like Mill, DeQuincey, Christopher North, Joseph Hume and Harriet Martineau, emphasized this airy tenet in their undigested and nearly idiotic praise of that whole system of the then newly invented deductive political economy which excluded from its point of view every human aspect of life, but whose alleged "eternal principles" its author compared to the law of gravity.

Only a remnant of the great intellects of that age were guided by a higher inspiration. At the very outset of the promulgation of the new doctrine the prophetic Coleridge asked, "What are we to think of the soundness of this modern system of political economy, the direct tendency of which is to denationalize and to make the law of England a foolish superstition?" Speaking of

* Buonaparte's expedition into Egypt, as is well known, was accompanied by a large number of scientists in search of archæological and other *data*. These favored gentlemen usually rode on donkeys near the head of the army in its march. But on occasions of danger from the approach of the enemy, the order was given which afterward became famous in France, "*Savans* and asses to the rear!"

the theories of Malthus and Ricardo the practical genius of Napoleon moved him to exclaim, "If an empire were made of dust it would be pounded to dust by the economists!" Carlyle still more pertinently wrote: "We have profoundly forgotten that cash payment is not the sole relation of human beings. We think, nothing doubting, that it absolves and liquidates all engagements to man. . . . 'My starving workers,' answers the rich mill owner, 'did not I hire them fairly in the market? Did I not pay them to the last sixpence the sum contracted for? What have I to do with them more?'" And still later, and with keener phrase, another English thinker said of this political economy of despair, "It is a scheme laid as a mask over the living world and hides its face."

But in the face of appalling industrial depressions and discontent verging on revolutionary upheaval, English parliamentary committees continued for nearly fifty years to wrestle with this doctrine as a Heaven-sent precept, like Jacob with the angel, and, unlike Jacob, were overthrown.

To-day under the lime-light of facts this tenacious and hideous theory of the wage fund has been fully exploded. More than this, some larger conceptions of the industrial relations of mankind than that they exclude all social elements have dawned upon the minds of our more progressive economists and penetrated more or less faintly even the thick walls of our colleges. It has begun to be guardedly admitted that the learning of the books may not quite fit or cover all the conditions of the actual world — that the competitive principle will not, perhaps, preserve absolute industrial equilibrium; that supply and demand do not make an invariable equation; that freedom of contract is not infrequently merely rhetorical, meaning freedom only for the stronger of the contracting parties, namely, capital, or the party of the first part. It is even tentatively confessed that the perfect nobility of labor, once so dear to the hearts of economists, may be a scholastic vagary, adapted to the convenience and omniscience of the class-room, or, finally, that *laissez-faire* itself has more than occasionally masqueraded in the guise of a cripple with an abbreviated leg, requiring the aid of a crutch or a steel splice.

Our current literature, also, whether of books or newspapers, makes incidentally abundant admission that the present order of things is an order qualified only for comprehensive and progressive injustice to the great mass of the common people. Such yieldings and confessions, I say, are among the more significant signs of our times. Nevertheless, in practice, we continue to rehearse a grotesque comedy like that of three quarters of a century ago, when the bulk of intellectual and respectable England

was thrown into the balance to demonstrate the immortal verities of the wage fund.

Whenever and as often as a distinct voice is anywhere lifted in favor of definite changes in our social order, or for reform along lines of elementary justice, justice in the abstract and justice in the concrete are promptly discovered to be very different matters, and a very howl of expostulation goes up from every respectable quarter. All that which calls itself authority in civilization is found arrayed against that which it is pleased to call revolutionary. Wall Street and conventional intellect are of one mind on the subject and they agree succinctly in this — that whatever happens (and they vaguely consent that something may be permitted to happen) there shall be no interference with the fundamentals of the present social plan. These fundamentals, they say, involve all that human progress has gained — all that is precious to human liberty, the right of individual enterprise, the sacredness of property, etc. To meddle with these things is a sacrilege against orderly civilization not for a moment to be thought of. To agitate them, even in the interests of a merely sentimental justice, is needlessly to stir up unprofitable, if not dangerous, discontent among the classes which, it is affirmed, in the very nature of things, are destined to remain poor and should be soothed rather to contentment with their lot. Paternalism in the state is alleged to be not in the order of progress, but retrogressive and baneful.

This, not inaccurately stated, is the argument of obstruction and comes, as I have said, from every so-called respectable source. Salaried intellect in the professions is still with the millionnaire and against the multitude. Even a brain as sane and brave as that of Colonel Ingersoll, whose head has not yet ventured to follow his heart in its leadings toward the cause of the lowly, is contented to juggle with pitiful stories in alleged illustration of the claims of labor. A handful of workingmen, it is recited, sit drinking beer around a table where they are used to gather almost nightly and consume their wages. A well-dressed workingman, who, by temperance and frugality, has saved his earnings and secured a comfortable home, is observed passing in the street by his former companions. Turning to each other they jeeringly say, "There goes an aristocrat!" That, says Mr. Ingersoll, represents the labor question. Pitiful and miserable sophistry of a generous intellect retained from the service of the oppressed! Mr. Ingersoll's illustration fails not only to illumine the labor problem but even to touch the hem of its garment.

The question of labor concerns the justice of wages — not how the workingman shall *spend* but how he shall *receive* his hire.

The method of his disposal of his earnings, vital as it may be to his personal welfare, has nothing to do with that justice. While the laborer pays for his beer and earns what he pays he is within his rights, even in his improvidence. If for the needs of a picturesque mental bias Colonel Ingersoll must discourse from an object lesson, let him take another *tableau vivant*, grown in these latter days all too convenient for his service in any American city — the tableau of half a score of millionnaires, the modern employers of labor, sitting around a table, quaffing, not thrifty and economical beer, but the sumptuous and costly champagnes of France, paid for not by the earnings of these consumers, but with riches beyond need wrung from the toil of that lowlier multitude whose brain and blood the methods of the time place at the mercy of cunning. That, rather, is the tableau of the labor problem! Champagne for the idler and beer for the toiler represents the exacter issue made with our end of the century economy. It is not thrift and sobriety, but profits without toil and beyond the needs of prudence which create the difference between these twain exponents of our modern democracy.

In the light of the actual facts which menace our civilization, these shifty evasions and learned subterfuges of our would-be *savans* begin to wear very much the face of the artful contentions which a half a century ago upheld the colossal bugbears of Ricardo and Malthus — that is to say, they begin to be seen to have very little to do with the case.

It is still less than three years ago that Prof. Francis A. Walker, the most liberal of our conservative economists, in public debate with the Rev. Dr. Abbott, made himself the exponent of all the trite maxims that prejudice the claims of industrial reform. He admonished his reverend protagonist that he warred ignorantly against immutable economic laws; that, despite all expedients, we should always have the poor with us; that in an era of unrest the humanitarian did not well to stir the discontent of the nether millions. Such was the sum and compass of venerable argument from this most admirable of the conventional economists.

But, unlike his fellows, General Walker has shown himself capable of new vision. He has made an advance. To-day he is quoted in confession that a "revolution is upon us." He graphically adds: "The fountains of the great deep are broken up. The bonds of tradition and barriers of authority have been swept away. Everything once deemed settled in economic theory is now audaciously challenged." In such phrases General Walker eloquently anticipates, only a little in advance, the confession of many another of his class. A revolution is upon us, truly. It is in the belated perception of this revolution and its necessity that

General Walker and those of his school have sinned against the light of their time. It is simply a case of retarded vision. The failure to recognize the open secret that all the forces of our civilization are in conspiracy for radical economic changes, has caused these learned representatives of the college cloister to oppose their wise saws and alleged incontrovertible dogmas to the march of the inevitable.

These who have consumed their days in prayerful learning, whose nightly tapers have waxed dim in the examination of the subtlest problems and the broadest measurements of human society, should they forsooth not be wiser than the unread weaklings of their generation? Shall painful culture go for naught? Naturally are these excellent gentlemen dazed and confounded, even exasperated, at the spectacle of callow sciolists, men from the shops and streets, men without intellectual history, men from nowhere, men at best with defective logical discipline, challenging maxims accepted for a generation as the very postulates of economic wisdom. The freedom of contract, the liberty of individual enterprise, the right of superior brain, non-interference by the state, the adequacy of supply and demand, in short, *laissez-faire* — have not all these been fundamentally established verities from the epoch of Ricardo and Smith? Verily, verily. And yet the mob is right and the scholars are the sciolists. In all the supreme moments of history the fact is the same — the mob is the riper in instinct. Did the scholar possess the world sense, the sagacity of affairs, he would have anticipated by half a generation the present crisis of our civilization. Did the man of the world possess the *data* of the scholar he would read the open riddle of the times. As it has happened, it has been left to the comparatively illiterate, to the delving masses threatened with extinction under the rolling juggernaut of the industrial procession, to be prophetic of the coming change.

What, then, is the solution of this latter-day paradox — this conundrum of the re-risen Sphinx standing full in the gateway of the twentieth century? But, first, let our *savans* be answered. They have the most need of wisdom. "Why," these gentlemen ask in blinking wonder, "does not the doctrine of *laissez faire* and all its corollaries of individual liberty, personal emprise and the like, still hold good?" Only yesterday, they affirm, these things were admitted as final discoveries, perennial truisms in the scheme of human affairs; — "why not to-day?" Simply because the age for which they were affirmed has passed away. The industrial world of Ricardo and Smith no longer exists. These sturdy intellects revolted against feudal tyranny — the interference of despotic guilds, corporations and the state. They pleaded for emancipation, for industrial liberty, for free competi-

tion. That was the inspiration, the true light, of their time, and for fifty years it so remained.

Then came an unheralded epoch — the age of machinery and of steam. With the advance of that epoch free competition, individual liberty, freedom of contract, etc., in the industrial world have steadily died out. They are still sonorous names — names still, if you please, with which to juggle mightily names still of plausible and insidious appeal to the larger and heartier impulses of man, as if for freedom against slavery and such. But they are names only — husks out of which the kernel has fallen — their substance and possibilities vanished never to return. To invoke free competition in the industrial world of to-day is a burlesque — like appeal to a dead god. True competition no longer inheres in our modern civilization. At every point, capital, money, Mammon, is stronger than man. So much for the *savans* — the priesthood of economic science.

What, then, is the conclusion of our industrial story — the romance that has turned tragedy in its unfolding? — the openest of modern secrets, a simple fact wholly ignored and left out of every account and argument of the gentlemen of the schools — a fact fatal to their entire reckoning — to wit, that within the last three quarters of a century, and with hastening momentum in the past twenty-five years, *one revolution in the industrial work has already been accomplished*, sweeping like a mighty deluge the entire face of the economic order, leaving no landmark or social fact in its former relation. That revolution is the revolution in human production.

A century ago the work of the world was mainly the work of handicrafts. Men exchanged the products of their industry, and each received the full value of his labor. There was no advantage to any over his neighbor. Opportunity was neither hired nor sold. Man counted for man against his industrial fellow. The profits went to toil. ("Early in my business career," says our exuberant Mr. Carnegie, "I observed that the secret of gain was the employment of the labor of others. I noticed that." *) The wealth of society tended to equilibrium.

Such was an age of legitimate competition — for the play of the theories of the economist. That era of equable industrial forces was brief. The great economists had scarcely passed away when it began to fade. The unexpected entered civilization. Steam, machinery and electricity, the *genii* of fire, force, and speed, came to destroy the simple order of the past. Industry was warped into colossal lines. The handicrafts went to the wall. Aggregations of capital, first small, then steadily increasing, seized the gigantic implements of the new time. The world

* Interview for the San Francisco *Examiner*, 1892.

became divided into two classes — the owners and the users of tools, capitalists and laborers. The modern workingman, the man with the tin bucket, was evolved. The great masses of men, driven by the competition of machinery from industrial independence, became competitors for labor, beggars for employment at the feet of capital — the modern serfs of steam and steel. Production was a thousand times multiplied, the wealth of the world a hundred times increased. But the profits of production dissolved no longer into the hands of the multitude, nor dwelt with labor. They tended toward capital, the employer, — to the making of the fortunes of the few.

Together with this sweeping change in the creation of the products of human necessity came, through the same mighty agencies, the era of colossal enterprises, of corporations and combinations, of the seizure by capital of the vantage points of nature and the enlarged industrial functions of civilization — making the revolution utter and all pervading.

Such is the story, swiftly advanced, of the economic world of to-day — a story mainly compassed and rounded up to its tragic climax within the span of half a century — a movement surpassing, in its fleet march, the accomplishment of all the ages of preceding human history, a change as radical and all-complete as if humanity had passed to a new planet. But observe! This enormous revolution which has happened in the methods of the increase and production of human wealth has been attended with no corresponding change in the theory or administration of the distribution of wealth! Modern progress has been a giant cripple hobbling on one foot — a veritable lame Vulcan of the forge. The problem it has solved, the revolution accomplished, is the creation of wealth. The revolution which impends is the distribution of the riches created. The change that imperiously awaits is the complement of the change which has occurred. Its necessity is as clear and ample as the light of the summer moon.

It is in this luminous blaze, in which, to sane eyes, origin and effect stand correlated and salient as twin peaks of mountains, that the frenzied struggles of our most worthy social sages to stretch the economic pantaloons of Ricardo and Adam Smith over the expanding nakedness of twentieth-century humanity seem a very *grotesquerie* fit for the laughing gods. But they will not serve. The gaping seams of the present cannot be patched with the rags of outworn eighteen-century philosophy. New times demand new manners. Facts are the strongest philosophy. The possibilities of the future are measureless by the historic yardstick. Our own elastic age has already outgrown at a hundred points the swaddling clothes of the past. Every step of recent human progress hints of the fact of the

adaptability of our race to expedients undreamed of in bookish philosophy — that humanity is not at the end of its tether; that its goal is yet imperceptible, its horizon infinite.

No wonder that the howl of an occasional pachyderm out of the colleges that "Social classes owe nothing to each other," and warning shrieks against socialism and paternalism from journalistic housetops avail no longer for holy terror. The age is quick with humanity at every point. Our epoch is poised like an eagle for flight. For just minds there is one terror, at least, mightier than the spectre of socialism. That terror is injustice, inhumanity, a brutalized race — a civilization one half debauched by luxury and unearned riches to Roman insensibility, the other to bestial hardness by pauperism and despair. Or if history in her spiral march picks up now and then for new-found necessity a discarded thread or expedient, there is no fear in balanced intellects that her advance will not still be upward. Genius, intelligence, hope, history, justice, are not hidebound. That attribute is the possession of ignorance, dogmatism, cruelty, selfishness, fear.

Nor less notable, in conclusion, are the moral deductions of the situation. They are visible to the thoughtful schoolboy of the epoch who runs as he reads — inconspicuous only to our professional wise men, who dream till the thunder of revolution is in their ears. Popular education, the intelligence of the masses, has become universal and triumphant in our generation. It has been nearly the fad of our time. The century, moreover, has been douched, even fairly saturated, with the teachings of the gospel of democracy and equality. Solidarity and human brotherhood have made the theories of our latter-day progress.

These facts have unavoidable corollaries, namely: that there shall be substantial equality of conditions and opportunities, that there shall be, at least, no monstrous disparities in the fortunes of men. Reckon it as we please, an aristocracy of wealth in a democracy of intelligence is an anomaly — more than that, it is a monstrosity. If toil is to be content with poverty, looking upon indolence in luxury, it must be protected from the schoolhouse. It must not read the Declaration of '76. It must be kept ignorant. The slave masters have understood this in every age. We are doing ill this business of the American aristocrat. It was a crime to teach the slave. We are setting up the patrician of democracy untimely — before paving the way — before suppressing the grammar and the spelling book. The Russian Demetrius Tolsti, the autocrat's minister of education, was right, who said, "The less people know the more easily they are governed." A nation whose pride is the public school and whose creed is the New Testament will not long endure industrial slavery — no longer than the aroused consciousness of the fact.

It is authoritatively asserted that less than fifty thousand individuals and corporations have secured the ownership of more than one half of the wealth of the American people. Even if by miracle every dollar of these superfluous riches were honestly earned, the immorality would be nearly the same. Congested riches are hateful and anti-social. With the situation as it exists, with the wealth of society piling beyond the dreams of avarice and with pillage for the motto of trade, the very face of the world is growing hideous to honesty and labor. A scheme of industrial civilization that contradicts civilization's every professed moral percept is pusillanimous beyond precedent. American civilization stultifies itself. The ages of force were at least respectable in their honest brutality. A fiction of the schools that divorces the morality of the individual from the motive of commerce is inferior to the phantasies of barbarism.

Under the results of this immoral theory, with honesty that strives and cunning that wins, with riches heaped to invidious peaks and penury deepening to abyss, the encumbered giant of our modern world stirs and groans like Enceladus in his pain. It is lowly humanity writhing in conscious struggle, at last, for release. "A revolution is upon us," says the economist. Yea, verily. And there was in history none whose necessity was more clear or whose cause was more just. Once more, as before the conqueror's battles in Egypt, "*Savans and asses to the rear!*" Let the age recast its theories and weave without fear the web for the new time.

A POINT OF VIEW.

BY CLINTON H. MONROE, PH. D.

I.

WHAT DOES THE NAPOLEONIC CRAZE MEAN?

EVERY one must have noticed that within the past few months Napoleon has been idealized in essay, story, poem, portrait, and panegyric; in magazines, newspapers, and reviews. This stimulus to the military spirit came into vogue just at the time when another military movement, which would have astonished our fathers, was introduced. I refer to the uniforming, drilling, and arming with guns the public school boys in some of the larger cities. Both of these movements followed close upon the heels of a sudden, enormous increase in the number of armories located where they would do the most good in case of "labor riots" such as took place in Homestead and Pullman.

Is the Napoleon revival just at this time an accident? Was the drilling and arming of schoolboys? Was the building of the armories? Have the three any connection? If so, what? Is it desirable to infuse the military spirit into the lads of the free school? Has not America declared in favor of arbitration and against the idea of a ready and frequent appeal to arms to adjust differences? Are the public schools establishing and training the boys in the thoughts, methods, ideas, and procedures of arbitration? In New York City I had an opportunity, not long ago, to observe the effect of uniforming and arming the lads in a grammar school which was near my hotel window. It created a caste instantly. The boys whose parents could not afford the extra suit of clothes were looked upon by their uniformed fellows, and alas! by themselves, as of a distinctly lower caste. The few dollars which were required to make this distinction possible appeared to be wholly out of proportion to the effect. The poorer boys begged fathers, who were already at their wits' end to buy food and pay their rent, either to get them the uniform or else to let them stay out of school; and I knew of one father who went without a winter overcoat (although he was a clerk in a store, and was supposed to be above the more pinching wants of life) in order that he might relieve his fourteen-year-old son from the shame and contumely he suffered because he could not appear in the "regiment" with his classmates.

"I don't believe in *any* of it," this father explained to me. "I think it is all wrong, but I can't have Albert feel the way he does. He feels that he is looked down upon, and he begs me to allow him to stay out of school. I guess I can pull through the winter without pneumonia, but I realize fully that all this stirring up of the military spirit in these little fellows is a bad thing; and what is it done for? America does not fear any outside enemy. What is it making ready for — an industrial war? Are the lads in the free schools to be trained to shoot down their fathers and brothers in case of labor troubles? Are not those who are too poor to get these uniforms to enter the drills going to be pretty well embittered by the time they grow up? Is not the hostility between the well-to-do and rich and the unfortunate and poor going to be thoroughly fostered and developed from their boyhood up in such ways as this? Certainly I think so; and still I could not bear to see my boy unhappy and made to hate his school, and so I — well, I did just what a lot of other fathers have done, God forgive us! We see it all clearly enough, and yet we yield. That is the way we poor people cut each other's throats in everything — and the other side banks on it. They know our weakness. A few of us know it, too, but we go right along playing into their hands. Now, mind you, I don't suppose that the school teachers understand what is behind all this; *but there are people behind it who do understand it.*"

And that takes me back to my starting point. Who started this Napoleonic craze just now? What for? Has not that man of blood and brute force been exploited far beyond all reasonable excuse? Why are we called upon anew to admire such a character as his? Why are his wanton deeds of blood and cruelty, his infinite personal ambitions, and even his petty intrigues dressed up and colored and passed out afresh to us in gold and lace? It is surely too late in an age of intelligence and peace to hope again to dazzle by presenting in fresh finery this incarnation, this masterpiece, of cruelty and selfishness. We all recognize his great forcefulness, his persistence, his infinite genius for war. But we should not to-day tolerate in even an Oriental country *his type* of genius for war. The world is admiring Japan to-day because its generals are not of the Napoleonic style. At the one case in which false reports gave to the humane General Oyama credit for conduct worthy of a Bonaparte, the whole world cried out in dismay or in disbelief or in protest. Surely American fathers and mothers do not want their sons taught to admire and to seek to emulate either the private or the public character of the husband of Josephine and the general who strewed the Alps with the bodies of his slain. "Let us have peace," and for our heroes let us have great and good men, not mere ambition-intoxicated incarnations of reckless power and brutality.

II.

SHALL THE RICH INHERIT THE EARTH?

There has been a great deal hoped for from the result of the recent election in New York City (through the influence of the committee of seventy, the non-partisan elements, and the reformers under Dr. Parkhurst) of a mayor who, it was said, was outside of party, and above all suspicion of bribery or corruption. But is it not possible that a new and different type of danger has come in with the death of the Tammany tiger and the advent of Mayor Strong? It is observed that he appoints to office — and indeed he is reported as saying that this is his intent — only rich men — "men of large property interests and assured social position."*

Shade of Benjamin Franklin! Is this indeed to be henceforth a goverment of plutocracy, by plutocracy, for plutocracy? Does the history of the world go to show that it has been the "men of large property interests and assured social position" who have had a genius or a desire for wholesome, honest, and progressive government, and for equal justice to all classes — that corner-stone upon which we supposed this government was built? Is it the very rich (and a man who has large property interests in New York City is indeed very, very rich from the point of view of the general citizen of this country) who are best fitted

* What is to be the character of the new mayor's administration was a question often asked after election, and repeated just before New Year's day. Developments to-day have given clews to what Mayor Strong intends to do. The first clew was his appointment of Colonel Waring to the office of street-cleaning commissioner. The new commissioner has a good reputation as a sanitary engineer. He is also a man who is recognized in Newport society. It was whispered around to-day that Mayor Strong would put none into important positions — that he would put no one at the head of departments — who was not respected in business circles. The mayor made a declaration to-day which corroborates this rumor. It is a very important declaration, and is another clew as to what his administration will be.

President Clausen of the park board sent his resignation to the mayor on Tuesday. To-day Park Commissioner Tappen also tendered his resignation. Mr. Bell deemed it an act of courtesy to Mr. Strong to let him know that his resignation was likewise at the disposal of the mayor. Mr. Strong, however, said that, for the present, he would not act on these resignations; but he made this declaration: "I shall put on the park board men of large property holdings, who are also men of wealth and leisure and of undoubted social standing." This statement of the mayor was reported in all parts of the city in an incredibly short space of time, and it had a depressing effect upon those candidates who do not come up to the standard set by the new mayor.

The rumor spread to-day that ex-Senator Platt had failed to obtain from the mayor the promise of certain offices for some of Mr. Platt's followers, and that in revenge Mr. Platt had determined to block the passage of the power of removal bill. It was further rumored that Mr. Strong had declined to name the Platt men because the candidates were not up to the standard which he established.

Some persons account for the mayor's predilection for wealthy men for office by pointing to another statement made by him before his election, and reiterated to-day to some callers, that it would be the means of doing away with some salaries. There is only one member of the park board who receives a salary, and he is the president, who is paid $5,000 a year. The mayor said he saw no reason why this salary should be continued. The mayor has already picked out some of the richest men in the city of New York to hold certain offices, but who they are he would not tell to-day. The new mayor is particularly anxious to get hold of the excise and dock boards. Should he succeed, by resignations or by law, he will put into those boards men of high social standing and wealth. The committee of seventy, of which Mr. Strong was a member, has had not a little to do in framing the policy of the mayor, at least as to the quality of men [or quality of purse?] who ought to hold office. —New York dispatch in Boston *Herald* of Jan. 3, 1895.

to see and to meet the serious problems of the day? I recognize that there is a theory, and it is doubtless the one upon which Mayor Strong is building, that there will be fewer temptations for extortion of money, for blackmail, and for general financial corruption, if the office-holders do not feel the need of money, are not poor men; but what are the facts? Whose tenement, houses are the worst in New York City? Whose breed the most disease and vice and crime? If even half the reports of the committee of investigation is true, if even half of what Mr. Felix Adler says is true, it is to the enormously rich corporation and men of Trinity Church that we must look for the worst crime, disease, and death dens and traps in all New York.*

* Trinity Corporation was handled without gloves by Prof. Felix Adler yesterday in his lecture before the Ethical Culture Society. "I don't want to reform tenement houses," he exclaimed early in his discourse. "I want to reform them out of existence. The new tenement houses that are being built uptown are not so bad as the old ones, but compare them with what a dwelling house should be. There is only one solution — separate cottages, detached dwellings, no tenements. Statistics show that wages have gone up and that the prices of commodities have gone down. But there is one commodity, the most necessary of all, that has not gone down. Rent has steadily risen. The cost of shelter has gone up one hundred and fifty per cent. Rent is the ball and chain about the limbs of the workingman. It is the one great drawback to an achieving progress. If we would succeed in keeping rent down — that leech upon the working class! — we must liberate them from the ball and chain of the tenement house.

"The tenement-house commission of ten years ago, of which I had the honor of being a member, drafted a bill, which became law, providing for an adequate supply of water in the tenements. We felt that we had made some little progress. You may imagine our surprise, after the bill became a law, that there arose opposition, that an appeal was made to the courts to block tenement house reform in this city. All sanitary experts agree upon the necessity for a full supply of water. A law was passed in London in 1891, declaring a house not adequately supplied with water to be unfit for human habitation. From what source do you suppose this opposition came? Probably you suppose it was from the liquor-dealers. It is true that the liquor-dealers are interested in keeping the tenements in a bad condition, for then the inmates are driven to the saloons. But it was not from the liquor-dealers that the opposition came. Perhaps some of you who have read the newspapers and have learned of the corruption in our police force think it came from the members of it. Indeed, it is to the interest of the police to oppose tenement-house reform, because we have learned that the police force is allied with crime, and that the worst tenements are breeding-places of criminals. But it was not from the police. It came, of all others, from Trinity Church."

Professor Adler spoke the words impressively, and he made a long pause. "Why? There have been some comments in the newspapers. I have read that the Trinity corporation conducted its business on business principles, and that it didn't unite its business and religious principles. Trinity blocked the way of reform in this town. And Trinity is an old offender. Complaints against its tenements fill the board of health records. The death rate in its tenements is thirty-two per cent, against twenty-four per cent in other tenement houses.

"Death, sickness, foul cellars, falling ceilings, leaking roofs, rickety stairs, sunken flaggings — these are the marks of many of Trinity's tenements. It has been said that we shall never have reform until we Christianize the domicile. You see how Trinity Church is proceeding to Christianize the domiciles of the poor of New York. I was one of those who placed the law regulating tenements on the statute books, and I have a right to cry out against those who oppose the sanitary law. What is the excuse? One is that Trinity Church is not responsible, because it only owns the land and not the buildings. It has been shown that many of the leases run but a twelvemonth, and yet they have been renewed for a church which stands for one who was poor Himself — for Jesus of Nazareth, who made the poor His especial charge. There is no provision for those who are going to death in those houses in order that Trinity may build its great churches and do its charity — save the mark! The second reason is so childish, so silly, so foolish that it is ridiculous even to repeat it. It is that those people should not be supplied with water, because they are dirty. How can one listen to those statements? Think of eighteen families being dependent upon one hydrant in a back yard! Take a day like this and think of women and children standing out in the rain and drawing water and then climbing four flights of stairs! This ignorance is culpable because it is assumed. Men are not willing to have the knowledge of the way their workingmen live. They don't want it."

Then Professor Adler paved the way for his solution of the problem. Rapid transit

Have we indeed and in truth come to the time in our American politics when we are ready to announce openly that "money makes the man"? Was Jay Gould a better or wiser citizen than Horace Greeley? Neither Thomas Jefferson, the simple planter, Benjamin Franklin, the printer, nor Abraham Lincoln, the rail-splitter (and at his very best estate, the poor lawyer), would stand even the ghost of a chance, under the new *régime* inaugurated by Mayor Strong and heralded the world over as the "reform" administration of New York.

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and bridges would open the suburbs, but this would result in capitalists and syndicates buying up the land and holding it for an advance in values. "It would result in new corporations like Trinity, dealing with tenements for revenue only," he said. "It would result in new landlord families that make the aristocracy in New York to-day, whose fathers and grandfathers were shrewd enough to buy up New York, and year after year they are levying tribute upon us. I believe in municipal purchase. This is the solution. The city should purchase land in certain suburbs. It should regulate the maximum price of each cottage to be built upon it, and the amount of land each should occupy. These should be the homes of workingmen, and they should be permitted to buy land at the orignal cost plus a small rate of interest. This is the golden opportunity."—New York *World*, Jan. 7, 1895.

Much interest was manifested in the subject, "How to Improve Tenement-House Life," by those who attended the meeting on Wednesday night of the Good Government Club of the Tenth Assembly District, at its clubrooms, 9 St. Mark's Place. Three gentlemen who have given time, attention, and high intelligence to studying the great tenement-house problem were the speakers. They are Edward Marshall, secretary of the tenement-house committee, Charles G. Wilson, president of the board of health, and Walter G. Ufford, of the University Settlement Society.

Edward Marshall said that it struck him as peculiarly fitting for a Good Government club to look at what had caused bad government. The tenement-house system was one of the worst of the causes. Mr. Marshall, in the course of a review of the growth of that system, declared that there were districts in this city where there was greater density of population than in any other city in the world. Yet, he said, New York's tenement districts were not the worst in the world. The tenement-house committee had covered every tenement house in the city. It had found nearly four hundred houses without fire-escapes. In some cases there were no violations of the law, but in other cases, where there were fire-escapes, they were so obstructed as to be useless. "During the last year," he said, "there has occurred an important change in the moral condition of the tenement houses. Not long ago prostitution in tenements was limited and often unknown. Now many of them are full of apartments devoted to prostitution. The situation is deplorable. It is fair to suppose that, as the women are better dressed than the others, envy will be aroused among the young girls, and the effect on their morals cannot but be bad." The speaker desired to have it understood that these particulars were entirely personal.

The outgrowth of all the bad condition, he said, was due to environment. The intelligence latent in all children was rarely developed among tenement-house children. Whatever could be done for the improvement of the environment would be done by the tenement-house committee. But it could only strike at environment. Mr. Marshall, in reply to a question by Mr. Cassatt as to the relation of the committee to rapid transit, said the committee would recommend new measures for rapid transit to the legislature, but for the tenement-house population he believed there was no solution possible in rapid transit. He said the model tenement houses had accomplished much, one of the best achievements being that they were profitable. The worst house he had seen was 43 Essex Street, a big building. There he had learned of an old man—so old that he couldn't eat the coarse food that his family set before him—being suckled at his daughter's breast. As to the income from tenements, he said the rentals from the Navarro flats for one year were two per cent less than those from the house 43 Essex Street, and at some length he indicated the difference in the outlay between the two in favor of the latter, so far as profit goes.

Mr. Marshall was thanked, and President Wilson of the board of health spoke. The relations of the board of health to those living in tenement houses was, he said, that of guardian or superintendent in health matters. This relation was twofold—first, in deciding what measures it should take to cause better health; and second, how it would enforce those measures. Coöperation with the people had accomplished something. The number of complaints from citizens living in tenement houses had increased, which was a good sign. Many had found out that by the acquisition of knowledge they could improve their condition. "But," he said, "there is no royal road to success. All that can be done is to peg away." He showed how close the relation was by telling of what the sanitary officers and sanitary inspectors had done. He believed the force that made up these two classes should be increased by twenty men. Still the improvement of tenements had been important. During the last year a large

Why, even the Tammany tiger in his temporary grave can afford to smile and wink his other eye at such a conception of reform as that. And there is no question about the grave being temporary, if this is what the "reform" is to end in; for, be it distinctly understood, Tammany Hall was not, as is so generally understood, wholly a Democratic or even a political organization. Tammany Hall was a "boodle" organization, first, last, and all the time. Some of its members were Democrats, some were Republicans, but all were for Tammany "and what there is to be got out of it."

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number of houses had been found in such bad condition as to be unfit to live in. Some owners had obeyed the instructions of the board of health, but others had done nothing. When the board proceeded against the latter many had yielded. The decrease of the old houses and the erection of the new had resulted in improving the condition of the people, as was evidenced by the material decrease in the death rate.

Mr. Wilson, in alluding to the "front and rear" tenements, gave some comparisons of death rates in them and in single houses in lots. One was in the Eighth Ward. Where there was one house in a lot, the death rate had been thirty per thousand. Where there were front and rear houses, it had been thirty-seven. With proper legislation, he said, the board could pull down the rear houses. There was what Mr. Wilson called "a remarkable state of affairs" in a district near the Bowery. In it were six hundred and twenty-two persons to the acre, a greater number than in any city in the world, except three. Yet in 1893 the death rate there was seventeen per thousand, while the general death rate was twenty-three. The explanation was that the religious law of the sect which inhabited the district provided for advanced sanitary methods, though the law was one of the oldest.

After announcing his approval of the course of the Tenement-House Committee, Mr. Wilson enumerated some new laws and some changes in the laws that he favored. Under the present law, he said, a cellar could be occupied without a permit from the board of health, providing it was seven feet high and the ceiling was one foot above the pavement. This should not be, for the reason of dampness and the impossibility of proper ventilation. Paper should not be used on walls and ceilings of rooms and halls, because it becomes filthy and cannot be washed and disinfected. The walls should be whitewashed, kalsomined, or painted, the latter being preferable. The law should require the introduction and maintenance of Croton water in tenement houses generally. Streets in the tenement-house districts should be lighted with electricity, because light is conductive to health, happiness, and comfort. Asphalt pavements should replace the present pavements in the tenement-house districts, because they can be more easily cleaned. Baths should be placed in each crowded district, either free or at a nominal cost. Owners of old-style houses should be compelled to remodel their houses so as to have sufficient light from windows by day. Otherwise halls should be artificially lighted by day, and the halls of all tenements should be lighted at night. The board of health should have power, where there is persistent overcrowding, to notify the owner of the premises, after which, to place the responsibility for refusal to remedy, and to prosecute for misdemeanor. There should be small parks in the crowded districts. The power and duties of the health department in connection with light and ventilation of tenement houses and the plumbing and drainage of all new buildings, as they existed prior to 1892, and which have since been transferred to the building department, should be again delegated to the health department. At one point in his remarks Mr. Wilson dwelt at some length on the disadvantages suffered by the loss of the power and duties referred to the last clause.

Mr. Ufford, of the Tenth Ward Sanitary Union, described the visiting methods of the members of the union, which, he said, tried to secure coöperation from the tenement-house people. "We assure them," he said, "that we come as friends, tell them of the laws and of their rights, and ask them to tell us of their complaints. We have made about one hundred complaints to the city departments, have been courteously received, and have generally obtained the corrections of abuses which we sought." Mr. Ufford thought the caretakers of the houses should be held responsible for the condition of halls and stairways; and light was wanted artificial if natural could not be had.

"I hold," he went on, "that the greatest crime in this city is not a crime against the adult population, but a crime against child life. There should be more schools in the tenement-house districts. They say there are plenty of schools if the children will go to them." Then he told of a little girl who had to leave her school because of measles in her family, and who, after two months, went back and was told that her place had been filled and that there was no room for her. "In the tenement houses are children by thousands," he said, "and whether they will go or not they should have the opportunity." As a member of a Good Government club, he concluded, he could say that out of Good Government clubs was to come a civic spirit which had never been known, certainly in this country. — New York *Times*, Dec. 14, 1894.

Now, a city government which is based first upon the avowed principle that the only road to office or to political preferment is through a large bank account—"large property interests"—is abrogating with a high hand every principle of a republican or a democratic form of government, and it cannot fail to be a question of only a very brief time when the moneyed aristocracy of office and the plebeians of poverty will have a far more disastrous collision than the one which resulted in this unique conception of a "reform" administration.

It has been pretty well understood for some years that the United States Senate is a rich man's club, and that if man desires to become a United States senator, he must first prove his ability and willingness to become a millionaire and buy his seat. Naturally the infection would spread, and would sift down; but to have the open avowal of this policy established in the largest, most powerful, and most corrupt municipality in America as the direct result of the most gigantic "moral-reform upheaval" ever experienced in this country, has its comic as well as its tragic side.

Just how far will the blind man attempt to ride the political ass? Just how far will the ass consent to be driven into the mire? Just what will happen when he finally balks? Mayor Strong is doubtless sincere, but he is certainly not a very profound philosopher nor a very good reader of human nature or of history, if he honestly believes that this plan of reforming a municipal government by a liberal distribution of offices to the rich only will result in anything short of the direst disaster. Human nature never did and it never will stand that strain, in office or out.

In this connection be it observed that Mr. Morton, the newly elected governor of New York, himself a multi-millionaire, is too shrewd a politician to make any very open remarks to that effect; but it has not failed to be pretty generally noticed that he has substantially swept the state for men of "large property interests" to put upon his staff. Does this government want ever again a president nominated or elected from a state whose entire body politic is permeated with nothing so surely as with the thought that to be or to become anything the first and the only requisite is money, and plenty of it? Is not the result upon the whole nation already painfully apparent in a thousand ways? Can we endure very much more of it?

The fact is that the methods and ethics of Wall Street permeate the politics of the whole state of New York, and through it and its tactics in the past few years, those of the entire nation. It is run on the bull-and-bear basis and method. There is little perceptible difference in the parties except that in the main the

Republican is a bull party and the Democratic a bear party. The leaders of the two play into each other's hands with as consummate skill as do those who manipulate a "corner" in stocks, and they "squeeze" the people with the same pitilessness. When Gould and Fiske and their co-conspirators manipulated the market far enough, Black Friday came, and they had to escape in a boat from the wrath of their victims, and from the sight of the suicides which resulted from their work. When Platt and Hill and Cleveland and the rest shall have a little farther manipulated, on precisely the same methods, the political fortunes of the people, what will the political Black Friday be, and what will it bring? Are the American people ready to hand this nation over to those whose sole idea is, "Put money in thy purse?" No matter how it is done, no matter at whose cost, no matter what disaster it may bring, "put money in thy purse." That is the New York political as it is her financial platform, and our national politics are already tainted and permeated by the infection. How far off is the political Black Friday, and what will it bring?

III.

BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.

The present crop of bank defalcations in the country in general and in New York City in particular has a meaning and a significance which it were well to pause and consider and understand. Wall Street methods and Wall Street morals have, as I say, become a part not only of our national business life but of our national political life as well. What are generally called "business principles" by the average corporation and capitalist appear to be, in the main, simply a lack of all principle.

Not long ago a man who has spent most of his life in and near Wall Street, said in my hearing, "No, sir! if you haven't got it in black and white, you haven't got it at all." They were discussing a contract that had just been made by one of them with one of the largest, best known, and most respectable corporations not only in New York but in the world.

"Why, the president himself talked with me and agreed to all this," producing a full memorandum, "and so I shall undertake the business on his word. The contract is to be drawn up and sent to me later."

"Well," said the first speaker, "you *are* a lamb. I personally know that that same president has even gone the length of making a written and signed contract with a man, and then, changing his mind or learning that he could get the business with some one else cheaper or on terms which he thinks better for himself, I have known him to send for the man, ask to look over

his contract again — and tear it up before his face. I have known that to be done by this very man, who is so prominently connected with many of the leading organizations and corporations of this country, and who is president of one of the most important institutions in the world. Those are simply his business principles. His idea is that money is power.

"He tried that sort of game once on the wrong man. The man was only a clerk at the time, but he stepped to the door of the president's private office, where they were alone talking, turned the key in the lock, and threatened to throw the smaller and older dignitary out of the window if he did not return to him the contract — in scraps though it was. The office is on a noisy corner. They were something like ten stories above the street. It was warm weather and the windows were open and very large, and the irate clerk was an athlete. Well, he got the scraps of his contract, and he finished his year's job with that corporation, he and the president not 'speaking as they passed by.' Of course at the end of the year there was a vacancy in his department; but I am just telling you this to show you that what these men, educated by the tactics of Wall Street, call business principles are simply the absence of all principle, and that they won't take the word of each other overnight in a matter of finance unless it is evidently to their mutual advantage to keep the pledge."

And this takes me back to the point from which I started — the training that all this sort of thing is to the bank clerks, cashiers, and employees generally, of large corporations. They all see and recognize the indubitable fact that it is the skilful manipulator and not the honest man who succeeds, who gets promotions, who rises in the estimation of his superiors. The honest fellows who plod along on their little salaries and do a legitimate business observe, unless they are semi-idiotic, that the fine offices, the handsome desks, the fat places, the easy hours, the desirable promotions, year after year, go to the men who are recognized as more or less crooked, the men who have to be watched. These men float on the top wave until there is an open scandal, then the bank or the corporation lifts up its hands in horror, kicks the man out, and pretends that it did not know it all the time.

"Honesty is the best policy," or "Tell the truth and shame the devil," may be and often is posted up all over the building; but every employee, from the office boy to the confidential clerks and under officers, knows perfectly well that this is merely a part of the business, and that if it were observed it would be the policy which would keep a clerk a clerk all his life long, and turn him out in his old age with nothing a year to live upon. The man who takes these mottoes seriously has seen the crooked

men rise over him year after year; and there is not a clerk or an office boy in many of these largest corporations who does not fully understand that this is a fact and *why* it is a fact. He may not have formulated, but he knows it, and trims his sails to fit the wind which he knows comes from the directors' offices and the president's sanctum. If he happens to be born too rigidly honest and old-fashioned to trim them after the Wall Street method, he plods along on his little salary, denying himself and his family much, until one day he is too old or he is ill, and his place is filled, and he is turned out to die. If he is of the average order, he gradually learns to take the road which he observes leads to sumptuous living and official preferment, and ends — in a cell at police headquarters or in a director's chair, just according to his skill in manipulation, or as his "influence," his "pull," or his "luck" may determine.

In the matter of the many recent bank defalcations and breaches of trust, which just now directed my attention this way, I wish to add this. Any bank director in New York City knows perfectly well that his cashiers and tellers can not live as they are required to live in that city on the beggarly salaries paid to most of these defaulters. They know that these men must get money some other way to keep up. They simply hope that their employee has taken it out of the other fellow. Three thousand dollars a year seems a pretty good salary to men in small towns or even in many cities. It is the price of an evening's entertainment in New York City to the directors of these same corporations, and it is *not* a sum upon which a bank cashier or teller can live, pay rent, and support a family as he must do in that city. Corporations all know this fact perfectly well. They know that their employees must supplement their salary in some way — by hook or by crook. The employees know that the directors know it. The result is not far to seek, nor is it strange when it is found. Rather is it strange that so few are caught, and that officers of great corporations continue to look upon the process as "good business principles," and, like the ostrich, to keep only the head of the bird concealed in the sand. Every employee under them is wholly familiar with the aspect of the entire bird. Just now we are urged by politicians and some newspapers to run this government on the same sort of "business principles." The question which occurred to me was and is, Are we prepared to take the consequences?

A THEORY OF TELEPATHY AND THE LIGHT IT THROWS UPON THE PROBLEM OF IMMORTALITY.

BY T. E. ALLEN.

In the January ARENA the kinds of facts with which experimental telepathy deals were pointed out, though without an attempt to give an exhaustive enumeration of them. We are to turn now to the theoretical side of the subject and to picture to the imagination, even if imperfectly, what takes place when a telepathic message is transmitted from one mind to another.

Certain facts are known which furnish a starting-point. 1. Heat, light, sound, electricity and other forces are undulations, vibrations or waves in the ether or in air. 2. These vibrations are causes of mental states. 3. *Vice versa*, mental states are causes of vibrations. This is most obvious, perhaps, in the case of speech. We talk of the pressure in the engine cylinder being due to the impact of the molecules of steam upon its walls, and of the light emanating from a gas flame as due to the production of vibrations in the ether by the very rapid oscillations of highly-heated particles or atoms of carbon. Is it possible to draw a picture of the ultimate nature of thought which shall be nearly or quite as definite as the two cases cited? I believe so.

Every real object of thought in the phenomenal world must be either a substance or a modification, operation or quality of a substance. To which category does thought belong? Unless we are prepared to maintain that the operation of the mind involves an unceasing transformation of vibrations (force) into substance and a reciprocal transformation of substance into vibrations, we must hold that it belongs to the second category, that thought is a force and not a substance. Further, analogy and its dynamic relations to other kinds of vibrations make it highly probable, if not certain, that thought is *vibration* of a substance. But of *what* substance? Of molecules of ordinary matter in the brain or of another substance, whether molecular or not? The last question involves the two theories of life which hold possession of the majority of minds — the materialistic, and the soul or spiritualistic (using this term in its philosophical sense) theories. It is sufficient to observe here that the

phenomena of *experimental* telepathy — for I now affirm nothing concerning spontaneous cases — so far as I am familiar with them, do not help us to decide between these theories. In other words, they do not show us whether the real mechanism of thought consists in the vibration of molecules of ordinary matter in the brain or in the vibration of another substance existing in definite correlation with and conditioned by such molecules.

In a paper entitled "Cerebral Radiation" read before the electrical section of the Franklin Institute, March 1, 1892, Prof. Edwin J. Houston, a prominent electrician, proposed a theory to account for certain psychical phenomena. I shall quote the more important part relating to telepathy.*

> On the single assumption . . . that cerebration or thought, whatever may be its exact mechanism, is accompanied by molecular or atomic vibrations of the gray or other matter of that part of the brain called the cerebrum, I would propose the following hypothesis to account for telepathy. . . . Postulating the existence of the universal or luminiferous ether, which is now generally accepted in scientific circles, and bearing in mind the fact that this ether passes through even the densest matter as easily as water through a sieve, it follows that the brain atoms or molecules that are here assumed as the cause of cerebration are completely surrounded by the ether. Now, since the ether is a highly elastic, easily movable medium, it would follow that thought or cerebration, if attended by vibrations, must necessarily develop in the ether wave motions, which have the brain atoms or molecules for their centres. In other words, the act of thought or cerebration necessitates an expenditure of energy, because it necessitates the setting in motion of these assumed atomic or molecular brain particles. . . . Cerebral energy, or energy thus expended in producing thought, is dissipated by imparting wave motions to the surrounding ether, and such waves are sent out in all directions from the brain, possibly in greater amount or of greater amplitude from some of the brain openings, as, for example, those of the eyes.
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> Let us assume, then, that cerebral radiations or waves are given off from every sentient or active brain, and that these waves pass into the space around the brain something like the waves that are imparted to the air around a sounding tuning fork. The cerebral radiations are not so gross as those of sound. Their wave lengths are almost certainly much shorter. They are imparted to the universal ether. If such waves, which I would call thought waves or cerebral waves, be present in ether that fills all space, it will be interesting to inquire what phenomena they might be expected to produce. It being assumed that these vibrations take place in the ether itself, there need be no doubt or speculation as to the general nature of the waves themselves. They would presumably partake either of the nature of transverse or torsional vibrations. The best known examples of the vibrations which occur in the universal ether are the vibrations which are now generally recognized as transmitting the phenomena of heat, light, electric or magnetic radiations; viz., of transverse or torsional vibrations.
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> An active brain may, therefore, be regarded as moulding the ether around it into thought waves that are spreading outward from it in all

* *Electrical Review*, June 4, 1892, or *The Psychical Review*, Vol. I., p. 150 (November-December, 1892).

directions. In this respect it is not unlike a conductor through which an oscillatory discharge is passing, producing those waves which Hertz has so beautifully demonstrated as resembling the vibrations that produce light. Assume, then, that the cerebral radiations partake of the nature of thermal, luminous, electric or magnetic radiations, and the following explanation of telepathy, or thought transference, is, to say the least, not improbable. I would explain the possibility of the transference of specific cerebral vibrations from an active brain to a passive or receptive brain, by the simple action of what is known in science as sympathetic vibrations. Take the case, for example, of a vibrating tuning fork that is sending off its waves across the space which separates it from a second tuning fork, not as yet in motion, but tuned so as to be able to vibrate in exact unison with it. As is well known, the exact correspondence between the period of the active or the transmitting fork, and the passive or the receptive fork, is such that the vibrations of one fork are gradually taken up by the other fork, so that the energy of the motion of the one is transferred or carried across the space existing between them by means of pulses or waves set up in the air which surrounds them. As is well known, such sympathetically excited vibrations can be produced in a fork situated at a considerable distance from the exciting fork.

Or, similarly, take the case of the sympathetic vibrations excited by waves of light. Solar energy is radiated or transferred across the space existing between the sun and the earth by waves or oscillations in the luminiferous ether. These waves, falling on the delicate structure of a leaf, suffer a species of selective absorption, certain wave lengths being absorbed and others thrown off. The absorbed waves excite or produce sympathetic vibrations in the molecules of carbon dioxide present in the leaf, and cause the atoms of carbon and oxygen in such molecules to move towards and from one another in interatomic vibrations, which increase in amplitude or violence until their chemical affinity or atomic attraction is overcome and dissociation occurs. The oxygen is then thrown from the leaf into the air, and the carbon is retained in the structure of the plant.

Or, take the still more interesting case of what Hertz calls electric resonance. . . . It is now generally recognized by electricians that a conductor, which is the seat of an oscillatory electric discharge, is sending into the space around it electric waves or oscillations which travel with the velocity of light, and which are, in fact, of exactly the same nature as light itself. If these electric waves meet a circuit so tuned as regards the period of oscillation of the circuit in which they originally occurred, as to be in consonance with them, electric oscillations will be set up in this circuit of exactly the same nature as those exciting it. In view of these facts it does not seem improbable to me that a brain engaged in intense thought should act as a centre of cerebral radiations, nor that these radiations, proceeding outwards in all directions from such brain, should affect other brains on which they fall, provided, of course, that such brains are tuned to vibrate in unison with them. In such cases the absorption of energy by the recipient brain may be either a species of selective absorption, in which its train of thought is only modified, or it may be absolute, in which case the recipient brain has excited in it an exact reproduction of the thoughts of the exciting brain.

It will be evident from the following quotation that Prof. A. E. Dolbear is in substantial accord with Professor Houston. He says * : —

* "The Ether and Its Newly Discovered Properties," ARENA, June, 1892.

> The sympathetic relation between matter and the ether . . . by which any kind of motion of a given atom or molecule tends to produce the same kind of motion in another similar atom or molecule, has a significance apparent at once when stated. Grant that mental action is accompanied by molecular motions of any sort, and it follows that there must be corresponding ether waves; and similarly constituted molecules in other bodies must as necessarily move in consonance with the first, as if the source was heat motion upon a similar molecule; and such phenomena as thought-transference [or telepathy] would be looked for and explained as simply as the phenomena of the exchange of heat.

While other facts already known or destined to be discovered may call for a modification of the theory of telepathic action as formulated by Professor Houston, I regard his explanation as essentially correct. Being equipped now with some insight into the facts of telepathy and with a theory that so completely assimilates them with the phenomena belonging to the domain of the physicist, it will be interesting to go still farther by asking, What is the bearing of this theory upon the problem of immortality which always and everywhere presses upon so many minds for solution? I shall pass over the difference upon which many would insist between continued existence after death and immortality in the strictest sense of the term, merely hinting that if the establishment of certain alleged facts is held not to justify the inference of the actual immortality of the soul, then the physical scientist must revise the reasonings upon which his faith in the indestructibility of matter rests, since the logical procedure is the same in both cases.

The best proof of immortality — and, I am inclined to believe, the only conclusive one possible — must be sought in that domain preëmpted by the so-called "supernaturalism" of the great religions of the world, and by modern spiritualism and some of the "occultists" of our day, a domain now being invaded slowly but surely by the workers of the psychical research movement whose aim is to fly the standard of science over this great borderland and to annex it to our present possessions of cultivated and fruitful territory. It is just over the boundary, into what is for so many a *terra incognita*, that we must now pass for a short time in order to carry our argument forward. Of the two basic affirmations of modern spiritualism, *spirit communion*, it will readily be seen, involves the truth of *immortality*. Can it also be said that a belief in immortality should carry with it, logically, a belief in spirit communion? There is a chain of reasoning connecting the two that is worthy of consideration.

It has already been pointed out that it is highly probable, if not certain, that thought is vibration of a substance. When a chicken comes into existence, we do not find that some mysterious power brings the material part alongside the egg and that then,

"presto pass," an utterly immaterial life-essence is transferred from the egg to the body. No. The egg capable of producing a chicken, is itself transformed little by little until it *becomes* the chicken and frees itself from its prison. When a snake sheds its skin the mysterious power does not place before it a new skin and expect it to crawl from one to the other deprived of all outer covering while making the change. No. A new one simply grows underneath the old, and at the right time the latter is cast off. If man is immortal, all of the analogies of nature are against the supposition that a vital spark leaps from the old body into a new and invisible one, but they all favor the view that there is a real, substantial, though invisible part of man that at death shakes off or emerges from the shell of clay.

We now have a man launched into spirit life with a body as real to himself as our material envelopes are to each one of us. He is immortal, we say; the individuality persists. Therefore, consciousness persists. But the existence of consciousness depends upon conditions. In mortal life, the great recognized generator of knowledge and stimulus to activity are the impressions that sweep over us from without through the sensitive channels that connect us with the universe. Without these channels, what we call consciousness never would have existed in man. The persistence of consciousness, too, depends upon the incoming of new impressions through them. Cut them off for years or even months, and intelligence shrivels perceptibly and consciousness is correspondingly impoverished, leading the poor victim towards imbecility. Continue the exclusion of impressions long enough, and the time will come when it cannot be said that you any longer have a truly human consciousness to deal with. The machinery of the mind is like that of a cotton mill, it is rapidly destroyed when left without its proper work.

Immortality requires, then, that the spirit should be able to modify and to be modified by its environment. But, as other spirits like itself must be a part of its environment, therefore, spirits can act upon each other, or, in other words, they live in a communion which, to say the least, can scarcely be less complete than that which we now enjoy. And since they can act upon each other, it is very reasonable to suppose that they can communicate with mortals; because, starting with the hypothesis that man is immortal, we have already seen that the only plausible way in which another life can be realized is through the separation of a composite body which must be at least twofold, whence we are already spirits, spirits *plus* a physical body. Then, as excarnate spirits must be able, as we have seen, to communicate with one another, communion must depend, not upon some organ of the physical body, but upon some faculty or power

possessed by spirits. Finally, as we also are spirits, we must possess the faculties that belong to spirits; therefore, spirits can communicate with mortals.

The chief objection, probably, that can be made to this argument is, that granting that spirits communicate with one another, it does not follow that they can with us, because the physical body may be an obstacle that can not be overcome. Fortunately, however, the world is already in possession of knowledge that shows conclusively that the body can not be such a barrier. It is just here that the phenomena of telepathy supply an important link in the chain of argument. These phenomena force us to admit that we have here to deal with a kind of communion where the body is not an insurmountable barrier, and in which, since no specific telepathic organ is known to exist, it is probable that the brain alone (or, at most, with the nervous system) of all the physical mechanism, is concerned. In my judgment, then, with the help of telepathy, the argument that makes spirit communion a logical consequence of a belief in immortality is a strong one, and the firmer a person's belief in the one, the more he is committed to concede the necessary truth of the other.

Now, I am constrained to believe, in the light of the foregoing discussion, that the churches have never truly digested the great doctrine of the immortality of the soul. They have accepted it as a dogma. They have not deliberately set themselves the task of finding out what things must be true in order to make immortality possible and what other things must or probably do follow — spirit communion, for example. No man and no school of thought can be said to have reached full maturity until he or it expands every proposition held to be true so fully as to bring out every logical consequence available at the stage of evolution then attained, and lack of maturity or of courage is always shown when such consequences are not severally either clearly affirmed to be true or else denied as false along with the basic premise or premises upon which they rest. Standing where we do to-day, then, the attitude of the churches towards the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is susceptible of but two interpretations. It furnishes a case, upon the one hand, of arrested intellectual development or, upon the other, of cowardice growing out of the fear of consequences if too much is conceded to psychical science or to Spiritualism. When will the churches be consistent and either give up teaching immortality or else squarely face the logical implications of that doctrine?

The ground we have traversed raises the question whether certain mediumistic phenomena ought not to be explained by saying that they are cases of telepathy where the agent is an

excarnate spirit and the percipient a medium. And this, in turn, suggests the inquiry whether the mediumistic trance is not, in a similar manner, capable of being classified with hypnotic phenomena, the operator being a spirit and the subject the medium.

"Starting with the belief in immortality, you have succeeded," some critic will say, "in presenting a more or less convincing argument going to show that the truth of spirit communion logically follows. But here am I, a materialist, a disbeliever in a future life; have you said a single word to shatter my scepticism?" From one standpoint, no; from another, yes. It can not be claimed, of course, that experimental telepathic phenomena, taken by themselves, prove spirit communion, and that the materialist is forced, therefore, to concede that the immortality of the soul logically follows. But the truth of experimental telepathy should, nevertheless, produce a positive effect upon his mind, and one calculated to throw light upon the problem of immortality. For one of the greatest stumbling-blocks when we come to the outposts of science, to the strips of territory as yet but partially explored, is that so many people are so sure that they know beforehand that there can not possibly be anything there worth considering. Even true men of science, men who have made important contributions to knowledge, fall into this error. Lavoisier, the French chemist, scouted the idea that aerolites fell from the sky; there were no stones in the sky, therefore, none could fall! In general, because certain things are *observed* to be true within the area B, it does not necessarily follow that they must be true within the area C. If you wish to know what is true in C *go there and look;* do not assume that your knowledge of B exhausts the universe!

The materialist — and all doubters as well — should bear in mind, then, that if phenomena which could not possibly occur, have, nevertheless, actually been witnessed, it is about time for him to begin to distrust his own infallibility and to focus his powers upon alleged facts which profess to support even such nonsensical propositions as that a part of man consists of a substance different from matter in its three known forms, and that *this* part is immortal. It is most desirable that the world should be aroused to the tremendous importance of psychical phenomena. I recommend a few doses of telepathy in cases of materialism. The prognosis is that the scornful expression will give way to a serious cast of countenance, and that a certain very noticeable swelling sometimes accompanying this symptom will subside sufficiently to enable the patient to put on his hat to attend a meeting of a psychical society or to visit — God save the mark! — a medium.

GLIMPSES OF THE PROPHETIC FACULTY OF THE MIND REVEALED IN DREAMS.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

Most persons attach small importance to dreams; nor is this widespread incredulity unwarranted when we remember how large a proportion of dreams seem to be composed of vagrant thought images and phantasies wandering through the brain, frequently without coherence and manifestly beyond the grasp of sober reason or the normal will; especially when we further remember that the producing cause so often appears to be the physical condition of the dreamer. Nor is this scepticism to be regretted when persons are rational and broad-minded enough to rise above an indifferent or dogmatic attitude when in the presence of a possible clew to a truth which runs counter to accepted canons. The sincere seeker after truth, imbued with the genuine scientific spirit, will ever keep in mind the sage observation of the eminent English physician and surgeon, Dr. Baird, that "Unlimited scepticism is equally the child of imbecility as implicit credulity." There are dreams which cannot be dismissed as the phantasms of the brain running riot while reason sleeps; dreams which give us glimpses of the occult power of the soul. Such are of positive value to the student of psychical science because they add to the treasury of facts so necessary to be garnered in order that science may arrive at the underlying laws which govern psychical phenomena.

In this paper I wish to give the details of a most remarkable dream which belongs to the important group that points to the prophetic power of the soul. The gentleman who relates this dream enjoys the confidence of his townsmen, being regarded as strictly truthful and as having a character which for integrity of purpose is above question. Mr. Podmore aptly illustrates the value of such dreams as I am about to recount by likening them to the few footprints preserved in stone among the millions impressed upon the sands in prehistoric ages.

I wish to preface the narration of this dream by relating a little personal experience, which though of trivial consequence has a certain value when taken with other dreams of a like characteristic in giving a hint of a prophetic faculty resident in

the mind. On the morning of March 14, 1894, I dreamed I was going to the Longwood station to take my train for Boston. On reaching Kent Street I saw the train coming from the Brookline station. I began to run in the hope of reaching the depot before the train left, but by the time I arrived at the corner of Kent Street and Longwood Avenue I heard the engine bell ring and saw the white smoke shoot up through the crevices of the bridge.* I thought I ran so fast that I brought on the asthma, and when I awoke I had an oppressed feeling through my chest.

I immediately began to dress, and Mrs. Flower said, "It is early; do not get up yet."

I replied that I was afraid I would miss my train, and then related my dream.

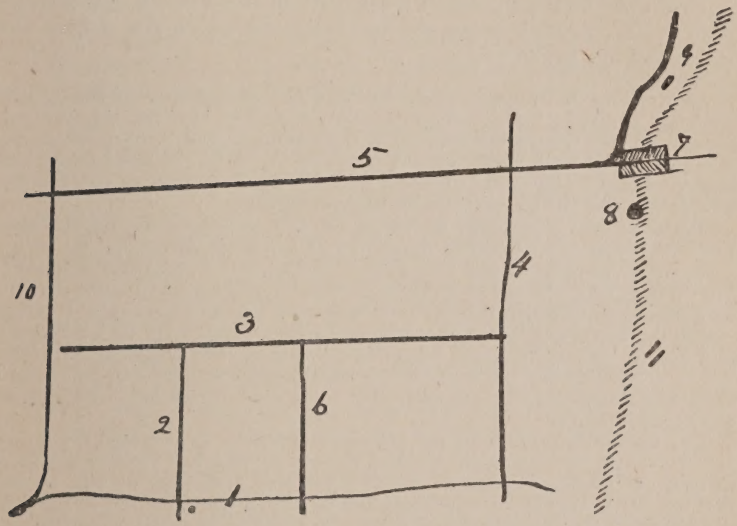
She laughed and said, "That is funny. I expect you had asthma in your sleep, and that made you dream that you brought it on by running."

I hastened to dress, ate my breakfast and started for the city. I found that I was earlier than usual, and would have to wait some time for my train, which left at 8.13. So I determined to go to the Beacon Boulevard and take an electric car. I started down Perry Street. A gentleman came out of one of the houses, carrying a small valise; he walked briskly and turned up Francis Street toward Kent Street. The idea came to me that he was going to the train. I looked at my watch and saw that there would be three and a half minutes before the 7.58 train was due. It immediately occurred to me that I might catch that train, as I thought my watch was a little fast, and I started up Francis Street at a rapid gait. A moment later I was lost in the consideration of a paper I was preparing for THE ARENA. (Here let me state that a large part of my mental work is done when walking on the street. I soon become so absorbed in whatever subject I am preparing that I see no one, and my mind seems to act automatically in directing me to my destination.) On reaching Kent Street I saw the train coming from the Brookline station, and following my impulses I began running, in the hope of catching it, but on arriving at the corner of Longwood Avenue and Kent Street, I heard the bell for starting, and the next instant saw the smoke shoot up through the crevices of the bridge.

Then, and not till then, did the picture of my dream flash upon me; but the scene was so graphic, and so exact was the experience I had passed through about an hour before, that for a moment it startled me. My breathing was very difficult, caused from running, and I did not get relief for some time after reaching my office. Now, of course, this might be merely

* At that time (March 14, 1894) the depot was on the opposite side of the Longwood Avenue bridge from its present location. The new depot was not then finished.

a chance occurrence, but when taken with scores of dreams which evidence the presence of a prophetic knowledge in the mind it has, for the dreamer at least, a value.*



EXPLANATION TO ILLUSTRATION.

The above crude drawing will help the reader to understand the description given in the account of my dream and the verification.

1. My home on Aspinwall Avenue.
2. Perry Street.
3. Francis Street.
4. Toxeth Street, through which I always go to steam cars.
5. Kent Street.
6. Longwood Avenue.
7. Bridge over railroad tracks.
8. Old Longwood Depot, not now used.
9. New depot, Longwood Station.
10. St. Paul's Street, leading to Beacon Boulevard.
11. Railroad from Brookline to Boston.

I shall now give an account of the remarkable dream of Mr. Thomas H. Bates and its startling sequel.

On Dec. 6, 1894, I received a letter from a prominent professional gentleman in Fresno, Cal., enclosing clipping from the Fresno (Cal.) *Republican* of November 17. The writer stated that he could vouch for the truthfulness of Mr. Bates, as he had known him for some years to be a man whose veracity, honesty and truthfulness were unquestioned. Later I received the following endorsements of Mr. Bates from prominent townsmen.

"This is to certify that we have known Mr. Thomas Bates for a number of years, and that his character for honesty, sobriety and integrity is first class. — THOMPSON & PRICE, Attorneys-at-Law, Fresno, Cal., Dec. 15, 1894."

* The above facts are precisely as set down in my journal on the nigth of March 14, 1894.

"Mr. Bates has been a resident of this city and an acquaintance of mine for some years. He is a man of integrity, sobriety and good character. — FRENCH LANSING, Attorney-at-Law, Fresno, Cal."

From the communication published in the Fresno *Republican*, of Nov. 17, 1894, I quote the following, in which the dream and its sequel are given: —

In the city of Chicago, at 26 Cottage Grove Avenue, in 1870, while sleeping soundly, I saw a man enter my bedroom through the window, and while looking in my face with a murderous knife clutched in his right hand, he took from under my pillow my watch and valuables and departed down the stairs and out into the street. This in brief is the substance, but the sequel will be told further on.

While bending over me to watch for any evidences of wakefulness, his face within six inches of my own and the devil gleaming out of his eyes, he proceeded in the vernacular of the cult "to go through me." He was engaged about ten minutes, I should judge, but to me it seemed an hour, while horrible thoughts were flitting through my brain, intently watching his every move and noticing every peculiarity of his person and dress. After satisfying himself that nothing was omitted, he turned his demoniacal face towards me to make sure I was not feigning, and stealthily departed. I followed him to the door and saw him spring the night-latch.

I at once awoke, and to my agreeable surprise found that all I had supposed lost was undisturbed, and my vision was but the fantasy of a dream. I pondered over it, dwelt upon the vividness of the scene, racking my brain for an interpretation of so evil an omen, believing that it portended the enactment of a future scene in my life. The rest of the night found me in a condition of restlessness, but I was convinced that the future would bring me face to face with the object of my vision. In the morning I related my experience to the landlord, who made light of my credulity, but it was of short duration, for on the third night I was robbed.

About this time an attempt at robbery and murder had been committed in another part of the city, and in the struggle between the murderer and his victim a portion of the murderer's thumb nail was torn off by contact with the hammer of the pistol and was found on the floor the following morning. To this incident and my dream, the apprehension and conviction of the criminal was due.

It happened in this way. I had read in the papers of the crime and the episode of the thumb nail, and I had a strong belief that it would be the light which would lead justice to the lair of the midnight assassin. And so it did. I was always on the alert for the face I had seen in my dream, for the fierceness of those demoniacal eyes had burned their likeness into my very soul, and the hot breath of the would-be murderer bathed my face in perspiration while bending over me on the night referred to. I was beginning to fear that the thief would elude detection, and yet instinctively I could not divorce the thought that I would yet meet him, which I did under peculiar circumstances.

Some two months had elapsed and no tidings of discovery, when by a fortuitous circumstance I attended a sensational trial in the police court, the defendant and plaintiff being no less personages than Lydia Thompson and Wilbur F. Story, editor of the *Times*. To my astonishment, I encountered the evil eye with the face I had seen in my dream, and for which I had been so anxiously looking. He was sitting among

the spectators, watching the proceedings anxiously. I drew near him where he sat, and saw that one side of his thumb nail had been chipped out, exactly as if done by the hammer of a pistol. I informed the police; the stranger was interviewed, and became so excited and showed such evidences of guilt that he was arrested. His trial followed. The piece of broken thumb nail was in evidence, and he was held.

In response to a letter of inquiry, I received the following communication, December 21, from Mr. Bates, giving further details of this remarkable dream: —

The details of the article published in the *Daily Republican* at Fresno under the caption of "Realities of Dreams," Nov. 17, 1894, written by myself, occurred at No. 28 Cottage Grove Avenue, in the month of August, 1870. The building is yet standing, and was used at that time as a second-class hotel. The owner's name was Christopher Huber.

It was about the hour of midnight when the burglar entered my room through the window. I seemed to be conscious of his coming, for when he entered the room I appeared to be *double*; that is, there were *two of me* — the sleeping one, whom I recognized as myself, and the one who awaited the coming of the burglar. I saw myself in deep slumber, and it all appeared quite natural that "the other one of me" should be free; yet the thought of looking at myself as a different body, and being outside of myself I could not comprehend, though, as I said, it seemed to be all right. I noted the breathing, the color of the skin and hair of my sleeping self and knew that it was myself I was looking at; but how I got outside of myself was a mystery.

The burglar pushed one hand under the pillow and withdrew my vest containing my watch and money, never removing his eyes from my sleeping face. To me his face was a wonderful study of malignity, fear and desperation — the eyes particularly, for I have never lost sight of the demon behind them. Whenever I think of this episode in my life, that face, and with it every incident of the night I first beheld it, appears before me. I followed the man down stairs, and saw him spring the night latch and pass into the street. Then I awoke; that is, my body did, and the other one of me that was watching all the time disappeared. My first concern was for my valuables, which were found as I had left them on retiring. But the dream had so impressed me that I could not rid myself of its ominous character. I was convinced that there was truth behind it and that the scene I had just witnessed in shadow pantomime was yet to be acted in reality.

This was Thursday midnight, and the following Sunday morning my room was entered and my valuables were stolen, while I was asleep. Here is an interval of fifty-six hours concerning incidents that are to be a part of my future life revealed to me in a picture of startling impressiveness, every detail of which I am led to believe was subsequently fulfilled. Upon what do I base the belief that the theft was consummated as revealed in the dream? By what followed — the recognition of the face I subsequently discovered, which I had seen only in my dream, and which proved to be that of a criminal who had almost assassinated a person about the time of my dream.

The attempted murder and robbery occurred on Indiana Avenue, in the vicinity of Twenty-Second Street, where Seeley — for that was the criminal's name, if my memory serves me correctly — lost a portion of his nail in contact with the hammer of the pistol. It might have been before or after the scene of which I write; of that I am not positive. But it was about that time, and I remember distinctly how the episode

of the thumb nail struck me as being connected in some way with the face I had seen in my dream. Treat it ever so lightly, I could not divorce myself from the thought that I should meet my man face to face. The newspaper report of the robbery was very meagre, suppressed, I suppose, for police advantage, as is frequently done. How the man entered the house or how he was encountered or escaped, the back files of the newspapers could tell, but I presume the great fire burned them all up. His name, I believe, was Robert Seeley, and his home Elmira, New York. He was awaiting trial during the great fire, and what was done with him I never knew.

And now for the recognition. Shortly after the affair of which I write, Lydia Thompson the burlesque actress, with a troupe of female performers, appeared at the Grand Opera House, and Wilbur F. Story, then editor and proprietor of the *Times*, published some severe and bitter strictures on the performance, and on Miss Thompson in particular, to which she took exception and expressed her disapproval by cowhiding the editor on the public thoroughfare. This it was which took me to the old Armory Building police court to hear the trial, as Mr. Story had Miss Thompson arrested. The police judge's name was Milliken. The building was crowded with curious onlookers, drawn thither by the racy developments expected in a case of this character, no less than on account of the prominence of the individuals. Among the number was the man I sought, but of whose presence I was entirely oblivious till my eye rested on his evil countenance, when the recognition was as convincing as though spoken from the clouds. There was no mistaking my man; those eyes bore evidence of their owner's identity, and to discover the broken nail would be an additional corroboration. Not wishing to divert his attention from the proceedings or arouse his suspicion, I carelessly elbowed my way through the large concourse of people till I was by his side. Then I caught sight of the broken nail, and this determined my immediate duty. Accordingly I notified the police officer, Captain Lull (since killed by the James and Younger outlaws in Missouri), and the criminal was arrested. Of course I knew it would be folly for me to base a charge on the strength of my evidence, as far as I was concerned. But the party with whom the burglar had the encounter was found, and identified the robber as the one with whom he had the affray. The chipped nail was in evidence, and played its part; but the delays of the law, practised by cunning lawyers, left it in the region of doubt, and I never knew what became of the man. Now the time between my dream and the meeting with him in the Armory Building was within the limit of sixty to ninety days. I am not exact as to time, but it was in that vicinity. THOMAS H. BATES.

It will be noticed that in both instances related above the mind shadowed forth what was to take place in the future, while in the case of Mr. Bates a pantomime was enacted over his sleeping body so weird that the recollection of the demoniacal face led to the arrest of a criminal. These illustrations, while inconclusive in themselves, and wanting in many particulars which the exact scientist or the mind trained properly to weigh evidences could desire, are valuable when taken with other similar experiences, many of which complement them by furnishing the evidential elements absent in these cases. As I have before stated, we are blazing a way through a forest as yet little travelled; the trees we mark will be of value to those who some day will build

a noble highway. Our first concern is to obtain evidence and weigh and sift it. Next it is our duty to classify the phenomena which has stood the test of modern scientific methods. Many experiences are in and of themselves of small worth, but as corroborating others along the same line of research, or as adding to the sum of human experiences in a given domain, they possess a real value. As Hugo rightly says: "The mission of science is to study and sound everything. All human knowledge is but picking and culling. To abandon psychic phenomena to credulity is to commit treason against human reason."

THE ASCENT OF MAN.

BY S. MILLINGTON MILLER, M. D.

THERE is a secluded hamlet on the Island of Martha's Vineyard called Chilmarth. One out of every twenty-five of its inhabitants is deaf. Many are blind and some are idiots. Two of the first settlers, twelve generations ago, were deaf people. This community, isolated from the outer, larger, pulsing world, has not only retained its primitive customs and manners, but the physical taint in the original stock has also produced a plenteous harvest of affliction. In one collateral branch deafness has occurred and disappeared and recurred, with curious atavistic perseverance. In another collateral branch blindness has pursued the same wayward and yet persistent course. Blindness and deafness are, therefore, not the offspring of idiocy, but each defect has grown more and more intense in its particular line of descent until what was at first only a defective sense, becomes a deterioration of the entire central shrine of the mind, and an idiot is born.

Chilmarth, with its quaintly tainted stock, kept isolate from the infusion of new blood by preference and by environment, is a sort of garden of affliction. Into its loamy soil the seed of the noxious weed of disease was originally dropped by accident, and not only grows unmolested by the gardener, Time, among the flowers of health, but year by year strangles and presses them out, their place being taken by increasing crops of its own deadly species. Deaf cousin marries blind cousin, or *vice versa* — very distant cousins, perhaps, but all bearing within their systems the same "fly in the potter's ointment." No fresh, vigorous, alien blood is introduced from the outer world.

In communities where the Roman Catholic Church is preeminent, in a religious sense, the marriage of any nearer than fourth cousins is prohibited by immemorial usage. Thus does that mighty pontifical institution prevent the spread of physical degeneracy. But Chilmarth and its old-fashioned Puritans worship at an entirely different shrine.

At Elwyn, near Media, Penn., some fifteen miles south of Philadelphia, there is an institution known as the Pennsylvania Institute for Feeble Minded Children, which is educating nearly one thousand mentally deficient folk within its walls, besides affording a home to almost as many more "castaways of the

mind." At Chilmarth the mental and physical progress is downwards, and will continue so to be until some state sanitary regulation drives forth its male inhabitants to a modern "Rape of the Sabines." At Elwyn the course is upwards. Through its gates is constantly tramping inwards an array of staring, soulless eyes, of flat or conical heads, of watery, open mouths — clumsy, listless, stupid soldiers. After a longer or shorter series of years this same array marches forth again into the world, equal and often superior to its average citizens.

The idiot child at its admission is often much lower than the dog in the scale of being — lower because it utterly lacks the moral sense possessed by that affectionate animal. With this perversion or absence of moral sense is a greater or less deficiency of all the senses. And this child that has no control over the involuntary muscles; that notices no light unless it be one of great intensity and brilliancy; that can stare the sun full in the face without winking; that prefers salt to sugar, the smell of assafœtida to the odor of the rose; that enjoys having its teeth pulled out, and is rapturous with the delight of being pricked with pins; that runs its finger roughly along the sharp blade of a razor and marvels, with curious eyes, at the sudden red flow from its severed flesh, — this child is put through the same physico-mental exercise as that by which Sandow's muscles are developed. (Sandow stimulates cell growth in his biceps by the constant use of dumb bells of gradually increasing weight.) Harder and harder blows of each particular sense are sent through the special afferent nerves until the gray matter cells of the child's brain, whose function it is to reconvert the energy of sense into the energy of thought, and that again into the energy of motions, are stimulated first into action and then into growth.

The vocal chords of the congenitally deaf child sag like the overtaxed string of a steel cross bow. But as the child is patiently and perseveringly taught to make the "a, e, i, o and u" sounds, and then the consonant sounds, and then word sounds, the sagged chords tighten up and grow tense and taut. The legs of the bedridden lose altogether in time their power of coördinate movement, but the sufferer, health regained, may even yet take up his bed and walk provided he become again a baby, just lift the knee, and tottle along with fear and trembling, at first, from pillar to post. This is just the sort of slow, painstaking education that after long years lifts the idiot more or less completely out of the "twilight of the mind."

The brain of the normal man is like the thousand-volt dynamo with endless layers and windings of delicate wire. The brain of the idiot resembles the ten-volt dynamo — coarse coils of wire and fewer of them. The difference between the wise and the

foolish is, therefore, only one of comparative complexity of brain structure. Repeated blows of light sent through the afferent nerves of sight to the centre of sight in the brain stimulate more and more its undeveloped, toneless, idiot cells, cause the blood to surge to them and through them, and finally recreate the sense and thought of sight. Blows of sugar-taste (not salt taste) sent repeatedly through the afferent nerves of taste, produce the same regenerative changes in the taste centre cells. The same process is pursued with the sense of hearing, of touch and of smell. When all these sense centres have been not only stimulated but developed, two other wanderers — mentality and moral sense — come home again and occupy the long vacant house.

This process of mental development requires in many cases an endless series of years for its perfection. In some instances little short of a small eternity would be necessary. The lower the type of idiot the longer the period of years and the greater the amount of devoted long suffering and patience required on the part of the teacher. Progress is slow at first and rapid towards the end. The only impossible factor in the treatment of the most aggravated cases of idiocy is the comparatively limited tenure of the average human life.

The bodies of many of the Elwyn children upon admission are of sadly low animal type, as appearance goes; and, strange as it may seem, these vile bodies improve *pari passu* with the mental development (the cell stimulation and regeneration). The hanging chin rises, closing the lips; the soulless eyes sparkle with regained intellection; the drooping, listless walk disappears; the brutish face softens and is humanized; the flat or conical head shows a gradual and steady metamorphosis of shape.

Henry Drummond, in his fascinating volume on "Tropical Africa," says that one can never know how great a man can become and how much he can acquire until he has seen how little a man can have and of how low a type he can be and still be a man. I have just given two striking instances of how a neglected physical taint can lower man in body and mind, and how enlightened care and development can take the man thus far lowered, lift him up again in mind and body and seat him on a throne beside his hereditarily untainted peers. The fact which I would demonstrate is that the human mind and body are mere dough in the hands of intelligent education and sanitary oversight; that the potentiality of conscious mental endeavor is absolutely infinite; that Cæsars and Michael Angelos and Napoleons and Edisons have become what they were, first by finding out what they were best fitted to be, and then by constantly, untiringly, resistlessly making themselves such.

I am glad to say that I am a thorough believer in God. I

believe He let the infinity of planetary and starry worlds swing loose from His throne and set them revolving in their fixed orbits, or tied them fast in space, all equipped with inherent physical law competent to develop in time mind, of boundless capacity for expansion and knowledge. It seems to me that the mechanic who makes a clock that can "go" for ten million years and that has the capacity for repair within its own frame, is a far mightier workman than he who must call and repair the clock each week or each year. If it be true that this capacity for repair and for knowledge is the result of the correlation of physical forces — is the perfect flower grown up in long ages out of purely lifeless and material seeds, I fail to see why that should destroy our belief in a great creative First Cause or Intelligence. Rather would I deem such marvel of His works to be far greater tribute to His omnipotence.

I know that the cultivated world at large has an inherent repugnance to what it regards as the debasing confusion of mind with matter. I know that the feelings of pure and good people are outraged by any attempt to give publicity to *stirpiculture*, as regards man himself. But these thoughts, pressed forward by the perhaps over rough and possibly somewhat brutal school of "New Hedonists" — Mr. Grant Allen and others — cannot be overlooked by the rising generation; they demand and will gain their regard.

The idea that the russet lichen which, ever-living, grows on the eternal rocks, and the "heir of all the ages in the foremost file of time" form, provisionally speaking, the first and last links of an endless chain, abhorrent when originally propounded, is now a well fixed working hypothesis of the scientific world.

No one doubts that exquisite flowers — roses, chrysanthemums, violets — can be rendered more beautiful and fragrant by seeing that they are born of physically perfect parents and that they thrive on wholesome and strengthening food — the deftly mingled soils through which their dainty rootlets wander in tireless search for life. The breeder of fine cows and horses and dogs, develops the perfect stock by exactly the same watchfulness over parentage, food supply and general environment. What mawkish sentimentality shall draw the line at man, the top and crown of things? If he be dwarfed, weak-minded, miserable, how shall humanity advance?

Here is the case of a primitive people, disease tainted at the start, who go on marrying and intermarrying with disease, making no effort to introduce pure and revivifying blood. What is the inevitable result? The race becomes more and more vitiated. The octopus of affliction stretches its skinny, clammy arms every whither and enfolds an army of disease and idiocy. Does it not

follow that if a perfect woman had been selected as the wife for that originally deaf man, the offspring of such marriage would have been improved; and if the improved son also marry a like high type, will not the improvement continue until the taint is absolutely ejected from the stock? Is it not the duty of the government to lift up its children in body and mind?

If drunkenness be an ineradicable disease of mankind, is it not the merest horse sense that marriage between drunkards be forbidden by law?

Eleven years ago Dr. Abraham Bell, the inventor of the Bell telephone, published a series of statistics showing that one-third (and he tells me that the ratio is actually much higher) of the children resulting from the intermarriage of deaf mutes are congenitally deaf; that such marriages are giving rise to a deaf and dumb species of the human race. Since then the national census has collected even more convincing *data*. Is it not, therefore, plainly shown that a law should be enacted requiring that all deaf mutes in America be instructed by the oral method, which teaches them to talk and so to mingle without disability in general society; that they shall no longer be taught by the manual sign alphabet system, which renders them isolate as a class by themselves, which makes the writing pad their only means of communication with the world at large?

What humanity needs in many directions is prevention. They need to be prevented from reaching that condition where treatment is necessary. Prevention is the sphere and jurisdiction of government and law.

The illustrations of my theme start up on all sides. The inevitable results of their neglect are filling insane asylums, prisons and institutions for the feeble minded and blind each day. Their use by the intelligent individual who knows his powers and develops them with the resistless power of his will is creating Tennysons and Sandows and Kants and Goethes and Meissoniers every day.

If it be the body, strong, simple food is taken at regular intervals. The muscle cells are stimulated and their little individual life intensified by constant and intelligent education. By this word I mean a building up and a drawing forth of their powers. If it be the mind to be improved in its grasp and enlarged in its powers, style is acquired by studying the great masters of moving and correct grammar. Forcible and illustrative similes and metaphors are garnered from all the book lore of the past. Readiness and affluency in writing is acquired by forcing one's self to write at all seasons and by *lasting* through that first period of slugglish thought and dammed-up utterance, which always intervenes, but which so rapidly disappears.

Food, again, is of infinite assistance in rendering the mind a ready and reliable instrument. A steady diet of fish and oysters is well authenticated as a fosterer of brain power and mental clearness. That this diet stimulates the reproductive organs *pari passu* is a clear proof that man's mental and bodily productiveness are intended to be the twin steeds which successfully pull his chariot of self to the goal of life's race.

Diplomacy and *finesse* are the *sine qua non* of permanent success in life. How are they to be acquired? Take the subtle, adroit Hindoo as a guide. When he has something to gain from another man — some assistance to secure, some favor to ask — he studies first the character and then the mood of his acquaintance or *vis-a-vis*. When he has mastered its intricacies by judicious and sympathetic questioning, he makes himself a part of his acquaintance — shows how his interests may be forwarded by acquiescence in his own wishes, makes the man his friend, helps him when he wants help, renders the benefits to be secured mutual, and takes good care that his point gained shall be the starting post for a long series of mutually beneficial operations. Is not his success utterly dependent upon the wise and constant development of opportunities?

Napoleon beside an idiot — not even such an affinity of extremes can typify the untold potentialities of conscious and mechanical improvement in the mind and body of man.

AUTO-SUGGESTION AND CONCENTRATION.

BY HENRY WOOD.

HAVING considered in a previous paper the law of vibratory forces as operative between soul and soul, a study of its exercise in one's individual economy logically follows. But it is clearly impossible for spiritual development to be selfish, because no limitation can enclose it. Egotism is existent only on the sensuous plane. The higher unfoldment, in the very nature of the case, is an upliftment out of one's narrow, baser selfhood. Ideal soul development in the individual is a work that concerns all humanity. Effort for the true self and that directly in behalf of others, are only two different sides of one process.

It will be recalled that in "The Dynamics of Mind" thought-vibrations were presented as unlimited in their scope and potency. But great power is valueless unless it be harnessed and directed. Steam, electricity and even the abounding waterfalls of nature signify nothing to man until he intelligently grasps their laws, and through compliance therewith, commands them. It is a question of concordant vibration. The competent engineer mentally vibrates with his engine or dynamo and multiplies his accomplishment a thousand-fold, while the ignorant meddler not only does not increase his product but through an inherent judgment suffers penalty. Everything he employs is good, but there is misplacement.

All energy being primarily divine and normal, there can be no evil forces. Those which seem so wear that aspect, to us, from ignorant misdirection. Street sweepings may be valuable as fertilizing material, and for that purpose are clean, but when misplaced they are unclean to us though not so in themselves.

But this law of universal goodness is not limited to the material or objective realm. The forces of mind are all beneficent. The skill, patience and persistence of a thief are excellent, but they are subjectively distorted or turned into a wrong channel. This doctrine comes from no fine-spun metaphysical distinction but is basic and vital in its final analysis. There is no "evil" as an objective entity. If there were the Infinite Intelligence created that which is contrary to Himself, His laws and methods; an unthinkable supposition.

Law is both universal and beneficent, but owing to materialistic fogginess the latter has been scantily recognized. Even the

pain and penalty which are linked to non-conformity to law are good, not ideally but provisionally as they appear. They rise up as educational monitors. When deeply comprehended the higher evolutionary philosophy involves an unlimited optimism upon every plane of manifestation.

Ignorance of law rather than inherent depravity is responsible for all the woes of humanity. In proportion as the established order is truly interpreted, ills will disappear. Law is not that which is artificially imposed from without, but what is inscribed in man's constitution. The Decalogue and even the Sermon on the Mount are woven into the fabric of his being, so that violence to them is harmful to him. His real concern is with what is within. As with the "prodigal," pain and penalty bring men to themselves — that is, to the deeper, real individuality, which is virtually the "Father's house."

The regal dynamics of man's inner being have been wastefully neglected and squandered, while he has incessantly pursued objective phenomena which are only symptomatic and petty by comparison. Human vibrations have been disorderly and out of rhythm with the cosmic order. This has introduced confusion and chaos. Instead of multiplied power, as in the case of the skilful engineer, we have been ignorant meddlers, with disastrous results. Human activity in unison with the divine chords would have infinite backing and endorsement. Such cooperation would carry the belts of our machinery to the "power-house" of the Universe. Limitations would thereby be pushed wellnigh out of sight.

But to give these transcendent principles more specific application to the subject in hand, we may consider, first, the potency of suggestion or intelligent thought-action upon mental and physical conditions and expressions, and, second, their rational working means and methods.

It may be interesting to adduce a few well-known proofs and illustrations to indicate the wonderful — formerly called miraculous — power of the individual mind over the physical organism. Marked phenomena have been rather infrequent because powerful concentration has generally been haphazard, unscientific or superstitious, working in the direction of harm instead of good. Its law having been mistaken, this mighty force has been misused and entirely misinterpreted.

Perhaps there are no more significant examples of the dynamics of suggestion in history, than those experiences known as stigmatization. Like everything else not superficially evident it was rated as "supernatural." The term, as most persons are aware, refers to marks, tattoos or scars branded upon the body, corresponding to the wounds believed to have been inflicted upon

Jesus at the crucifixion. The graphic realism of art as employed in the Roman Catholic church all through the centuries, and which still continues to some extent, especially in Italy, Austria, Bavaria and Spain, produced vivid mental pictures of the passion. A crucifix held before the eyes, adored, kissed and concentrated upon by sensitive and highly-wrought natures, tended powerfully towards physical outpicturing as a natural and logical result. Such manifestations were denominated miracles.

The first positive historic example which is beyond a doubt is that of St. Francis of Assisi (Sept. 15, 1224). While intensely meditating upon the tragedy of Calvary in his cell on Mount Alverno, wounds appeared upon his body. There were five deep scars, those upon the hands and feet having the appearance of nails thrust through and a severe one in the side which occasionally bled. These facts are attested by his reliable biographers, Thomas of Celano and Bonaventura and also by Pope Alexander IV., who with many other witnesses declare that they had seen them, both before and after his death. A similar phenomenon occurred in the next century in the case of St. Catherine of Siena, a sister of the order of St. Dominic. It seems probable that St. Paul's declaratian, "I bear in my body the *stigmata* of Jesus," has the same significance, but of this there is no collateral evidence. Beginning with St. Francis, and coming down to the present time, there are about ninety well-authenticated cases of stigmatization on record, of which eighteen were males and seventy-two were females. Generally the order of infliction was the same as that recorded of the crucifixion, the first token being a bloody sweat, followed by scars of the thorny coronation, then the hand and foot wounds, that of the side being last.

The stigmatization of the nun, Veronica Giuliana (1696) was remarkable. She drew upon a paper an outline of the images which she said had been engraved upon her heart. After her death (1727) a *post mortem* made by Professor Gentile and Dr. Bordiga revealed in deep outlines the cross, scourge, etc., upon the right side of that organ. Other cases are also recorded of heart-marking when no scars appeared upon the surface. In still others, very severe pains were locally experienced without any marks.

A young woman in Saxony (1820) was subject to stigmatic trance. She appeared as if dead on Good Friday and revived on Easter Sunday.

The *stigmata* have appeared sometimes in colored circles of various hues, often of blackish gray and sometimes in rose-colored patches. In many cases the scars and even bleeding would occur on Good Friday and disappear on the Easter Sunday fol-

lowing. Space will not permit of more detail, though much might be given which is richly suggestive. *Stigmata* that have occurred in recent times, minutely recorded, and well-known in medical annals, have merely been classed as remarkable or abnormal by conventional science, and thus dismissed. Intelligently to turn such herculean mental forces in the opposite and beneficent direction seems not to have been thought of because the law of operation was not grasped. The time had not arrived. The theology that reigned supreme insisted that God operated capriciously, spasmodically and with the special favoritism of an Oriental monarch, and no one dared or was able to interpret truly the beautiful, orderly divine economy, through events and manifestations. So abnormal were the supposed highest ideals of spiritual development that stigmatic pains and wounds were regarded as special tokens of divine favor. But to gaze absorbedly upon the placid, beneficent portraiture of the Christ as represented by some of the modern artistic ideals would have been beautifying, uplifting and spiritualizing in the highest degree.

A limited and unconscious employment of the law of mental causation has appeared in the occasional outcropping of "miraculous healing" all through the ages, and still continues at various shrines and holy places, and from contact with sacred relics. A noble instance is found in the power attributed to the Bambino (image of the infant Jesus) which is contained in the Church St. Marie in Araceli, Rome. This little bejewelled image is invoked and revered and conveyed to the houses of wealthy Roman citizens in cases of dangerous illness with remarkable results. Numerous cures at Lourdes and Traves in France are well known and admitted by all who have given the matter any careful investigation. To indulge in any general denial of the manifestations that have been noted — which comprise but a mere fraction of those upon record — would indicate either ignorance or a most irrational disbelief of evidence that is almost without limit. The facts are undoubted. It is only the *modus operandi* that has been misinterpreted.

It is strange that the devout Romanist should feel that he honored God less by believing that He worked through the orderly laws of the human mind than by external and disorderly interposition. That quality in man which craves a magical and dramatic divine manifestation rather than one which is intelligible and scientific, is largely responsible for keeping the world in thraldom. How transcendent a Deity whose activities are beautifully regular! Our brethren of the Roman Catholic faith will doubtless gradually approach such a reasonable position. The conservative Orthodox Protestant is not much more logical, the main difference being that he dates his "miracles" farther back.

The Greek church has also had its "miraculous healings" and they are still extant.

Nothing else would so powerfully hasten the long hoped for reconciliation between science and religion, as a fuller and deeper interpretation of law. Religion must become scientific and reasonable, and science must broaden its vision and include the immaterial and spiritual realm. By such a consummation both would gain, each being endorsed by its true counterpart.

The possible intensity of the energy of mental states is demonstrated in many of the phenomena of hypnotic suggestion. One notable experiment is the production of rubification and vesication upon the surface of the body. Red or blistered letters, names or designs are marked upon the arm of a subject, following the simple tracing with a pencil or even the finger.

The power of discordant emotional force to turn the hair suddenly white, to poison the mother's milk, to produce disease and even death, under various conditions, is too familiar to require mention, but may be noted as sufficient in itself to confirm a principle that receives proof in such innumerable directions. But while the disastrous influence of such discordant emotions as fear, grief, anger, anxiety and depression for pulling down the physical tissues has long been known merely as a fact, the process has remained uninterpreted, and the positive benefits which accompany their opposites have been unappreciated or ignored.

But as if to heap up evidence, "Ossa on Pelion," as to the normal kingship of the mind, come the latest developments of physical science itself, as a counter-confirmation. Experiments in the laboratories of psycho-physicists — notably those of Prof. Elmer Gates, who is now at the head of the governmental department in this line of scientific research at Washington — prove that chemistry completely demonstrates the doctrine that all causative forces are mental. The most sensitive tests and analyses show that distinct corresponding products appear with unwavering certainty in the physical organism as a sequence to specific mental conditions. Those which are bad, negative and inharmonious produce a specific poisonous element in the bodily economy. Contrariwise, good, harmonious and spiritual thinking fruits in products that are vitally helpful and nourishing. These are detected and severally recognized in the perspiration, secretions and circulation of the individual. About forty of the good and as many of the harmful have been identified.

Virtue and vice, purity and impurity, spirituality and carnality, confidence and fear, love and hate, joy and grief, all through irrepealable law translate their respective qualities into flesh, blood, bone and sinew. Every possible thought-energy presses

for material expression. But the mixture of unlike materials, the interminable complexity of the process, together with its apparent slowness under ordinary conditions, have hidden the law from superficial observation. The subtle shadings of heredity also form another deeply involved element. But perhaps, more than all, prevailing materialism, which views the body as the real basis of man, is responsible for spiritual color-blindness and ignorance.

Having found that thought-energy, heretofore so lightly regarded, is a tremendous power for good or evil, physically, mentally and spiritually, a most vital problem presents itself to every individual. How can I control my thinking?

Within the mental chambers of every person there linger, not only some of those emotions commonly classed as sinful, but also a host of indefinable fears, spectres, imaginings, forebodings and morbid depressions which we would fain dismiss if we could, but find it impossible. They are the "skeletons in our closets," of whose existence even our most intimate friends are unaware. We do not wish to give these intruders shelter, but are unable either to drive them out or to coax them to leave. They vary in every mind, but none are entirely exempt. Sometimes they are so intolerable that almost any price would be paid for their removal. And now added to all this host of mental disturbances comes the positive knowledge that they are also working silent destruction in the physical organism. Well may one cry out, "What shall I do to be saved?" Saved from what? From my thoughts; from a mass of distorted mental pictures which seem to be myself; from the only thing in the universe that really can harm me.

But before attempting to show the way of salvation, we may suggest that these seeming antagonists are in the deepest degree beneficent. What a paradox! They are in reality the kindly chastisements that come to drive us from our discordant materialism into a higher and spiritual self-consciousness. They make us uncomfortable until we learn their lesson. They are the "consuming fire" which burns up the "wood, hay and stubble," but leaves the divine individuality — the real self — not only unharmed but purified. We feel the flames just in the proportion that we think our*selves* to be material rather than spiritual beings. They come to release us from a subjective prison which we have unwittingly built out of self-made materials. We may as well use a plain, old-fashioned term and call them hell. But this state of consciousness is the most powerful evolutionary pushing force in existence. Nothing less could prevent a peaceful reconciliation with sin and evil.

As a negative answer to the question of the way of salvation

from subjective abominations, it may at first be suggested that no bargain can be made with any objective or historic creed or ordinance for deliverance. Neither can we drive out or will away our unwholesome mental guests. Ten men cannot drive darkness out of a room, but the hand of a child may raise a curtain and the light will do the work. Displacement is the law. Truth casts out error. How can this be applied? Through the normal use of the divine creative thinking faculty. But the average man says that he "cannot control or concentrate this energy." Pray when has he made any systematic effort? He will spend years of time and no end of effort to educate himself on the surface, but can hardly afford hours to scientific thought-training.

As a rule thought is diffuse, undirected and open to all the depressing and discordant material which floats by. It may be compared to an unbroken colt without bit or bridle. But it can be educated and made docile. Auto-suggestion and concentration can be intelligently introduced into everyday life. Through their judicious employment, the ills, spectres, beliefs of evil and disorders of mind and body may be crowded out of the consciousness, and finally, as a natural result, vanish from outward expression. Daily psycho-gymnastics is needed and is as important as physical exercise. There should be intelligent and concentrated self-suggestions, that ideals — like health, harmony and everything good — are a *present possession*, and this attitude of mind, firmly held, in due time will bring them into outward manifestation. Contrary outward appearances and physical sensations must be held in abeyance. The work is back of these for they are resultant. The inmost and real is already perfect but we are unaware of it. When we therefore affirm this fact and dwell upon it we have the potential and ideal truth, sensations and surface indications to the contrary notwithstanding. The grandest claims must be made as *already* existent and held to until outwardly actualized. Such thought-energy is not irrational but reasonable for it is in accord with law. Until it is creatively used, as indicated, its sublime force is squandered or worse.

To illustrate the principle more concretely, let us suppose that one arises in the morning and physical sensation says, "You are ill," or "You are very weak." Acquiescence on his part and that of his friends is a surrender to the body, a positive servitude. He is a vassal, and no less so because this condition is so universal. Rather he should at once turn the most intense thought-vibrations in the opposite direction. He may with firm emphasis reply mentally — and if circumstances are favorable articulate the same — "I" (the real ego) "am well." "I am strong." "I am

whole." "*I* am soul." "I will rule the body." "I vibrate in harmony with the Universal Strength and open my whole nature to it." Let him repeat these and similar ideals, even mechanically, and they will gradually *change his consciousness concerning himself.* As a "living soul," through a normal use of his inherent forces, he thus triumphs over animal sensation. He assumes the rule of his own rightful kingdom. The principle is capable of endless forms and applications of which the above is but a suggestion. Can any one do this thoroughly and successfully the first time? As well ask if a common laborer can make a fine dress-coat without practice. The law of development is gradual, or rather not the *law* but the human knowledge of its application. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Positive entities like health, harmony, goodness, strength, love and spirituality must be installed in the consciousness through the normal formative power of thought. Negatives — which are not entities but only deficiencies — like weakness, disorder, inharmony, disease, malice and fear, are to be displaced, to gradually become unfamiliar, and finally and ideally *unreal.* But when positive conditions become a habit so that a permanent attitude of mind is attained, cures should become unnecessary because there will be nothing to cure. The practice of mental gymnastics should begin at once while one is well in order to prevent remedial necessities in the future.

Let us now briefly outline the *modus operandi* of a thought-development, which if begun and persevered in will repay one for the effort a hundred-fold. Take some available hour each day and restfully and quietly be alone in the silence. Bar out the external world, with all its thoughts and anxieties, and retire in consciousness into the innermost sanctuary of soul — the meeting place of the divine and the human. Rivet and focalize the mind upon one of the highest and most needed ideals, affirming its presence, and hold it there. If weariness ensues, alternate with the most relaxed and thorough passivity, simply letting the good flow in. If inconvenient during the day, any wakeful period after retiring at night will answer an excellent purpose. But in addition to its restorative influences it will grow to be a real mental and spiritual banquet — *the most delightful of all the experiences of life.*

Besides the positive ideals before named there are some greater and more purely spiritual in character, and they virtually include all other good things which are below them in grade. We venture to hint at a few: I am at one with the Eternal Goodness. I am filled with the Universal Spirit. "In Him we live and move and have our being." I project thought-vibrations of love to God and all humanity. All is good. I recognize the divine

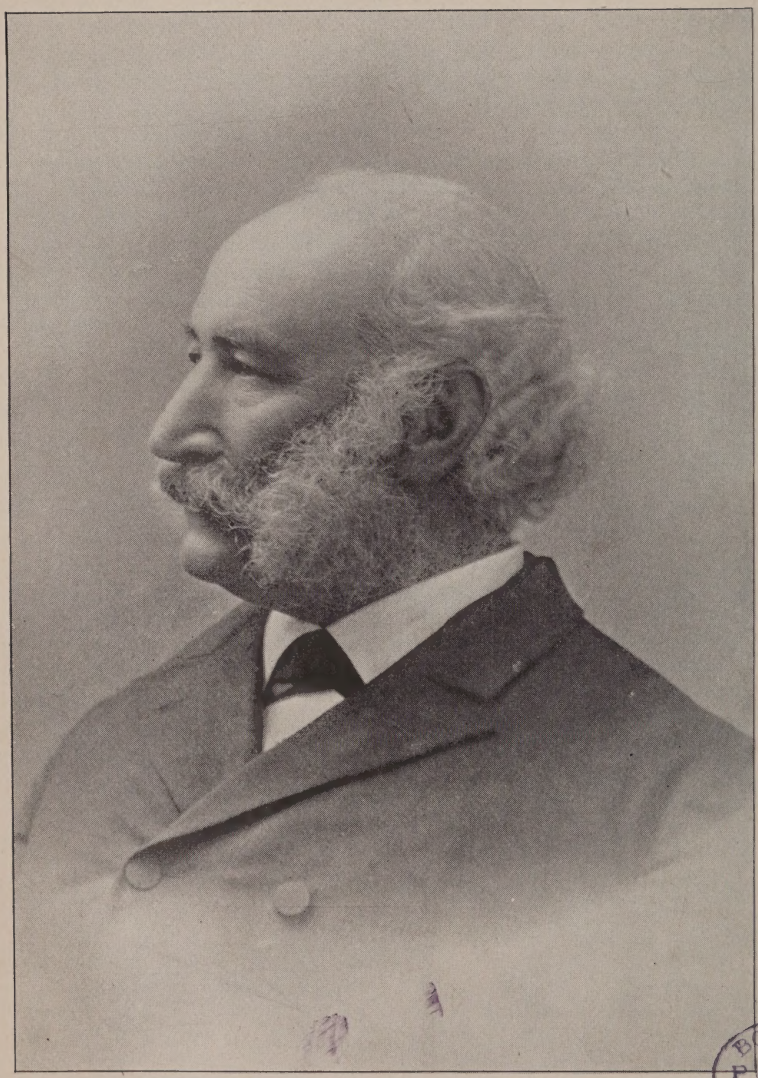
in me as my real ego. I deny the bondage of matter; I am spirit; I rule. I am pure, strong, well — ideally whole. "All things are yours."

Through concentration these healing and uplifting truths are engraven upon the consciousness in a vastly deeper degree than by mere ordinary surface thinking. The individual not merely thinks them but *gives himself to them.*

The contemplation of pure and elevating works of art, especially a placid, spiritual type of portraiture, is also very helpful as a prolonged suggestive exercise. In the same way, visible mottoes, graphic and positively ideal in character, are excellent to dwell upon. Through the medium of the eye, by exposure, their truth becomes photographed upon the deep, living consciousness.

We become or grow like what we mentally live with. Shall we choose beauty and wholeness or deformity and disease? We do not desire suffering and *stigmata*, but the true, living, joyful, Christly perfection.

The results of a six months' trial of pure, scientific mental gymnastics will be both a surprise and a delight. It will greatly enrich life upon all of its normal planes of activity, including those of art, science, literature and business. It will be a veritable revelation to victims of insomnia, dyspepsia, nervous prostration and pessimistic depression, not to mention numerous other mental and physical infelicities. It is an accessible realm to rich and poor, high and low. It costs only earnest, ceaseless effort. Any truly scientific use of the dynamics of thought becomes all-inclusive. It puts forces into human hands which reach out indefinitely in every direction. It is the golden sceptre that man may grasp and wield over the kingdoms within and around him.



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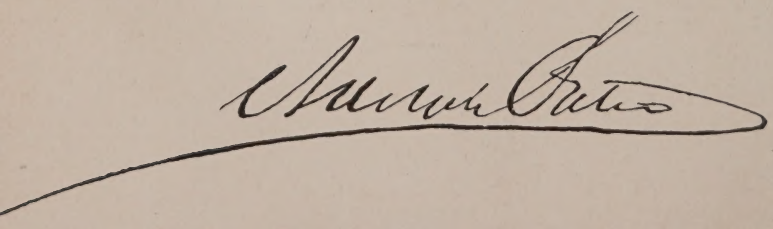

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HIGHER CRITICISM AS VIEWED BY A LIBERAL SCHOLAR.

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No one can fail to be struck with the increased interest taken in the critical study of the Bible during the last few years. More pressing than the question, What think ye of Christ? is that other question, What think ye of the Bible?—more pressing, because upon the answer given to the latter depends so largely that to be given to the former. Partly as result and partly as cause of this increased interest, there has grown up what has been called the higher criticism of the Bible, by which expression is meant not so much a study of the accepted text as a study of the books themselves, their authenticity and genuineness, along with the investigation of the far deeper problem of revelation and inspiration in general.

The old criticism (of course the word "criticism" is used here with its original meaning of "examination") accepted the Bible for what was claimed for it; it had only to discover what it means as it stands. It was a study of texts, illustrated by references to geography, history and other branches, very much after the manner of the International Series of Bible Lessons used in so many Sunday schools. The basis of all its work was that the Bible is a sacred book, that we have it in its correct form, and that our duty is merely to ascertain what it means. It is the correctness of these assumptions that the higher criticism calls into question.

But not alone to the Scriptures has this method of study been applied. It has been used, very successfully, in the investigation of Assyrian, Babylonian and Egyptian history; in the solution of the problem of the authorship of the Homeric poems; and

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in many another field of antiquarian research. Moreover, the method of this criticism is merely that of common sense and thorough study. It is the same method as that employed in geology, astronomy and all other sciences in which the results depend not so much upon direct testimony as upon circumstantial evidence. Many striking illustrations of its application in scientific work will suggest themselves to all — none more so than those derived from an investigation of the antiquity of man as shown by the presence in geological deposits of human bones and implements.

To take a few examples from the Bible as illustrations of the method of this new science. We may say "this new science," for it is only within the last few years that Bible students have — owing to the discovery of fresh records, the advance in archæological research, and so on — possessed a foundation whereon to build. More than that, the spirit of fair and honest criticism is of very recent birth. Credulity and superstition have but lately given way to an honest desire to know the truth in Bible matters. But to return.

It was at one time universally believed that Moses was the author of the entire Pentateuch. But we read in the Pentateuch, "And the Canaanite was then in the land." This must have been written, then, after the Canaanite had been driven out of the land. In Moses' time, however, he had not yet been driven out. Again, "This man Moses was meek above all the men that were upon the face of the earth" — a sentence which is not very likely to have been written by Moses himself. Still less likely was he to have written the detailed account of his own death. Again, there are in the Pentateuch the distinct traces of two separate records; and there are references to customs and conditions of life which we know did not exist in the time of Moses. On these and other grounds the higher criticism says definitely that Moses could not have written the entire Pentateuch.

Let us now consider what the Bible becomes when viewed in this new light, and wherein our former conceptions of revelation and inspiration will be changed. In reference to inspiration it is scarcely necessary to say that there can be only three theories upon the subject: First, that of verbal inspiration, which is, that every word of the Bible is infallibly correct, the direct revelation of God's will. This theory is now almost entirely discarded. Indeed, it cannot be maintained for an instant, for this if for no other reason, that there are in existence no original documents, and infallibility has never been claimed for revisers, copyists or translators. Second, the theory of "sense" inspiration, as it may be called. This is, that although the actual words may not always be free from error, the general sense or tenor of the Bible

is plain, and it is in this sense the word of God. But is the general sense, or tenor, always plain? We know that it is not, that commentators and churches have continually been at variance as to its meaning. To be at all satisfactory, according to this second theory, the Bible must have an infallible expounder. This is the position of the church of Rome. She says, in effect: "In this mazy labyrinth there must needs be an infallible guide, and I am that guide. God has given to me the custody of the sacred records; I will announce to the world the interpretation thereof." Romanists are, therefore, free from the difficulties that beset Protestants in this matter. Third, the theory held by Unitarians and others who call themselves liberal Christians; which is that the study of the Bible is to be carried on as is that of other similar books—in a spirit of seriousness, even reverence, but yet according to the recognized canons of literary criticism.

Let us now turn to our subject proper, the new view of the Bible. We must of course clearly understand what is the old or orthodox view as to the authorship of the various Biblical books. Leaving out minor parts we may say that it is this. As to the Old Testament: the first five books (called collectively the Pentateuch) were written by Moses; the Psalms, wholly or partly by David; Proverbs, by Solomon; and the prophetical and certain other books, by the men whose names they respectively bear. As to the New Testament: the several gospels were written by the evangelists; the Acts of the Apostles, by Luke; the epistles, unless otherwise stated, by Paul; while the Apocalypse, or Revelation, is the work of St. John.

Rev. W. C. Gannett in his book, "The Three Stages of a Bible's Life," writes thus: —

> In the life of a Bible there are three stages. In the first stage it is coming into being as a nation's literature. In the second stage it becomes a divine revelation, or its equivalent. In the third stage it becomes literature again, this time part of the world's literature. In its first stage it is simply books; in its second it is the Bible, the sacred book, "the Holy Scriptures"; in its third stage it becomes simply books again. In its first stage it is known to be the words of men; in its second it is sometimes thought to be the very word of God; in its third it is recognized again as the words of men. The first is the age of its writers; the second, the age of its believers or worshippers; the third, the age of its critics and truest appreciators. The first stage is apt to be very long: the Bibles of some nations have been a thousand years and more in coming into being. The second, that of its worshippers, is apt to be still longer: the religions of Buddha and Confucius, for instance, are each nearly twenty-five hundred years old, and each of these rests upon a sacred book. The third stage lasts as long as the world continues to be interested in the book."

There are many illustrations of the truth of these words; for example, the sacred books of the Hindoos, the Vedas and The

Tripitakas; the Zendavesta of the ancient Persians; the Classics of Confucius. The Koran of the Mohammedan world is in one respect an exception to this general rule; for, although it contains many old Arab sayings and legends, yet it sprang at one bound from the brain of Mohammed. In its initial stage, therefore, the Koran closely resembles that strange product of our time, the Mormon Bible. In the last two stages, however, it is like the other sacred books of the world. Now, the correctness of the general statement just quoted, namely, that there are three eras in a Bible's life, is acknowledged by every one as to all Bibles except his own. His own is a book apart, a sacred book. "All men think all men mortal but themselves."

Let us now try to trace the growth of the Old Testament. Moses lived about thirteen hundred years before Christ. Books to have been written by him must have been written, therefore, about that time. As a matter of fact, there were no sacred writings of the Hebrews at that time, or even in the time of David, who lived two hundred fifty years thereafter. At the latter date, that is, B. C. 1050, there were only a few war songs, legends, church hymns and other somewhat fugitive compositions. Passing over four hundred fifty years from David's age, we come to one of the turning-points of Jewish history, the Babylonish captivity; the people of Israel being taken from their own land to dwell as captives beside the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers. But in the centuries which immediately preceded the captivity, there had arisen those wonderful men, the prophets. (The office of the prophets, it is hardly necessary to say, was not so much to foretell future events as to reprove the people for their idolatry and general wickedness.) Contemporaneously with the prophets there had arisen historians somewhat akin to them; the collectors of material for future histories. At first the legends, proverbs and traditions had been preserved only orally. But by about the year 600 B. C., the date of the captivity, there had been collected a vast mass of traditional and legendary history, proverbs, psalms, hymns and other literary matter, which matter was, by this time, largely in writing. It was, however, not regarded as sacred, not selected or arranged. Still less was it collected to form one book.

Captivity may act in one of two ways upon a people; it may crush out or it may strengthen the national life, with all implied therein. The result depends upon the fibre of the race and the nature of the captivity. The Babylonian captivity acted upon the children of Israel in the latter way; it ennobled, purified, strengthened them. "By the waters of Babylon they sat down and wept; they could not sing the Lord's song in a strange land. They hung their harps on the willows in the midst thereof."

But there can be no captivity of the mind; and these exiles had behind them their wondrous history bright with the light from Sinai and the pillar of fire, and before them that promised day when their seed should be in number as the sand on the seashore and as the stars in heaven for multitude.

It was during this era that there arose the three great prophets — Jeremiah, the prophet of the gathering gloom; Ezekiel, of the midnight darkness just before the dawn; and Isaiah, of the coming day. But still there was no Bible, as we understand that word. There was a national literature; there was no collection, or canon, of sacred books. At last the term of exile came to an end. Cyrus granted to all who so desired permission to return to their native land. There ensued two great migrations, somewhat like the exodus of old. Of these the second had for leader Ezra, called "the scribe or writer," a new name; and he brought with him "the law of Moses," which he read to the people "beside the water-gate of the city." In the eighth chapter of Nehemiah we thus read: —

> All the people gathered themselves together as one man into the street that was before the water-gate; and they spake unto Ezra the scribe, to bring the book of the law of Moses, which the Lord had commanded to Israel. And Ezra the priest brought the law before the congregation both of men and women, and all that could hear with understanding, upon the first day of the seventh month. . . . And Ezra opened the book in the sight of all the people — for he was above all the people; and when he opened it, all the people stood up; and Ezra blessed the Lord, the great God. And all the people answered Amen, Amen, with lifting up their hands; and they bowed their heads and worshipped the Lord, with their faces towards the ground.

This event, it has well been said, was the virtual beginning of the Jewish church. The political power of Israel had died away; the splendor of the reign of Solomon was a thing of the far-distant past. Israel, except at rare intervals, was henceforth a conquered people. But there now sprang up a spiritual life, to take the place of the old political life. From this day forward the law began to mould the nation. The early religion had been largely idolatrous, as is very obvious. The ancient battle-cry was that Jehovah is the god above all others, "our god"; the surrounding nations, however, having their own gods, into whose worship the Hebrews were ever wont to fall. This was the early view. But from the time of Ezra — say, 450 B. C. — the Hebrews worshipped one God. The old idolatry had been left behind in Babylon, along with the ten tribes, who would not return. Those who did return were the Puritans of that day, the zealous servants of the one God Jehovah.

The question now arises: What was this "law of Moses" which Ezra read? We do not know with absolute certainty, but it was probably the Pentateuch, or first five books of our Bible,

still called the books of Moses, and containing the account of the creation and of the flood, the early history of the Hebrews, the commandments and the priestly ritual. These records had been written by many a hand, through many a generation; they were now for the first time gathered together in one book. As their authors were unknown, to whom should they be ascribed but to Moses, the lawgiver and leader, the great national hero? For in that day there was of course no such thing as literary criticism. Moreover, there was nothing unusual or censurable in ascribing the works of unknown authors to great men of a bygone age. There are many examples of this tendency. For example, the Apostles' Creed was not written by the apostles. It is so called because it has been supposed to contain the teaching of the apostles. Moses was, then, the one to whom the authorship of the Book of the Law would naturally be attributed.

And who should have given Moses this law but Jehovah, the national God? For just as many a nation has traced back to the gods its royal line, so has many a nation traced back to the gods its system of laws. As has been said, then, "In that act of faith, by which the words of men were uplifted and became the word of God, the Hebrew Bible as such was born." This was in the fifth century B. C., more than eight hundred years after Moses, more than five hundred after David.

It must be noticed, however, that this Book of the Law was not the complete Old Testament; it was merely the Pentateuch — possibly not all of that.

The two other divisions of the Old Testament underwent the same general process as did this first division. No new prophets had arisen among the people, and the place of the former ones had been taken by scribes, historians and collectors of the ancient writings. By 300 B. C., the prophecies and histories — such as the books of Ezra and Nehemiah, certain Psalms, and (possibly) the books of Judges and Kings — were also regarded as sacred. Thus the second division of the Hebrew Bible was formed.

But there were yet to be added to the books already received many others; for example, Proverbs and most of the Psalms. (The era of Ezra and the two preceding centuries were prolific in hymn-writing.) These were admitted after 300 B. C.; the last entire book that was written being that of Daniel, the date of which is about 165 B. C. Slowly, therefore, this third division of the Old Testament was completed, certain parts of it (e. g., the Song of Solomon and Ecclesiastes) not being received until after the time of Christ. The explanation of the date and reasons of admission to the canon must be sought in the circumstances and nature of each particular book. For instance: Esther has no allusion to God; the Song of Solomon is a mere

love song; Ecclesiastes is the monologue of a cynical man of the world. But, omitting certain somewhat unimportant books, we may say that the canon, that is, the volume recognized as sacred by the Jewish church, closed about 100 B. C. The formation of this canon occupied, therefore, twelve hundred years. For twelve hundred years, at any rate, Jewish tradition, law, psalm and proverb had been crystallizing, until they came forth at last in new and authorized form as Holy Scripture.

Three observations may here be made. (1) Nothing has been said in this rapid sketch of the many books that were admitted for a time, and then excluded, or of those which long hovered on the misty border-line between Scripture and mere literature. (2) There are the apochryphal, that is, "the hidden," and therefore after a time the spurious books, such as Esdras and Tobit and Ecclesiasticus. These are usually found in our English Bible between the Old and New Testaments, and are regarded by the Protestant churches as uncanonical, although some of them are accepted by the Roman Catholic church. We cannot tell what the Bible might not have contained had not its development been so rudely broken in upon by the destruction of Jerusalem (with the consequent dispersion of the Jews) and by the rise of Christianity. (3) There is the Talmudic literature. This comprises uncounted volumes of controversy, commentary and exposition, by the most learned Jewish doctors. The Talmudic literature was regarded, not as sacred, but as semi-sacred; and it flourished up to fully six hundred years after Christ. Indeed, it is still studied by Jewish priests, as second in authority only to the Old Testament itself.

Let us now consider the New Testament. At the time of Christ's death there were in existence only some of His sayings and certain stories of His life. Moreover, these were not in writing — they were oral. By 70 A. D., the date of the siege of Jerusalem, there were in writing certain epistles, or letters, and (probably) part of the book of Revelation. In addition to these, however, there were memoranda of Christ's life and death; but these were uncompiled, unarranged, and not recognized as Holy Scripture. By 125 A. D. there was in existence the whole of the New Testament as we have it now except (probably) a few epistles and the Gospel of St. John. By 150 A. D. this gospel was written, and by 170 A. D. the last book appeared, the Second Epistle of Peter.

Still, these various books were not grouped together, nor were they stamped with the authority of Holy Scripture. The canon of the New Testament had not yet been formed. Just as was the case with the Old Testament in early ages, the several books were mere literature. By the end of the second century the

church had become tolerably powerful. It was not yet the state church of the empire, but it had extended its influence far and wide. As it grew, dissensions arose and heresies appeared. It was deemed necessary, therefore, to have a definite doctrinal basis, writings that should be regarded as authoritative concerning what Christ and His apostles had taught. From that time until the end of the fourth century, therefore, church councils were busied with the selection of New Testament books. At the end of the fourth century the canon was closed, and it appeared as we have it to-day. "Busied with the selection of books," for these books were admitted, of course, only by votes in the councils. It might happen that a book was accepted or rejected by one vote; and sometimes one council admitted a book, and another rejected it. Reference has already been made to the apocryphal writing, held as canonical by the Roman church, but considered uncanonical by Protestant churches.

Including the New Testament, then, we may say that the Bible was in process of formation for a space of seventeen hundred years; that is, from the time of Moses to the end of the fourth century after Christ. By this latter date the several books had been acknowledged as Holy Scripture, although of course not bound together in one volume, nor translated and annotated as we have them now. Well indeed may we say: —

> Slowly the gospel of the race is writ,
> And not on paper leaves or leaves of stone.
> Each race, each kindred, adds a verse to it:
> Texts of despair or hope or joy or moan.
> Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit.

Seventeen hundred years! We can scarcely comprehend the meaning of those words. They mean that the time required for the formation of the Biblical canon is seventeen times as great as the distance which separates us to-day from the French Revolution, while the time comprised in the development of the New Testament alone is as great as that which has elapsed since Columbus set sail from Palos. If it is impossible to obtain an accurate record of the French Revolution or of the voyages of Columbus, what shall we say of the claim of inerrancy made for the Bible by its too zealous supporters? This point is still more important when one bears in mind that these far-off ages were ages of ignorance and superstition; that literary criticism was unknown; that there was no printing to fix the records forever, and that the early Christians were in general devoid of learning and literary experience.

As has been said, the selection of the various books was the work of church councils. These councils were composed of bishops and other delegates from all parts of the Christian world:

men sincere, no doubt, for the most part, but in many cases full of prejudice and bigotry. Not seldom were these members appointed through intrigue and bribery, while at the councils themselves votes were too often extorted by force or won by flattery. Like church councils ever since, the ecclesiastical gatherings of that day were largely political. The questions upon which the members divided were not so much the genuineness of this book or the authenticity of that, as the East against the West, Rome against Alexandria, the Imperial against the anti-Imperial party. The canon of our New Testament depends, then, upon the action of church councils, the members of which were men of virtues, vices, strength and weakness like unto our own. There is, therefore, to one who would fain preserve the Bible in its old status, no way out of the dilemma other than to assume, as do the Roman and Anglican churches, that these early councils were divinely guarded, so that mistakes were impossible.

From the end of the fourth century until the present, that is, during fifteen hundred years, the Bible has been regarded as Holy Scripture, not as containing, but as being, the word of God. Two observations may here be made: (1) The Bible does not claim infallibility for itself. The strongest text in that direction is, "All Scripture is given by inspiration, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." But this text can, at best, apply only to the Old Testament, as the New Testament had not been compiled at the time of the writing of these words. Further, being "given by inspiration" is very different from being infallibly correct, the direct utterance of the Most High God. We pray even now that we may be filled with God's Spirit, that is, may be inspired. Still further, when we turn to the Revised Version, we find as the preferred reading, "Every Scripture inspired of God is also profitable" and so on — without any test as to what is and what is not inspired. (2) There is a great deal of misconception concerning the meaning of the expression, "the word of God." Without dwelling at any length upon this matter, we may say that the fundamental idea in all such Biblical phrases is not that of a book, but that of God's purpose or command, however signified. For example: "By the word of God the heavens are of old"; and again, "He sendeth forth His commandment upon earth: His word runneth very swiftly."

But to return. From the end of the fourth century to the present has continued this bibliolatry, this worship of the Bible, one of the most pernicious tendencies ever introduced into Christianity. The Bible has been the touchstone, the great test of truth. When Columbus said to the learned doctors, "I will reach the east by sailing to the west," they quoted Revelation,

"I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth," and asked, "Can a sphere have four corners?" When Galileo said, "The sun is the centre of our system and the earth revolves round the sun," the learned doctors replied, "Doth not the Psalmist say, 'The sun ariseth,' and did not Joshua stay the sun in Gibeon, and the moon in the Valley of Ajalon?" When witchcraft was the terror of the world, and every market place had its fagot and its stake, was there not found in the Bible the command, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"? When slavery was struggling for its life in all civilized lands, did not earnest ministers of the gospel quote the Mosaic law as to slaves and St. Paul's injunction, "Servants [i. e., slaves], be obedient unto your masters according to the flesh"? Does not the church of Rome to-day rest its claim to supremacy largely upon the text, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it"? Are not ecclesiastical courts still judging men upon Bible texts? What is all this but making an idol of a book? It is exactly what a learned commentator did when he wrote: "We can say nothing against a certain deed of Samson's, because Samson was a divinely commissioned man; but had any one else done the deed, he would have deserved to be hanged."

However, to go back to our starting point. There are three stages in a Bible's life: (*a*) As national literature; (*b*) as Holy Scripture; (*c*) as universal literature. The world is now in the third stage of our Bible's life; the Old and New Testaments are fast becoming literature again, but literature of a special type and of intense interest. It is inevitable that the second stage should yield to the third, just as it is that night shall merge into day, or the flower develop into the fruit. For as soon as the second stage is reached, and any book at all is regarded as of binding authority, the question arises, What does the book mean? This is the question of questions — What shall be the interpretation thereof?

Now interpretation must vary, for this reason if for no others — the imperfection of language; for language has no fixity. It changes, chameleon-like, to suit the conditions of time and place. Chief Justice Story of the United States supreme bench spent several weeks, it is said, in drawing up a statute; and afterwards, when a case depending upon it was brought before him, he confessed that he could not tell exactly what the statute meant. Are the readers of Emerson and Browning and Tennyson able at all times to make out their author's meaning? Extracts from his own poems were, it is related, submitted to Lord Tennyson, with a request for their signification; and the poet replied that he could not recollect what idea he intended at the time to convey,

and certainly could not tell by merely reading them what was their hidden import. Language is a kaleidoscope, varying with our several moods.

Moreover new interpretations must arise for another reason entirely apart from the inherent imperfection of language. No two men see quite alike. What is plain to one will not be plain to the other; each one's view is colored by his disposition, training, surroundings. Thus doubt began to spring up as to the authority of Scripture. Nothing so much weakens our faith in an authority as does indefiniteness in its utterances. If a book may be made to mean this or that at will, the majority of men will conclude that it is by no means an infallible guide. This is the chief cause of the general lack of confidence in the Bible. It is not that the average man has investigated the question for himself. The way in which he argues is this: If those persons who make a life study of the Bible cannot agree upon its meaning, what chance have I? This criticism began in very early times, and has gathered force as the centuries have passed. Only in comparatively recent years, however, has it made rapid progress.

Until the Protestant Reformation this Bible question was not so very important. During many preceding centuries the church was everything, the Bible being but one of the foundation stones upon which it rested. But the reformers, having given up the theory of the infallibility and supreme authority of the church, had to fall back upon some other position. They chose the Bible. It is true that Luther himself was inclined to be somewhat critical, calling St. James' Epistle "a straw epistle." It is true that the Anglican church has retained this theory of ecclesiastical authority along with the Protestant theory of Scriptural authority. But, in general, Protestantism rests upon "an open Bible," which, it is claimed, is God's complete revelation to man. With the birth of the Reformed churches, therefore, men began to study this book, which had so long been sealed. Then the difficulty arose; for it was seen that it is capable of a multitude of interpretations.

Not until the last century, however, did men seriously question the soundness of the generally-held theory. This was the era of Gibbon and Hume and Paine and Priestley. But still, their criticism was very different from the higher criticism of to-day. The world a century ago was not ready for the new science. Modern geology, astronomy, comparative religion — these were as yet unborn. "Very different from the higher criticism of to-day"—for, as has already been said, there are two methods of treating a book. The one method confines the attention entirely to the text, illustrating such text by references to geography,

history and other cognate studies. The book, however, is accepted as it stands; the only thing is to discover what it means. The other method goes far beyond all this. It discusses the question of authorship and origin; it looks up translations; it compares statements made in the book with statements upon the same subject in other books. In a word, the old method of investigation confined itself to the horizon of the work under discussion; the new enlarges this horizon until it becomes coextensive with human knowledge. To quote the words of a writer: —

> To-day, by historic criticism we know more about Greek history than did Plato; more about Roman history than did Cicero; more of the Hebrew religion than did the Hebrew prophets themselves. What has been discovered by its aid may roughly be compared to the knowledge of the earth's history gained by the geologists. The word "strata" belongs almost as truly to ancient literature as it does to ancient rocks. . . . By geology we are learning how the earth came into being, and how to marshal in its true order its procession of animal life. In the other case we are learning how the literature came into being, how to marshal in true order the procession of ideas and events, to distinguish between clear myth and legend, between probable and proven fact.

There are, then, certain things always to be remembered: —

(1) *The Bible is not one book.* Not until recent times were its various parts bound together, and in many ways it is an unfortunate thing that this has been done; for the belief has been produced that the Bible is a coherent whole instead of a somewhat fortuitous collection of scattered parts. Notwithstanding much clerical rhetoric, the various books are just as separate as are the works of Milton and Shakespeare — yes, of Milton and Virgil and Schiller, for they are written in different languages. Suppose the writings of the last three had been translated into a common language, and then bound together. Suppose, further, that they had always been spoken of as "the book" (this is the meaning of the word "Bible"). What would have been the result? Simply that, after a time, it would have come to be believed that they were connected in some mysterious way, and were different from all other works. A similar thing has happened in the case of the Bible. How many sermons have been preached from these words of the Book of Revelation: "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book. And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and out of the things that are written in this book." How often have the speakers assumed that these words refer to the whole Bible! As a matter of fact, they refer to the single Book of Revelation, and are merely the ordinary words of warn-

ing against literary piracy so common of old. The same thing is found in epitaphs; for example, on Shakespeare's tomb: —

> "Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
> To dig the dust enclosèd here.
> Blesséd be he who guards these stones,
> And cursed be he who moves my bones."

When the authorities of St. Mary's church at Stratford-on-Avon refused, as they did a few years ago, to allow the poet's grave to be disturbed by literary investigators, their action was prompted, not by dread of the curse, but by respect for the poet's memory.

"The Bible" is, in fact, not the correct title of the Scriptures. They were called in early times not "the Bible," or "Book," but τα βιβλια, "the books." Only during the last five centuries has the singular form been used. This latter expression, "the books," was not employed until the fifth century after Christ. Before that time the title was "the Scriptures," that is, "the writings." The Jews divided their Old Testament into three parts — the law, the prophets and "the writings." The first, "the law," comprised the Pentateuch, or first five books of our Bible. The second, "the prophets," embraced the early (or major) and the later (or minor) prophets, as also Judges, Joshua, Samuel and Kings. The third comprised the Psalms, the Proverbs, Job and other books collectively designated "the writings."

Thus we see that the Bible is not one book — it is a library of books, containing legends, histories, prophecies, proverbs, church ritual, hymns, national laws and divers other things; sixty-six books in all, written in various languages, about all sorts of things, and extending, as to the time of composition, over a space of at least fifteen hundred years; and, as to the events dealt with, over a stretch of time from the creation of the world to the end of all things.

(2) *The Bible has not always been divided into chapters and verses.* This innovation was introduced in 1551. Originally, of course, the writing was a mere mass of letters, the words not being separated, and in the Hebrew text the vowel-points being omitted. The headings of the chapters and the running titles (except those of the Psalms) date only from 1611, that is, the time of the King James translation. Nothing has tended to cause greater confusion in the minds of Bible readers than this division into fragmentary parts of continuous narratives. The Revised Version very wisely returns to the former fashion.

(3) *The books of the Bible are not arranged in the chronological order of their composition.* This is a very unfortunate thing, this faulty sequence of the various books, as it gives readers a wrong idea of the sequence of events. The mistake arose, of course, from a want of knowledge as to the authorship of the

various books. For example, it was long believed that Moses was the author of the Pentateuch; and Moses lived before the age of the supposed writers of other Old Testament books. The Pentateuch must be placed, therefore, at the very beginning. Again, it was naturally believed that the gospels, which sketch the life of Christ, were composed before the epistles, which were written to the already-formed churches. But we now know that the epistles bear date earlier than do the gospels. Again, the Book of Revelation treats of the last things, the end of the world and the final judgment. It would, therefore, naturally come last, although it was composed before many another that precedes it in the New Testament order.

In this connection a few words on the authorship and composition of certain Biblical books may not be out of place. There are in the Pentateuch two, if not more, distinct strata; two, if not more, distinct documents. These are characterized by the different names of God, and bear the appellations respectively of the Elohistic and the Yahwehistic document — from Elohim and Yahweh (or Jehovah). The line between the two narratives is clearly drawn, as is seen in the accounts of the creation and the flood. The Yahwehistic narrative is more simple, more spontaneous, less artificial in style, than is the other. As has well been said, the one is priestly, the other is prophetic. Who the authors of these records were we do not know. "Many voices, unknown voices, are blended there, speaking out of the world's gray dawn."

In Isaiah also there are seen two distinct writings — the first one by the great prophet, the second by an unknown author; the time separating the two being about two hundred years. The Book of Daniel, the date of which is given as of the sixth century B. C., was really composed about 170 B. C. This book, the stronghold of prophecy, is an instance of the dating back of a literary work — nothing unusual at that time — in order to produce a desired effect. The great majority of the Psalms are not the work of David. It has been doubted whether any of them are. The Book of Proverbs is fragmentary in its composition. The greater part of it is not due to Solomon; but as he was called "the wise king," he was credited with the authorship of the whole.

To pass to the New Testament. The Acts of the Apostles are, in all probability, not by Luke, as is currently believed, but by some unknown writer whose aim it was to blend the two opposing phases of Christianity, the Pauline and the Petrine. The gospels undoubtedly do not come from the hands of the four apostles whose names they respectively bear. Their writers, whoever they were, were mere collectors of scattered memoranda,

legend and story, coming down from apostolic days and connected with apostolic names.

Let us now ask ourselves the questions, What has the Bible become under the new criticism? Does it remain the same as before? The answer to the latter question is plain: It does not; it is entirely changed. It becomes the history of a gradual approach to a nobler morality, to a higher thought of God. It becomes the spiritual autobiography of that race which may be called *the* religious race of the ancient world — from its childhood, when Abraham was called out of Mesopotamia, to that day when from it there sprang a new religion destined to play a still larger part in the great world's life. The Bible, in fact, spreads before us the most impressive picture of man's religious growth; it displays to us, age by age, the development of that people who, apparently, more than any other, were endowed by God with the spiritual sense, who pondered so deeply over religious problems, who evolved the conception of the unity of the Godhead, and who, in the fulness of time, produced that wonderful leader, Jesus Christ.

Thus — to recur to the thought with which we set out — the Bible, after all these years, is coming back to us as literature. It began as national literature, three thousand years ago. It then became Holy Scripture, *the* word of God. Now once more it is literature, to be read as other books are, in a spirit suited to the great themes with which it deals, but still with discretion and common sense. "With common sense," for it contains many errors and contradictions. Its science is primitive, its history at times incorrect, its morality not always above reproach. The current idea that all its parts are to be read and studied with equal zeal and profit, is a great mistake. There are many parts that are anything but edifying — passages, the reading of which can do only harm, especially to the young. But with all its faults, the Bible is the noblest collection of religious literature in the world.

Do we not lose, however, by the change? it is asked. As the woman at the grave said, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." So does not this new treatment virtually rob the Christian world of its Bible, with all implied therein? The reply is: This is not the point. The point is, whether the old view is the correct view or not. There are many delusions we would fain retain, many fancies we would fain make facts. One thing, and one thing only, can endure. Truth *is* mighty, and it *will* prevail. Everywhere about us idols are falling, and they will continue to fall. There is no occasion for undue haste in their removal, but they must eventually be removed.

However, is the Bible such a comfort to most persons — the Bible in its old sense — that it must be preserved at all hazards? It is much to be doubted. How many persons read the Bible thoroughly now? Not very many. And why? Chiefly because it contains so many things that are neither edifying nor credible, but all of which, it is thought, must be accepted as correct. Teach men that they are not obliged to accept everything, and the Bible will glow with a new interest. How many thousands of good, earnest, sensible souls have struggled over Bible difficulties, have tried to believe that the contradictions do not exist, that the errors may be explained away, that the fault is all their own; and have been oppressed with the terrible thought that God will hold them responsible for their failure of entire belief! What a happy revelation to such to find that they are not called upon to crucify their reason and religious instinct by a blind acceptance of everything in the Scriptures; that there, as elsewhere, God expects us to use our reason, to separate the chaff from the wheat, the gold from the baser ore! No, the newer criticism does not take away the Bible; it only rescues it from the superstitions and errors which have so long enshrouded it. It restores it to the world, more than ever a lamp to the feet and a light to the eye. No greater service can be rendered to the Christian world than to show it what the Bible really is, and what its writers intended it should be; to inculcate more and more this doctrine, that God has not made one revelation to mankind and then ceased therefrom forever; but that rather —

> "The word unto the prophets spoken
> Was writ on tables yet unbroken.
> The word by seer or sibyl told
> In groves of oak, by fanes of gold,
> Still floats upon the morning wind,
> Still whispers to the willing mind.
> One accent of the Holy Ghost
> This heedless world has never lost."

A PLEA FOR PANTHEISM.

BY HEINRICH HENSOLDT, PH. D.

Prakriti [matter] is an illusion; Purusha [mind] alone is real. — *Upanishads.*
Gegen Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens. — *Goethe.*

In the November Arena an anonymous critic, styling himself "A Student of Occultism," has deemed it expedient to "correct" certain statements of mine in reference to the teachings of Coomra Sàmi, contained in my paper on Thibet, and to enlighten an unsophisticated public as to the *real* philosophy of the "Brotherhood of India." He begins his extraordinary effusion with the announcement that he has "devoted more than twenty years to the careful study of occult philosophy," and that, for nearly half that time, he has been a "*regularly admitted member** of that mystic order which alone could invest him with the authority to speak upon the subject under consideration."

Then, after some facetious compliments as to "Mr. Hensoldt's ability, clearness, and honesty of purpose" and the assurance that no offence is meant, but simply a sort of mild refutation of "conclusions which unintentionally do injustice to the Mystic Brotherhood as well as to their philosophy," he informs the reader that Coomra Sàmi's conceptions of matter (as rendered in the second part of my paper on Thibet) are all wrong, that "such is not the philosophy of the Mystic Brotherhood," and that he (the anonymous writer) has been commissioned, as it were, by the said Brotherhood to vindicate and expound their *real* doctrines. This announcement is worthily climaxed by the interesting information that "there are to-day but thirty-three active living masters of the Inner Temple of the Mystic Brotherhood."

It was not altogether wise on the part of this tremendous initiate (and mouthpiece of the *mahatmas*) to preface his peculiar missive with these pompous assertions. In the first instance, it was very bad form. To begin a controversy with the announcement that one has devoted half a lifetime to the study of the subject under discussion sounds very much like begging the question, for it presumes a dogmatic authority, at the outset, which it is afraid to establish on the ground of logical reasoning. The law of the survival of the fittest applies even

* The italics are mine.

more forcibly to theories than to species, and, in an intellectual tournament, he who can advance the clearest and most convincing arguments will invariably be proclaimed the victor. Self-constituted authority and assertive dogmatism count for little in these sceptical days. A man may have handled plane, saw, and chisel a whole lifetime, and yet be a very poor carpenter for all that; length of research does not establish mental calibre, and "der Doctor schützt vor der Dummheit nicht," as we say in Germany, i. e., "a doctor's diploma is no criterion of a man's intelligence." If this doughty champion has really "devoted more than twenty years to the careful study of occult philosophy," it is surprising how little he has learned during all that time, for he knows *absolutely nothing* of Oriental mysticism (as will be shown immediately) and precious little of occultism in general or modern science in particular.

The *mahatmas*, in selecting so sorry a polemist for the airing of their grievances, must have been in a singular predicament, although it is quite in keeping with some of their other erratic performances, for instance the nature of the communications with which, from time to time, they favor the ring-leaders and wire-pullers of a certain jesuitical organization in this country. Judging from the composition and spelling of these mysterious messages, as well as from the chronic absence of ideas in them, or even utterances to which a gifted imagination could attach the remotest meaning, it is safe to declare that there is no *embarras de richesse* of intellect among the "thirty-three active living masters of the Inner Temple of the Mystic Brotherhood."

To one who possesses even the crudest knowledge of Oriental philosophy, it is refreshing to notice the hardihood with which this phenomenal "student of occultism" delivers himself pompously and dogmatically on subjects which are evidently altogether beyond his ken.

In the first instance: *There is no such thing as a "Brotherhood of India."* There are to be found, in the jungles, deserts, and mountain-fastnesses of India, Burma, and Thibet, numerous recluses — for southeastern Asia may still be called a land of hermits — and many of these, by dint of severe self-discipline and a prolonged cultivation of the faculty of introspection (which lies dormant even in the breast of the savage), rise to considerable occult knowledge and power; but they do not form a brotherhood in the sense of any of our secret societies, and neither at the present day nor at any previous period did there exist an organization *of any kind whatsoever*, even among the most advanced adepts of the far East. To speak of an "Inner Temple of the Mystic Brotherhood" is as astounding and amusing a piece of absurdity as the declaration that there are to-day

"thirty-three active living masters." Our occult critic here evidently has the thirty-three degrees of Freemasonry in his mind, and the whole is a ludicrous attempt at mystification.

The Hindoo philosophy, as I have pointed out on a previous occasion,* does not depend upon an interchange of ideas for its advancement, but is based almost entirely upon *intuition*, viz., upon the cultivation of certain mysterious innate faculties which are a universal heritage of mankind, and which, if righty exercised, are of priceless value in the attainment of transcendental wisdom. An organization for the purpose of mutual enlightenment or combined action, in the sense of our Western culture, would be meaningless and altogether impossible among the Oriental mystics, where each individual represents a different plane of development and is a law unto himself alone.

Of course the term "mystic brotherhood" may, under certain conditions, be employed, just as we not unfrequently speak of a medical, legal, or clerical "fraternity," or even a "brotherhood of tramps," without implying the actual existence of such bodies, in the sense of organized institutions. I, myself, have, in this signification, once or twice made use of the expression "brotherhood," when speaking of the mystics in my previous papers on Oriental occultism. But here comes a cheerful innocent who soberly assures us that there exists a *de facto* "Brotherhood of India" (a brotherhood, moreover, which is sorely offended at my alleged misrepresentation of *their* philosophy), and who actually has evolved "thirty-three active living masters of the Inner Temple" from his inner consciousness.

How many more times must it be repeated that the thorny path of the Indian recluse — his progress to a higher knowledge — does not lead through the gates of a formal "initiation" by more advanced hierophants who have already climbed the Himalayan heights? There are many who seem to look upon adeptship in the light of a trade, which can be learned by any grocer's clerk, after a more or less extended apprenticeship. Numerous letters have been received by the writer from people who wanted to know whether adepts accepted pupils from the United States, and under what conditions Coomra Sàmi would be likely to receive them as boarders. The following quotation from the second part of my paper on Thibet † will be of service here:

> There is no such thing as a course of studies prescribed or laid down by the esoterics which will enable the neophyte in the course of time to cast a glimpse behind the mysterious "curtain." No amount of hard work and perseverance, in the line of applied studies, would materially

* See "The Wonders of Hindoo Magic," THE ARENA, December, 1893, p. 48.

† THE ARENA, August, 1894, page 372.

assist the searcher for truth; the long years of probation and the various modifications of self-denial which are usually imposed upon the neophyte by those who hold the key to some of nature's greatest marvels have no other purpose than to test the powers of endurance and the personal character of the *chela*. . . . The wisdom you are in search of is not to be found in books . . . there are things which it is altogether impossible to express in words. . . . The world behind the curtain is so utterly unlike the world revealed by our senses that the masters could not describe it if they would. . . . *Look into your own self*, and if you do this rightly you will *see* everything. . . . You must climb the Himalayan heights with painful effort.*

It must be obvious to all but the dullest that Western science, after more than six hundred years of investigation, has not only failed to pierce the gloom which shrouds the mystery of life, but that no amount of experimental research on the lines hitherto followed will ever bring us an inch nearer the solution of the great questions: "What are we? Whence do we come? Whither do we go?" which have puzzled the wisest of mankind from the very dawn of reason. Science is, and always has been, reasoning in a circle; for instead of telling us *why* things happen in a certain way, the man of science explains *how* they happen; and instead of trying to take cognizance of the mysterious forces behind the tangible and measurable universe, Western science has always been engaged in a process of gauging, weighing, and measuring that which it cannot satisfactorily explain.

That we are surrounded by a host of unknown forces for which we have no sense perceptions can be clearly demonstrated even on physical grounds. During the evolutionary progress of man from the forms of a lower world — the long, wearisome pilgrimage of the ego, through countless gradations, to its present high eminence — only such sense-organs have been developed as were absolutely necessary for the preservation of the species. "Nature" is very chary of her endowments. If we look around and examine any of the numberless representatives of organic life — whether a butterfly, star-fish, or dromedary — we find it provided with only just those sense-organs without which existence would be either impossible to it or of the most precarious order. There is no waste of energies in any given direction throughout the so-called physical universe, and everything is arranged on the most economic principles. Man's "five senses," along with the rest of his faculties, were evolved to enable him to obtain his food on the one hand, and protect or warn him of dangers on the other; and it is not merely possible, but absolutely certain, that we are surrounded by a vast array of forces to which we are blind — forces which are, in the true sense, occult — because we have no means of perceiving them, and

*Coomra Sâmi.

because they are of no immediate advantage or detriment to the race.

The following illustration will render this clear to all except our occult critic and his "thirty-three active living masters of the Inner Temple of the Mystic Brotherhood." Imagine a pendulum, suspended in a room from which all light is excluded, amidst a darkness deeper than that of Tartarus, and a silence as that of the grave. Now imagine this pendulum to be set in motion by some invisible hand, and compelled to vibrate or swing to and fro with an *ever-increasing speed.*

An observer present in the room would not, for a while at least, know what was going on, because neither his sense of sight, hearing, smell, or touch has been appealed to. But as soon as the vibrations of the pendulum have reached the rate of about thirty per second the silence is interrupted, and a very low musical sound is heard — the lowest note the human ear can grasp — lower than the deepest bass of a church organ. This sound, however, will rise in pitch in proportion as the vibration quickens, and will travel over the entire musical scale, until, when the speed has risen to about forty thousand undulations per second, it has reached the *highest* note which the human ear can grasp, and there will be *silence once more.*

But the motion of the pendulum goes on, and at last — after a veritable ocean of undulations has been left behind and the vibratory speed has reached the enormous figure of six billions per second — a *dull red light* looms from the Cimmerian darkness, the light of the red end of the spectrum. The motion now appeals to our sense of *sight*, and in proportion as it rises to still giddier heights the color changes into yellow, green, and blue, until, at the rate of about fifteen billions per second, the extreme violet end of the spectrum is reached, and there is *darkness once more.* But the motion goes on forever.

Now between the forty thousand vibrations representing the highest *sound*, and the six billions of the dullest *light*, there is an enormous gap — an ocean of wave-motions which are altogether beyond our perception, but which are known to exist, for everything is continuous in nature, and there are no sudden breaks anywhere. Tyndall was one of the first to point this out and to suggest that within this vast chasm of forces — forces which no eye can see and no ear can perceive — we must seek for the explanation of the mysterious potentialities known as electricity and magnetism.

Coming back to our occult critic: it is in the discussion of the subjects *mind* and *matter* (if a string of preposterous assertions may, indeed, be called a discussion) that he is, unconsciously, most amusing. After trying to ridicule Coomra

Sâmi's lucid demonstration of the unreality of matter, he pompously asserts:

> So widely is this at variance from the very basic and elementary principle of their philosophy, that I am impelled to give a brief statement of their true position upon the question under consideration. Instead of believing or teaching that "There *is* no such thing as matter," or that "what we call matter exists only in the mind," the very foundation rock upon which the superstructure of their entire philosophy rests is the great universal truth that *matter exists everywhere.*

For downright, unadulterated nonsense this exceeds even the inimitable scientific proclamations with which his grace the Duke of Argyll from time to time delights and astonishes European savants. Poor *mahatmas!* poor dear innocents of the Inner Temple! So you "believe and teach 'that matter is real and exists everywhere, and that the spirit of an individual is as truly a *material* organism as is the physical body which envelops it.'" I never knew that you *believed* or *taught* anything, because I always understood that each of you represented a different stage of mentality, and that the word *belief* had no existence in your vocabulary. Adepts do not "believe"; they *know.*

What about the Upanishads? What about the hoary wisdom of the *rishis?* What about the great doctrine of *maya*, which is peculiarly a product of the Oriental mind, and which has been the fundamental conception of enlightened India from time immemorial? What about Patanjali and the philosophy of the Advaita (the very *term* implying *non-duality*, or the sole existence of mind)? What about Buddha, who undoubtedly was the greatest esoteric teacher the world has ever seen?

Matter real, and "spirit" a modification of matter, forsooth! Shades of Plato, Spinoza, and Kant; of Schopenhauer, Carlyle, and Emerson! Here is a "regularly admitted member" of the "Brotherhood of India" declaring — in the teeth of the hoary philosophy of the Oriental Aryans — that the doctrine of the unreality of matter is diametrically opposed to the belief and teaching of the "thirty-three active living masters of the Inner Temple of the Mystic Brotherhood."

Let us now examine the kind of logic which this tremendous occultist employs in order to demonstrate the fallacy of Coomra Sâmi's reasoning. One sample will suffice. Instead of saying, "We [Hindoos] live on rice, and most of us are satisfied with one meal a day," Coomra Sâmi — so our initiate of the Mystic Brotherhood informs us — should have said, "We imaginary beings (Hindoos) think we live on a cereal fantasy (rice), and most of us imagine ourselves satisfied with one such delusion (meal) a day." According to the judgment of our occult critic it would appear the height of absurdity that a philosopher like Coomra

Sàmi, who denies the reality of matter, should speak of *rice*, *meals*, *salt*, *cloth*, *palm-leaves*, etc.; and it is easy to perceive from his frantic exultation over this wonderful discovery that our phenomenal mystic is thoroughly convinced of his having scored a cardinal point by drawing attention to this alleged inconsistency.

It is amazing to notice the blindness which still prevails, even among those who lay claim to a superior education, in reference to the clearest philosopical conceptions. Details of the most paltry and trivial order, in the line of "physical research," viz., the senseless process of *labelling and classifying* that which ought to be *explained* — which is grandiloquently styled "science" — paltry details, I say, are hunted after and stored up by learned pedants, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, and these trivialities are afterwards solemnly rehashed, and palmed off as education upon a credulous and unsophisticated public by the hopeless incapables who occupy the chairs of "learning" in our colleges. Theirs is indeed a *learning* in the most literal sense of the word, a learning such as every Tom, Dick, or Harry can acquire, if he only serves the customary apprenticeship.

Let the reader bear in mind that the great majority of our so-called scientists are specialists; that ninety-nine out of every hundred have selected, from the vast and bewildering maze of nature's manifestations, some narrow groove, along which they work like moles, and that although they may acquire a world-wide reputation in their "line," yet they are not qualified to pronounce an opinion on anything beyond their specialty. They are not scientists in the broader sense, for the true scientist must, at the same time, be a philosopher.

There is no lack of specialists in science, but there *is* a lack of philosophers; there is a lack of those who can rise beyond the level of their surroundings — a lack of those who can *think*. But to be *able* to think and philosophize one requires to be endowed with a superior *mind* — and nature is very chary of her endowments. It is easy enough to crowd into a poor brain a lot of facts, a mass of detailed information in reference to any given department of science. A boy with an inferior cranium may crowd into it, by dint of hard work and perseverance, an enormous amount of information, and may continue this accumulating process till his brain is a veritable encyclopædia of heterogenous knowledge; yet the chances are a thousand to one against his ever contributing *one original idea* towards that fund of real wisdom which is our most precious inheritance.

One of the greatest triumphs of the human mind, and beyond comparison the most important step hitherto taken towards the

solution of the world enigma, was the discovery that *an object implies a subject, i. e.*, that any given object, for instance a tree, cannot, by any possible stretch of imagination, be said to exist, unless there be at the same time an eye to see or a hand to touch it — in other words, *a mind to conceive it.* In extension of this discovery it easily follows that the entire "external world" can have no independent existence, viz., cannot be real, except as a mental phenomenon, and that if *mind* should ever be destroyed or cease to exist, the *world*, as a matter of course, would cease to exist also.

This discovery was made thousands of years ago by subtle reasoners in far-off Hindostan, and its deductions are given with marvellous acumen in the Upanishads, which are philosophical treatises appended to the Vedas: a treasure-house of wisdom which has no equal, and in comparison with which the logic of some of our foremost modern luminaries sounds like the veriest child's-prattle. In those glorious treatises we have an epitome of the wisdom of sages who pondered over life's riddle long before the first Pyramid was built, long before Abraham roamed the plains of Chaldea with his cattle, a treacherous and savage Bedouin. And, like a golden thread running through the Upanishads, is the ever-recurring lesson: "*Matter is an illusion; mind alone is real.*"

Nor has modern Hindooism departed from these precepts, or been able to shake the edifice of resistless logic, rendered absolutely impregnable by the wondrous wisdom of the past. Mr. Manilal Nabhubhai Dvivedi, professor of Sanscrit in the Samuldas College of Bhaonagar, one of the most philosophical minds of present-day India, as well as one of the profoundest Vedic scholars, in his "Monism or Advaitism,"* says (p. 37): "What is matter? What is *prakriti*? The question is already answered when we say that it is never independent of thought." Again (p. 39): "*Maya* means illusion; *prakriti* [matter] is an illusion, no doubt; mind being sufficient to send forth these illusions from within itself." In another place (p. 33): "The Advaita philosophy questions the very nature of our perceptions of matter, and establishes that we are never conscious of anything *beyond our consciousness* of the phenomenon;" and "The substance and forms of things are mere assumptions, not independent of our thought." Finally (p. 41), "Thought is the only thing constant and unique."

How, in the face of this overwhelming consensus of fact, our "student of occultism" can have the hardihood to assert that "Nothing has ever appeared in print more radically unjust to the Mystic Brotherhood and their philosophy than the allegation

* Subodha Prakasa Press, Bombay, 1889.

of Coomra Sâmi that they deny the existence of matter," surpasses my limited understanding.

To the ordinary untrained intellect, with its crude, empirical conceptions and its blind, unreasoning dogmatism, nothing would seem more absurd than the idea that the external world is not real. The mere suggestion of such a possibility is enough to set every dunce in Christendom bellowing with derisive mirth. "What? you actually mean to tell us that these chairs and tables do not exist? Are you mad? Why, *here they are!* you can *see and feel* them, and what better proof can there be of their reality?" This is the stock argument resorted to by those who are not accustomed to ponder over the causes of things, but are satisfied to call a certain object a "stone" and another a "tree," because they have from infancy been taught to do so, and who go through life without ever realizing the profound mystery which is involved in these conceptions. Verily, it *does* require a great deal more than the so-called "evidence of our senses" to demonstrate to enlightened reason the reality of the external universe — *a very great deal.*

Where is your universe without your *mind?* Take away a man's mind, and what has become of his world? What, I ask, has *become* of his chairs and tables; of his trees and flowers; of his sun and moon, and the host of stars which make up that universe which now appears to him so substantial? *They have vanished into nothingness.*

Some one has said that the very simplest truths are the ones which man stumbles upon latest, and I think the history of all times has verified this. Yet even in the darkest of ages — in mediæval Europe — when ignorance and superstition held the nations in bondage, and the upas tree of ecclesiasticism spread its poisonous branches far and wide over the fairest of regions, during the long, weary centuries of priestly oppression, when torture and death at the stake threatened those who pried into the secrets of nature and dared to make known their discoveries, *even then* there existed those of our forefathers who had caught a glimpse of the great truth. Among the mystics of the Middle Ages were many profound minds, whose wisdom — often expressed in the quaintest fashion — is only now in a fair way of being appreciated, having been brought to light again by recent research. That some of these men, by dint of introspective contemplation, fostered by asceticism and solitude, developed occult powers comparable to those of the Hindoo adepts, cannot be doubted in the least; and that others, of the type of Jacob Boehme and Gichtel, who did not lead the life of hermits, but were born philosophers, arrived at conclusions of vast significance, after keenly pondering over life's mystery, all who run may read.

The truth that an object necessitates a subject, and that without a mind to perceive it, there can be no world, was patent, among others, to Anselm von Breslau, a mystic who expressed his philosophy in simple verse, and who clearly recognized that even "*his creator*" must disappear simultaneously with the destruction of his *mind*, if death means annihilation. This portentous conclusion is expressed by him in the following artless rhyme which, nevertheless, is a masterpiece of incontrovertible logic:

"Ich weiss dass ohne *mich* Gott nicht ein Nu kann leben,
Werd' *ich* zu Nicht er muss sogleich den Geist aufgeben." *

It inexorably follows that, if what we term "death" completely terminates the existence of an individual, viz., extinguishes the *mind*, the world will disappear too, including all the gods and demons which ever haunted a distorted imagination — *as far as the individual in question is concerned.* If the mind of *another* individual *continues* to exist, its world, as a matter of course, will *also continue*, until finally, with the disappearance of the last consciousness, the last *world* will disappear.

Schopenhauer, who, more clearly than any other Western philosopher, has expressed this supreme truth, says:

> There are many who, in the innocence of their hearts, imagine that, after the pulp stored up beneath their addle-pates is destroyed, the sun will continue to shine as usual, and the moon and the stars will be there as before, and people will continue running on their fool's errands as clumsily as ever. But stop and think a moment! In order to be able to *realize* these things it would be necessary for our addle-pates to *put themselves back into this* "*world*," and see with eyes which no longer exist, and hear with ears or feel with hands that are of the vanished past.

But, leaving the addle-headed element out of consideration, there are not a few advanced reasoners who, while admitting the force of the maxim that "An object implies a subject," yet imagine that because an object is beheld by several people at the *same time* and in the *same place* it must, therefore, have an independent existence. They are apt to forget, however, that the minds of most human beings are practically on the same level, being constituted, as it were, after the same pattern, and that there is the closest interrelationship — by virtue of descent and mode of living — even between the more heterogeneous elements of the human race. Besides, are we not constantly moulding and shaping the mind of the rising generation in conformity with our *own* — *i. e.*, endeavoring to make others behold things as *we* see them? What else is education than a process of trying to bring about in others a condition of mind similar to

* The literal translation of this is: "I know that, without *me*, God cannot live a moment; should *I* cease to exist *He also* must give up the ghost."

that of our own? In proportion as I succeed in causing another individual to see things from the same standpoint, or in the same light in which I behold them, in that proportion will his *world* become the same as mine.

Now, while it is clear that the worlds of no two individuals can be *precisely* alike — for the simple reason that no two *minds* are ever the same — it is obvious that some of the more commonplace of our conceptions, by dint of heredity (if for no other reason), must be practically universal, as far as the human race is concerned. Among these are the thought-pictures which make up the ordinary *normal world* of the average individual. These thought-pictures, which present themselves to us as material objects, are practically alike in the great majority of individuals, so that what *I*, for instance, am accustomed to call a "stone," would be called by a like term all over the world. It is only when we come to describe these objects very closely that we discover — to our own amazement — that the stone *we* behold is *not* the stone seen by another, and if ten million pairs of eyes were apparently gazing upon the self-same "object," there would be ten million "objects."

Take an ordinary farmer and an artist (painter) into a forest, and let them describe what they see around them. The result would be a revelation to many shallow reasoners and "students of occultism" who now insist upon making themselves ridiculous by delivering oracular opinions on subjects which they have never philosophically investigated. The farmer would see things to which the artist is absolutely blind, whereas the artist would be impressed with objects of which the farmer never dreams; they would, in fact, behold two essentially different worlds, because their minds are not the same.

That which I do not see and of which I do not dream, *i. e.*, that which is altogether beyond my perception, *does not exist* — as far as *I* am concerned. If another individual points it out to me, then he alters my *mind*, and therefore my *world*.

Or take a ploughboy into a botanical garden and let him see an interesting assortment of strange plants and flowers. He will gaze upon them as he would upon vacancy, for, to him, a plant is simply a "plant," and a flower a "flower"; moreover he is accustomed to call everying in the line of vegetation "weeds," if it has no immediate bearing on agriculture. Now take a flower and explain to that boy all about its wonderful structure, about the anthers and pistil, about the ovaries, about the meaning of the petals, and the wonderful relations between insects and flowers. Teach him that the plant produces the flower for no other purpose than to attract the insect, in order to make a tool of it in effecting cross-fertilization. What is the result? Why,

you have altered that boy's mind, and he now sees a thousand things of which he did not dream before — which to him did not exist.

On this fundamental truth rests the power of persuasion, of example and precept, and the thousand and one influences which now determine our conduct. If we effect a change in another individual's *mind*, we produce a corresponding change in his *world*.

To all intents and purposes, as far as our everyday life is concerned, the objects which apparently surround us, and which constitute our "world," are as real as if they actually existed. We live on a "plane of matter"; that is to say, our condition of mind is such that we cannot effect a radical change in our surroundings without a supreme effort. Our "occult" critic of the November ARENA finds it unpardonable in Coomra Sâmi that he uses the words, *food*, *clothes*, *shelter*, *palm-leaves*, etc., and proclaims that, instead of saying, "A teacupful of boiled rice, with a little salt, is all that we need in the line of food," Coomra Sâmi ought to have expressed himself as follows: "An illusion full of boiled cereal fantasy, with a little epiphany [*sic!*] as an imaginary condiment, with which to fool our supposed sense of taste, is all we need in the line of gustatory deception."

Coomra Sâmi, being endowed with a rational mind, and being, moreover, one of the profoundest of reasoners, would be the last person in the world to resort to such absurd and preposterous circumlocution, but would speak of rice, salt, and food as if these things had a positive existence. How, otherwise, could he communicate his thoughts to those who are still grovelling in the mire of crudest materialism?

But it is in his attempt to explain the "real philosophy" of the Mystic Brotherhood that our benevolent critic is, unwittingly, most comical, and his assertive dogmatism is surpassingly naive. According to this occult paragon of twenty years' standing, the *mahatmas* are the rankest materialists, for not only do they hold that "matter exists everywhere," but that "the *spirit* of an individual is as truly a *material* organism as the physical body which envelops it." Thus they are not even dualists, or believers in *two* eternal principles (mind and matter); on the contrary, they are *dead sure* that mind is only a modification of matter, i. e., "spiritual matter," and that the only difference between these two kinds of substance is the "*degree of fineness*."

Dear old *mahatmas!* Rare old initiates of the Inner Temple! So you have not yet advanced beyond *these* antediluvian conceptions, and *this* is the extent of your wisdom? No wonder you surrounded yourselves with an air of mystery, and kept in hid-

ing through all these centuries! So wonderful a revelation was indeed worth preserving as a sort of family secret; it would have been a pity if it had been allowed to leak out at any earlier date than the present!

The degree of fineness — so our "student of occultism" announces — determines the difference between mind and matter. In other words, if we can grind down material particles to a sufficient degree of minuteness we arrive at the phenomenon of *mind!* This is only a more illogical presentation of the doctrine of modern materialism, viz., that mind is the result of certain atomic or molecular groupings of matter. There *is* a certain amount of plausibility in the argument that a favorable combination of individual particles may produce "life," but there is no sense whatever in the dictum that mind is simply matter reduced to a condition of *greater fineness.* Not even the most fanatical follower of the school of Büchner and Moleschott would endorse such rubbish.

Our initiate's argument based on the gallon measure "filled to the brim with marbles of the ordinary size" is peculiarly irrelevant and clumsy. In order to show how far the divisibility or fineness of matter may be carried, he tells us that we may pour shot grains into the interstices between the marbles, and between these again white sand grains, without making the gallon measure run over. Then we may pour in a pint of water, which will find its way into the still smaller interstices between the sand grains, and this water again will hold a quantity of alcohol, without increase of its bulk. After that comes the turn of electricity, and *now* we have reached the "borderland of the spiritual universe."

Have we really? What about the interstices between the still finer substances which are *now* brought into requisition? Our critic asserts that even spirit is "material in the most exact and literal meaning of that word." There are no limits to the possibilities of minuteness, for even the smallest imaginable interstice is *infinitely large* compared with *no interstice*; thus there must follow an infinite series of substances, each finer than the previous one, but each furnishing *new interstices.* At this point the absurdity of the gallon-measure argument becomes plain to all but the dullest.

What *is* matter, anyhow? No scientist has ever been able to define it. Looked at from the standpoint of Western science it is the profoundest of all mysteries, and the atomic hypothesis does not offer the faintest ray of light. Can you imagine a particle of substance so small that it cannot be divided once more? Here again we are confronted with the self-evident truth that there is no limit to the possibilities of minuteness, and it can be

easily shown that the atom of science is an illusion. Mr. John A. Kersey has demonstrated this more clearly, perhaps, than any other modern reasoner, in his essay entitled "Ancient Philosophy in Modern Attire"*; and the very fact of our inability to *define* matter is, in itself, a proof that matter has no positive existence.

But the moment we look upon the so-called "physical universe" as a *product of mind* the great riddle is solved, and we behold order and symmetry where all before was chaos and confusion. "Look within your own self" is the lesson of the Upanishads; and no amount of materialistic research will unravel the world-mystery. The thirty-three active living masters of the Inner Temple may keep on grinding particles till their coffee-mills are out of joint, but they will not produce spirit. Let them — *pour l'amour de Dieu* — reduce their own mind-substance to a somewhat finer degree of tenuity, for they seem to need it very badly.

"*Mind is the only reality*" has been the conclusion of the wisest of all times, and this is also the verdict of the highest *Western* philosophy. There are, of course, materialists and dualists even in India, from the "Curumbars" down to the degraded sect of the Jains, whose rude dualistic conceptions are the laughing-stock of enlightened Brahminism; but they form an insignificant minority.

Mind is eternal and indestructible. It produces its own world — its own joy and its own sorrow; its own Elysium and its own Tartarus. Idealism is pantheism, and in pantheism is contained the solution of all mysteries. It is the only rational philosophy. Says Omar Khayyám, the famous Persian sage, in his "Rubáiyat":

> I sent my soul through the invisible,
> Some letter of that after-life to spell:
> And by and by my soul returned to me,
> And answered, "I myself am heaven and hell."

Among the myriads of individuals who constitute the human family all degrees of intellectuality are represented, from that of the Australian savage to that of a Coomra Sàmi. There is no such thing as an "equality of endowment," yet all may rise to ever greater heights of self-consciousness. Knowledge constitutes the only kind of wealth worth possessing, for everything else is transitory and illusive. He who aspires to the higher enlightenment is freed from the "pain of being" (viz., the disappointment springing from the thraldom of a world which is deceptive and unreal) in proportion as he approaches his glorious goal. This is recognized by the Hindoo ascetic, who retires into

*See "Ethics of Literature" (pp. 143-146), by John A. Kersey. Marion, Ind., 1894 (E. L. Goldthwaite & Co.).

solitude in order to be better able to seek that light which (his reflection has taught him) cannot be obtained from any other source.

And here I will conclude this *Plea for Pantheism* with the following lines from the "Song Celestial," given at the end of Krishna's discourse in chapter viii.:

> Richer than holy fruit on Vedas growing,
> Greater than gifts, better than prayer or fast,
> Such *Wisdom* is! The Yôgi, this way knowing,
> Comes to the Utmost Perfect Peace *at last*.

HEREDITY.

BY LYDIA AVERY COONLEY.

WHY bowest thou, O soul of mine,
Crushed by ancestral sin?
Thou hast a noble heritage
That bids thee victory win.

The tainted past may bring forth flowers,
As blossomed Aaron's rod,
No legacy of sin annuls
Heredity from God.

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To Brother J. Ransom Bridge
from his truly grateful
& fraternally
H. P. Blavatsky

London. April
1889.

HELEN PETROVNA BLAVATSKY.

BY JOHN RANSOM BRIDGE.

"If you only knew how many lions and eagles in every quarter of the globe have turned into asses at my whistle, and obediently wagged their great ears in time as I piped the tune!"

Such was the remarkable comment of the enigmatical Madame Blavatsky, at Wurzburg, in 1885, as recorded by the Russian Solovyoff, for whom, at that particular moment, she professed a friendship "to the end of the world." She wanted his help in Russia to spread her theosophical doctrines. Solovyoff was a writer and journalist of considerable note. He met Madame in Paris, according to his story. She tried to convert him by the production of phenomena, in the most of which he detected commonplace trickery. She finally "confessed" and invited Solovyoff into a copartnership in which "we will astonish the world between us." Solovyoff's reply was an open denunciation, of Madame and her marvels, to the Paris theosophists. The result was the disruption of the Paris branch of the society.

About this time came the Coulomb exposures, and the London Society for Psychical Research made its report on the alleged trick-cabinet shrine and stuffed-muslin *mahatmas*, at the theosophical headquarters, Adyar, India, where Madame and her magical feats and phenomena had so outclassed the Indian jugglers and fakirs on their own ground as to set all India talking.

During this trying period Madame was sick, so sick that the specialists who attended her declared that she had no business to be alive. She persisted in living, however, but in her despair she capped the climax of this crisis in her affairs by an extraordinary letter to Solovyoff.* This letter, which is headed "My Confession," runs, in part, as follows:

Believe me, *I have fallen because I have made up my mind to fall*, or else to bring about a reaction by telling all God's truth about myself, *but without mercy on my enemies.* On this I am firmly resolved, and from this day I shall begin to prepare myself in order to be ready. I will fly no more. Together with this letter, or a few hours later, I shall myself be in Paris, and then on to London. A Frenchman is ready, and a well-known journalist too, delighted to set about the work and to write at my dictation something short, but strong, and what is most important — a true history of my life. *I shall not even attempt to*

* "A Modern Priestess of Isis," page 177.

defend, to justify myself. In this book I shall simply say: In 1848, I, hating my husband, N. V. Blavatsky (it may be wrong, but still such was the nature *God* gave me), left him, abandoned him. I loved one man deeply, but still more I loved occult science, believing in magic, wizards, etc. I wandered with him here and there, in Asia, in America, and in Europe. I met with So-and-so. (You may call him a *wizard*, what does it matter to him?) In 1858 I was in London; there came out some story about a child, not mine (there will follow medical evidence, from the faculty of Paris, and it is for this that I am going to Paris). One thing and another was said to me; that I was depraved, possessed with a devil, etc.

I shall tell everything as I think fit, everything I did, for the twenty years and more that I laughed at the *qu'en dira-t-on*, and covered up all traces of what I was *really* occupied in, i. e., the *sciences occultes*, for the sake of my family and relations who would at that time have cursed me. I will tell how from my eighteenth year I tried to get people to talk about me, and say about me that this man and that was my lover, and *hundreds* of them. I will tell, too, a great deal of which no one ever dreamed, and *I will prove it*. Then I will inform the world how suddenly my eyes were opened to all the horror of my *moral suicide;* how I was sent to America to try my psychological capabilities; how I collected a society there, and began to expiate my faults, and attempted to make men better and to sacrifice myself for their regeneration. *I will name all* the theosophists who were brought into the right way, drunkards and rakes, who became almost saints, especially in India, and those who enlisted as theosophists, and continued their former life, as though they were doing the work (and there are many of them) and *yet were the first* to join the pack of hounds that were hunting me down, and to bite me. . . .

No! The devils will save me in this last great hour. You did not calculate on the cool determination of *despair*, which *was* and has *passed over*. . . . And to this I have been brought by YOU. You have been the last straw which has broken the camel's back under its intolerably heavy burden. Now you are at liberty to conceal nothing. Repeat to all Paris what you have ever heard or know about me. I have already written a letter to Sinnett *forbidding him* to publish my *memoirs* at his own discretion. I myself will publish them with all the truth. . . . It will be a Saturnalia of the moral depravity of mankind, this *confession* of mine, a worthy epilogue of my stormy life. . . . Let the psychist gentlemen, and whosoever will, set on foot a new inquiry. Mohini and all the rest, even *India*, are dead to me. I thirst for one thing only, that the world may know all the reality, all the *truth*, and learn the lesson. And then *death*, kindest of all. H. BLAVATSKY.

You may print this letter if you will, even in Russia. It is all the same now.

This picture of her life sketched by Madame for her Russian correspondent is lacking in detail, though not in interest. In fact little is known of her from the age of seventeen, when she married the aged vice-governor of the province of Erivan, in Transcaucasia, and immediately celebrated the event by clandestinely setting out to see the world on her own account and disappearing for a number of years. Her sister, Vera Petrovna Jelihovsky, says that Madame claims to have lived much of this time in Tibet, in the Himalayas, and in the extreme north of

India studying the occult sciences and Sanscrit with the *mahatmas*. A. P. Sinnett repeats this statement in his memoirs of Madame. It agrees — but with a difference — with her "confession" to Solovyoff that during these years she wandered with a certain unknown "here and there, in Asia, in America, and in Europe."

It is not until 1874, the year before she founded the Theosophical Society, that we get trustworthy information in regard to her whereabouts and occupation. In September of that year, Henry S. Olcott went to Chittenden, Vt., to investigate and write up for the *New York Graphic* the spiritualistic phenomena under the mediumship of the Eddy brothers, which at that time were attracting much attention to the Eddy homestead. Colonel Olcott here met and describes his first sight of Madame Blavatsky:

> The dinner at Eddy's was noon, and it was from the entrance door of the bare and comfortless dining-room that Kappes and I first saw H. P. B. She had arrived shortly before noon with a French Canadian lady, and they were at table as we entered. My eye was first attracted by a scarlet Garibaldian shirt the former wore, as being in vivid contrast with the dull colours around. Her hair was then a thick blonde mop, worn shorter than the shoulders, and it stood out from her head, silken, soft, and crinkled to the roots, like the fleece of a Cotswold ewe. This and the red shirt were what struck my attention before I took in the picture of her features. It was a massive Calmuck face, contrasting in its suggestion of power, culture, and imperiousness, as strangely with the commonplace visages about the room, as her red garment did with the gray and white tones of the wall and woodwork, and the dull costumes of the rest of the guests. All sorts of cranky people were continually coming and going at Eddy's, to see the mediumistic phenomena, and it only struck me on seeing this eccentric lady that this was but one more of the sort. Pausing on the door-sill, I whispered to Kappes, "Good gracious! look at *that* specimen, will you!" I went straight across and took a seat opposite her to indulge my favorite habit of character-study.

After dinner Colonel Olcott scraped an acquaintance by opportunely offering her a light for a cigarette which she proceeded to roll for herself. This "light" must have been charged with theosophical *karma*, for the burning match or end of a lighted cigar — the Colonel does not specify — lit a train of causes and their effects which now are making history and are world-wide in their importance. So confirmed a pessimist on theosophical questions as Henry Sidgwick, of the London Society for Psychical Research, says, "Even if it [the Theosophical Society] were to expire next year, its twenty years' existence would be a phenomenon of some interest for a historian of European society in the nineteenth century."

Not a little energy has been wasted in the controversy between the theosophists and the spiritualists as to whether or not, at this

time and up to the founding of her society, Madame was a spiritualist.

The Colonel records that before the time of Madame's appearance at the *séances* of the Eddys, the figures which had shown themselves were either red Indians, or Americans or Europeans akin to visitors; but from the time that the Russian lady put in an appearance the spooks of other nationalities began to appear. Among them were a number of Russian relatives and friends of Madame, as well as various queer characters that she claimed to have met in her travels. Her "John King" was a spirit of fourteen years' acquaintance.

When Madame returned from Chittenden to New York City with Colonel Olcott, she began a series of letters to A. N. Aksakoff, the editor of the Leipzig *Psychische Studien*, who was an interested investigator of the phenomena of spiritualism. The first letter was dated Oct. 28, 1874. In it she says:

> Only last week I came back from the Eddy brothers, well-known mediums in Rutland, Vt, where I had passed two weeks. The house and the neighboring lodgings were full of correspondents. With the Eddys the spirits of the departed walk about almost in full day. Several times they have already appeared without the help of the mediums, and in the evening at the time of the *séance* from fifteen to twenty spirits appear as though in flesh before the eyes of the spectators. I talked for five minutes on the platform in Russian with my father, my uncle, and other relatives, as though they were alive. Seven persons of my acquaintance, long dead, of different nations, appeared and talked to me, each in his own language, and walked away.

Again she writes that "John King has sent Olcott to Havana for a few days." Then she declares that she will not go back again to Russia, because

> I know that everybody respects me here, and I am needed for spiritism. Now the spirits are my brothers and sisters, my father and mother. My John King alone is sufficient recompense for all; he is a host in himself to me . . . No, John King is a personality, a definite, living, spiritual personality. Whether devil or good spirit, he is at all events a spirit, and not the medium's prototype.

A little later the *furore* over spiritualism began to subside, and as the interest abated the demand ceased, evidently, for Madame's literary efforts in behalf of the cause, and we find her writing from Boston under date of July 18, 1875:

> I am ready to sell my soul for spiritualism, but nobody will buy it, and I am living from hand to mouth and working for ten or fifteen dollars when necessity comes.

She even complains of her John King that

> He is in a bad humor with me, and for the last three weeks and more he only appears to me to talk nonsense and even unkindness. *Tout n'est pas parfait a ce que je vois dans le Summer Land.*

This brings us to September, 1875, some two months before the actual birth of the Theosophical Society. Down to this period there seems to have been no hint of what was to follow.

In the meantime Colonel Olcott had started the "Miracle Club," which did not prove a success, and Madame in another letter says: "I am writing a book which I call, by John's advice, 'Skeleton Key to Mysterious Gates.'" This book was the beginning of the famous "Isis Unveiled." With the inception of the Theosophical Society, John King was either transformed into an oriental white-robed *mahatma*, with a turban in place of his "Chinese saucer-upside-down cap"; or else Madame sent him back for good and all to his native summer land. Perhaps John resented Helen's apostasy from spiritualism — a sudden change of heart, for only a few months back she had been offering to sell her soul for the cause, with no buyers even in Boston, the Mecca of the spiritualist. But the affections of a more constant one than her spiritual brother, John King, might have been alienated by her new doctrine, which pointed at all spooks as the refuse, the cast-off shells, of the earth-bound dead. His sudden fall from "a personality, a definite, living personality," as she had described him, to nothing but a wandering astral shell full of mouldy suggestions seems sufficient to have driven any self-respecting shade back to its home on the other shore.

From the inception of the Theosophical Society, in November, 1875, to the day of her death in London, May 8, 1891, it is only fair to Madame to say that her devotion to her theosophy was absolute and complete. For it she worked early and late, with a restless, fiery, tireless energy which dominated an unwieldy body, diseased and constantly racked with pain. She was doing the bidding of her master, a *mahatma*, she always maintained.

A few words in regard to *mahatmas* in general may best show what manner of man Madame revered as her master. In the theosophical mind, as instructed by Madame, the master is looked up to as the highest product, on this planet, of the action of the law of *karma*, or retributive justice, and of *reincarnation*, or repeated rebirths in human form until the aspiring soul has worked itself out of "the circle of necessity" of rebirths. Given the rightly directed will, says the theosophical doctrine, working through a period of time depending upon its persistence and intensity, and the result is the development of man from the potentially possible into the active *mahatma*. Time and space and the *genii* which thwart the luck of the common run of men then become his servants. *Karma*, Reincarnation, and the *Mahatma* might be called the theosophical trinity.

The conception of such possibilities for human development, whether considered from the standpoint of religion or science,

is a startling innovation. Jacob's ladder becomes a symbol of a physical fact. Darwin stopped at half a truth. Ordinary man is only a way-station in the scheme of evolution, instead of the end of the line. Darwin should have followed the connecting links up to the planetary spirits that curb the flight of worlds. Then, if Madame is correct, in his progress he would have encountered the *mahatma* in various stages of development, the links unbroken from the market-place of this earth to the abode of divinity. Perhaps it is this very boldness, this colossal audacity of assertion in regard to man as a potential demigod — daring when compared with the claims of recognized authority in any field of research — that has recruited the ranks of the disciples of theosophy, after the successive *exposés* of its oracle and high-priestess.

A distinguished company of scientists, writers, and celebrities could be selected from the list of people who have resigned from the Theosophical Society. The periodical *exposés* of Madame's phenomena, or Madame herself on the rampage in the excitement of argument, charging at them in some personal encounter, frightened most of them out of the ranks as rapidly as they joined. In a letter to a Chicago journal in 1878, she described herself as "an old woman whose Kalmuco-Buddhisto-Tartaric features, even in youth, never made her appear pretty; a woman whose ungainly garb, uncouth manners, and masculine habits are enough to frighten any bustled and corseted fine lady of fashionable society out of her wits." She wrote this in the early days of her society. Later she developed enormously in bulk, and her temper increased correspondingly, when aroused.

Solovyoff gives an amusing description of her arrival at St. Cergues, returning from India in 1885 in company with one of her Indian disciples, Bavaji:

> At the usual hour, after dinner, about three o'clock, the Geneva diligence arrived at the Pension Delaigue. Round it, as always, there gathered a crowd to get the newspapers and letters, and to observe the new arrivals, if such there were. Suddenly there sprang from the diligence a strange creature, something half-way between a great ape and a tiny black man. Its leanness was amazing. A poor, half-European sort of dress dangled on it, as though there were nothing but bones beneath; a face the size of a fist, of a dark cinnamon colour, and without any signs of vegetation; on the head a dense cap of long, black, curling hair; huge eyes, also perfectly black, of course, with a frightened and suspicious expression. The black man said something in English with a piping but at the same time hoarse voice. . . .
>
> The public gazed open-mouthed at the black man. But the most interesting was yet to come. The black man and the clumsy young woman, and then I and Madame de Morsier, succeeded with great difficulty in extricating from the diligence something that was shut up in it. This something was "Madame" herself, all swollen, tired out with travelling, grumbling; with a huge, dark-gray face and wide-open eyes,

like round, discolored turquoises. On her head was set a very high gray felt fireman's helmet with ventilators and a veil. Her globular figure seemed yet more globular from an incredible sort of sacque in which she was draped.

Whatever may be the ultimate verdict upon the life and work of this woman, her place in history will be unique. There was a titanic display of strength in everything she did. The storms that raged in her were cyclones. Those exposed to them often felt with Solovyoff that if there were holy and sage *mahatmas*, they could not remain holy and sage and have to do with Helen Petrovna Blavatsky. The "confession" she wrote him rings with the mingled curses and mad laughter of a crazy mariner scuttling his own ship. Yet she could be as tender and sympathetic as any mother. Her mastery of some natures seemed complete; and these people she worked like galley-slaves in the theosophical treadmill of her propaganda movement.

To these disciples she was the greatest thaumaturgist known to the world since the days of the Christ. The attacks upon her, the Coulomb and Solovyoff exposures, the continual newspaper calumnies, they look upon as a gigantic conspiracy brewed by all the rules of the black art to counteract, and if possible to destroy, the effect of her work and mission. She is to them an "illuminated prophetess," the all but canonized Saint Helen of the Theosophical Society. One of her favorite quotations to the disciples at her feet was, "*Demon est Deus inversus.*"

From 1888 until her death, the writer, at that time interested in the theosophical movement, had considerable correspondence with "H. P. B.," as she usually signed herself. From the length of some of her epistles one might have thought this was her only occupation. But the letters were always interesting, generally bizarre, showed a keen knowledge of human nature, particularly its weakness, and an utter contempt for Blavatsky worship; though for the "cause" she apparently was always ready to sacrifice anything and anybody, herself not excepted.

In 1889, replying to a protest against tying the society to her apron-strings, she wrote:

> So far as the "Founders" are concerned, depend upon it they will do their best to obstruct any tendency to "hero-worship." . . . The first patient upon whom the prescription worked was my colleague Olcott, who at the beginning was quite ready to forget the *Cause* for the production of phenomena, the "Grand Principle" for the miserable personality he almost worshipped, as the Master's agent. And he is so thoroughly cured that now he is as ready to dress my hair with a curry-comb as he was ready before to kiss the hem of my Tibetan Robe.

It is a pity the prescription could not have been generally administered to the rank and file of the society.

On the question of masters and adepts, she gave the writer, in one of her letters, the following advice for finding them:

> Adepts here, adepts there — please oblige me and look well into your boots to-night to see whether you will not find, perchance, an adept stuck to the soles somewhere.

Those who sought out this strange paradox to discover fraud invariably discovered it. Those who wanted something tangible to worship generally found it, so long as they would work for her cause. Curiosity-seekers whom she could not use she frequently abused and dismissed in a much ruffled condition. She had but one real care in the last years of her life, one love — her Theosophical Society, and for it she planned and worked and suffered with an heroic devotion. The wisdom or morality of her methods may be condemned, but the reason for her martyrdom has not, as yet, for those who doubt the existence of the "masters," been satisfactorily explained.

THE ITALY OF THE CENTURY OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

Part III. Some Bright Lights of the Italian Renaissance.

I.

A realist of the taste and power of Zola might have given us a picture of high Italian life during the Renaissance, which though absolutely faithful in its portrayal would have been too revolting for perusal; while, on the other hand, an idealist who resolutely closed his eyes to the criminality and sensuality of that age, could have penned a story enchanting as a dream of Eden. For at the time when a Borgia was pope of Rome, when Savonarola was on the rack, when the pledge of friendship was being followed by the dagger thrust, and when simplicity in life had given place to artificiality and refined sensualism, all Italy was blossoming with counterfeit presentments of saints and Madonnas. It was during this time that Angelo, Da Vinci, Correggio, Perugino, Alberti, Bramante, Titian, and Raphael wrought on canvas and in stone dreams and conceptions which made this period the golden age of art. And the idealist who chose to dwell only upon the beauty side of life might have given us a picture fair as a Venice at sunrise. But the student of history cannot confine his view to a partial appearance; he must examine society on all sides and weigh with conscientious impartiality the influence exerted by master minds for good or ill, as well as take into consideration the policies and ideals which mould thought and shape civilization.

We have already glanced at the Italy of this period and have noticed some of the fatal figures who have left their impress upon Italian life, and now we turn to the pleasing contemplation of such children of genius as Michael Angelo, the Jupiter of art's Olympus; Correggio, who surpassed in the magic effects of light and shade; Da Vinci, the many-sided genius, a master in painting, skilled in anatomy, astronomy, mathematics, and music, a sculptor and an architect of superior ability; and

Raphael, the most illustrious of painters, who caught, as did no other artist of his age, the soul of expression — Raphael, who perceived the spirit of ancient Greece and called from the sepulchre the ideals of olden times, adding to them a peculiar lifelike charm, not found in art before his day.

II.

Michael Angelo Buonarotti is among painters and sculptors what Æschylus is among dramatists and Homer is among poets. Prometheus and the demigods of the Iliad were familiar to his imagination. He was the exponent of the sublime and the terrible. Born at Caprese, March 6, 1475, he was christened Michael Angelo.* He early manifested a passion for the arts, much to the vexation of his father. His early tutor also is said to have been jealous of the genius of the boy; and the outlook for his being able to realize the dream which filled his young brain seemed dark until Lorenzo de Medici's attention was called to him. He interceded with the father, and took Michael Angelo into his household. Here the young artist enjoyed the society of the finest scholars of the age. Had he been morally weak the atmosphere of Lorenzo's household would doubtless have proved injurious, if not ruinous. But Angelo was one of those austere or rugged souls who pass through life almost unconscious of the seductive influence of refined sensuality, which would prove the ruin of more yielding and sensuous natures. He scorned artificiality and saw no evil in the simplicity of nature. The nude human body awakened no prurient thoughts and called forth no vicious images in his mind. He saw that those who pretended to be shocked at the nude in art were frequently the most licentious in life, and he rightly concluded that it was the depraved imaginations which were thus scandalized, or saw evil where a high-born nature would see only beauty, strength, and naturalness.

* His name is said to have been given him on account of the exceptionally propitious positions of the planets at the time of his birth. Vasari, speaking of the favorable conjunctions at the moment of Michael Angelo's nativity, observes, "Mercury and Venus having entered with benign aspects into the house of Jupiter, indicated that marvellous and extraordinary work both of manual art and intellect was to be expected of him." Whether or not astrological calculations were responsible for his remarkable name is uncertain, but it must be remembered that at that period astrology held a high place in the estimation of many scholars, especially those of a scientific and speculative turn of mind. Jupiter has ever been regarded as the lord of "honor and good fortune, the most powerful of the beneficent planets, and the author of temperance, modesty, sobriety, and justice." (See William Lilly's "Introduction to Astrology.") Mercury is said to exert a special influence on the brain, quickening the intellectual faculties, but disposing the individual with his aspects to melancholy. Venus, on the other hand, exerts a mirthful influence. But as Mercury is peculiarly powerful in its effect on the mind, a person born under those two planets in strong positions would probably be sad rather than gay. Venus gives the love for art and beauty and the passion for painting; as sculpture, philosophy, poetry, and oratory are said to hold great fascination for those strongly influenced by Mercury. It would seem from the positions of the planets and the views held by astrologers in regard to their probable influence on the child's life, that if his father believed in astrology he might have felt that the heavens indicated a lofty destiny for the child who was christened Michael Angelo.

The artist's contempt for hypocrisy and the prurient imaginations of *pseudo* moralists was well illustrated later in his life by an incident which occurred in connection with Angelo's work on the Sistine Chapel. This masterpiece was conspicuous for the number of undraped human figures represented. The mock modesty of a corrupt conventionalism was as much scandalized and shocked as were those who represented the spirit of rigid asceticism, which, though sincere, so frequently regards the noblest objects, as, for example, the human body, as vile, instead of discerning the important fact that the evil lies in a diseased imagination and a vicious educational training, which centres the mind on the plane of sensualism rather than in the region of soul-life where dwell pure love and genuine religion, and where flourishes true art, unfettered by conventionalism or the trammels of low ideals. The clamor against Angelo's work came more from a depraved conventionalism than a narrow-visioned asceticism. "Arstino, who delighted in depicting all kinds of *unveiled* impurity, was much offended with the chaste nudity of true art." * Biagio, the master of ceremonies of Paul III., was greatly scandalized, and made much ado over the undraped figures. Angelo knew the man, and his fine contempt was shown when the Roman world thronged to the Sistine to see the "Last Judgment." Biagio was discovered in hell, and Angelo had embellished his portrait with a pair of ass' ears. The master of ceremonies appealed to the pope to have his picture taken from the great painting.

"Where has he placed you?" inquired the pontiff.

"In hell," returned Biagio.

"Oh!" exclaimed Paul, "then I can do nothing for you. Had he placed you in purgatory I could have removed you, but out of hell there is no redemption."

Angelo's nudes may repel, but they will never degrade. They reflect the mind of the artist, of whom Mr. Symonds observes:

> Deep, philosophic thoughts, ideas of death and judgment, the stern struggles of the soul, encompassed Michael Angelo. The service of beauty was with him a religion. His character was that of an austere republican, free and solitary. Amid a multitude of slaves and courtiers Michael Angelo made art the vehicle of lofty and soul-speaking thought.

Thus while, largely through the natural bent of his mind, Angelo failed to be morally depraved by the environment in the house of Lorenzo, he received positive aids through association with the foremost Greek and Latin scholars of the age. His

* See "Renaissance in Italy," Part III., The Fine Arts, p. 385. I have quoted freely from the exhaustive and exceedingly able writing of Mr. Symonds, as he is the latest of the authoritative historians of the Renaissance. He has personally gone over the whole field, and has thrown into the work the enthusiasm and the best efforts of a brilliant thinker. He is, in my judgment, the most illustrious and conscientious historian of the Italian Renaissance.

taste for art, poetry, and literature was stimulated by personal contact with such men as Ficino, Poliziano, and Pico della Mirandola. But there was another individual, who probably more than all others influenced the life of the young sculptor, because there was a certain kinship between the imaginations of the two. Savonarola and Angelo were both men of vivid imagination; both souls were haunted with visions as colossal as they were terrible. The sublime and the austere were as much at home in their brains as was beauty the guest of Raphael's imagination. It is not strange, therefore, that the thrilling sermons of Savonarola exerted a powerful influence over Michael Angelo, or that the awful pictures drawn by the eloquent and impassioned prophet-priest dwelt in the chambers of the young sculptor's brain, until the hour came when in the Sistine Chapel he had an opportunity to give them outward expression in his august and solemn masterpiece. Another influence which may be classed as formative, largely due, however, to the peculiar bent of Angelo's mind, was the poetry of Dante, which at a later period he studied for several months. The fact that Savonarola's sermons and Dante's poetry exerted such a strange and fascinating power over the mind of the sculptor enables us to understand how easy it was for him to escape the contaminating immorality of his age.

In 1496 Angelo went to Rome, where he wrought his Bacchus, and later his remarkable Madonna holding the dead Christ. In referring to this work, Mr. Symonds says:

> Here, while the Borgias were turning the Vatican into a den of thieves and harlots, he [Angelo] executed the purest of all his statues — a *Pieta* in marble. Christ is lying dead upon his mother's knees. With her right arm she supports his shoulders; her left hand is gently raised, as though to say, "Behold and see." All that art can do to make death beautiful and grief sublime is achieved in this work, which was never surpassed by Angelo in later years.

In 1501 the sculptor returned to Florence, where, among other masterpieces, he wrought his "David," and made the memorable cartoon, strangely enough termed "The Battle of Pisa." In 1505 we find him again in Rome, where he received a commission to build for the pope a magnificent mausoleum. The work, as conceived by Angelo, would have been the most "stupendous monument of sculpture in the world." The project was doomed to failure, owing to the parsimoniousness and fickle character of the pope, who allowed himself to be prejudiced against Angelo, and owing also to the elaborate and colossal character of the work proposed by the sculptor. From 1508 to 1512 Angelo was engaged in the Sistine Chapel. Of this immortal work, and of Angelo's art in general, Mr. Symonds observes:

Entering the Sistine Chapel, and raising our eyes to sweep the roof, we have above us a long and somewhat narrow oblong space, vaulted with round arches, and covered from end to end, from side to side, with a network of human forms. The whole is colored like the dusky, tawny, bluish clouds of thunder-storms. There is no luxury of decorative art — no gold, no paint box of vermilion or emerald green has been lavished here. Sombre and aërial, like shapes condensed from vapor, or dreams begotten by Ixion upon mists of eve or dawn, the phantoms evoked by the sculptor throng that space. Nine compositions, carrying down the sacred history from the creation of light to the beginning of sin in Noah's household, fill the central compartments of the roof. Beneath these, seated on the spandrels, are alternate prophets and sibyls, twelve in all, attesting to the future deliverance and judgment of the world by Christ. The intermediate spaces between these larger masses on the roof and in the lunettes of the windows swarm with figures, some naked and some draped — women and children, boys and young men, grouped in tranquil attitudes, or adapting themselves with freedom to their station on the curves and angles of the architecture. In these subordinate creations Michael Angelo deigned to drop the terrible style, in order that he might show how sweet and full of charm his art could be. The grace of coloring realized in some of those youthful and athletic forms is such as no copy can represent. Every posture of beauty and of strength, simple or strained, that it is possible for men to assume, has been depicted here.

To speak adequately of these form-poems would be quite impossible. *Buonarotti seems to have intended to prove by them that the human body has a language inexhaustible in symbolism — every limb, every feature, and every attitude being a word full of significance to those who comprehend, just as music is a language whereof each note and chord and phrase has correspondence with the spiritual world.* It may be presumptous after this fashion to interpret the design of him who called into existence the heroic population of the Sistine. Yet Michael Angelo has written lines which in some measure justify the reading. This is how he closes one of his finest sonnets:

> *Nor hath God deigned to show Himself elsewhere*
> *More clearly than in human forms sublime,*
> *Which, since they image Him, compel my love.*

Therefore to him a well-shaped hand or throat or head, a neck superbly poised on an athletic chest, the sway of the trunk above the hips, the starting of the muscles on the flank, the tendons of the ankle, the outline of the shoulder when the arm is raised, the backward bending of the loins, the curves of a woman's breast, the contour of a body careless in repose or strained for action, were all words pregnant with profoundest meaning, whereby fit utterance might be given to the thoughts that raise man near to God. But, it may be asked, what poems of action as well as feeling are to be expressed in this form-language? The answer is simple. *Paint or carve the body of a man, and, as you do it nobly, you will give the measure of both highest thought and most impassioned deed.* This is the key to Michael Angelo's art.

Castelar, in his "Old Rome and New Italy," thus characterizes Angelo's Last Judgment and the effect which the work in the Sistine Chapel produced upon him:

Nature is but little represented in the Last Judgment; Michael Angelo has only depicted air and light. The planets are not seen revolving majestically through space, nor the sun dyed in gold and crim-

son, nor the mountains rent in pieces, nor the raging sea tossed in foaming waves by a terrible tempest — nothing of this: in the blue air, in the air alone, passes the awful scene occupied solely by human bodies and celestial clouds, and over both the anger of the Eternal. All appears horrible, all frightful in that picture, as if no one could be saved, so forcibly does terror dominate all other sentiments. Attention cannot be long concentrated on the sublime. On feeling a profound emotion, the nerves are shaken and the brain is furrowed as if by an electric shock. I felt my temples palpitate, as if the swelling veins were about to burst from the torrent of gigantic thoughts excited by that chapel, which comprehends all of human life, from the creation to the universal judgment. I wanted air, and went out to breathe it in the Roman Campagna, around whose ruins the lovely season of April had flung her green and joyous mantle. But on turning, I beheld, in the azure of the heavens, the outline of a stupendous work, over which floats the soul of Michael Angelo, who designed the dome of St. Peter's, which appeared gilded and glorified by the last rays of the setting sun.

It is impossible for me to dwell longer on the works of Angelo. From what has been said, and when we call to mind his part of the work on St. Peter's and other noble monuments which bear the impress of his masterful mind, we are able to conceive something of his transcendent genius.

His life was singularly pure, and his conversation was unsmirched by vulgarity. He was a man of strong faith. In one of his letters to his father he says: "Do not vex yourself; God did not make us to abandon us. Men are worth more than money." And in one of his greatest sonnets, composed when his life was nearing its eventide, he thus expresses his religious sentiments:

How hath my life across a stormy sea,
Like a frail bark, reached that wide port where all
Are bidden, ere the final reckoning fall
Of good and evil for eternity.
Now know I well how that fond phantasy
Which made my soul the worshipper and thrall
Of earthly art is vain; how criminal
Is that which all men seek unwillingly.
Those amorous thoughts which were so lightly dressed,
What are they when the double death is nigh?
The one I know for sure, the other dread.
Painting nor sculpture now can lull to rest
My soul, that turns to His great love on high,
Whose arms to clasp us on the cross were spread.

"His old age was the serene and splendid evening of a toilsome day." He died in Rome, "the city of his soul," on the fifteenth of February, 1564, and was buried in Florence, "the city of his ancestry," amid pomp and civic honors.

III.

Leonardo da Vinci, the most versatile of the great painters of his day, was the illegitimate son of a notary who lived at Vinci,

near Florence. He ranked among the greatest painters of the Renaissance, and until Angelo painted his cartoon of the "Battle of Pisa," was considered by the Florentines as their greatest artist. By an evil chance the finest artistic works of this master have been lost. His "Last Supper," as colored by Da Vinci on the walls of the convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan, exists no longer. The outlines of the figures remain as the master drew them, but the coloring of Da Vinci soon faded, and the vicissitudes of time and the savagery of man seem to have conspired to ruin one of the greatest artistic works of the golden age of art. His great cartoon made in Florence, which was surpassed only by Angelo's "Battle of Pisa," is also destroyed. Da Vinci spent many years in Milan. He visited Rome when Pope Leo X. was in the papal chair, but finding Angelo and Raphael outranking him as painters, he left the city in disgust. He entered the service of Francis I., who was a patron of art and artists, and died in the service of that king in 1519. He left many valuable manuscripts.

Had Da Vinci concentrated his genius on painting instead of interrogating every mystery that fell under his alert and curious gaze, he would probably have equalled Raphael and Angelo as painters, although his work would have been as essentially different from theirs as was his point of view. His restless spirit, however, chafed within its narrow walls. He had caught the broader spirit of the times. The larger vision of knowledge which fired Americus Vespucius and Magellan had touched his brain with its soul-disturbing influence. He may justly be termed the Interrogation Point of the Italian Renaissance. He caught glimpses of great scientific facts which were among the most important discoveries of a later day. On this point Hallam says *:

> The discoveries which made Galileo, Kepler, Maestlin, Maurolicus, Castelli, and other names illustrious, the system of Copernicus, and the very theories of recent geologists are anticipated by Da Vinci within the compass of a few pages — not, perhaps, in the most precise language or on the most conclusive reasoning, but so as to strike us with something like the awe of preternatural knowledge.

Da Vinci was a passionate lover of music, and became a skilled performer. His lute was tuned according to "acoustic laws" discovered by himself. He was the foremost anatomist of his time. He was ever sounding mysteries and turning from one field of research to another in quest of knowledge. Of his inventive skill and the wide range of his investigations, Mr. Symonds says:

> He invented machinery for water mills, an aqueduct, devised engines of war, projected new systems of siege artillery, designed buildings,

* "Introduction to the Literature of Europe."

made plans for piercing mountains, draining marshes, clearing harbors. There was no branch of study whereby nature, through the efforts of the inquisitive intellect, might be subordinated to the use of man, of which he was not the master.

The thoughts, hints, and suggestions of this many-sided man of genius were a constant inspiration to artists and students during his life, and doubtless his written treatises have proved helpful to many scientific students since his day.

IV.

Antonio Allegri, known to the world by the name of his birthplace, Correggio, was born two years after the discovery of America, and at a moment when the subtle vibratory waves which sweep from brain to brain were luminous with intellectual stimulus, charged with artistic impulses, and freighted with hope and wonder. His taste for art was early discernible, and though we know almost nothing of his early youth, by the time he reached his twenty-first year he had completed his celebrated Madonna of St. Francis, now in the Dresden Gallery.

In 1518, Corregio received an invitation to repair to Parma and execute some work for the abbess of the Convent of San Paolo. The abbess apparently had wearied of scriptural subjects; her fancy ran more to mythological scenes, and her taste was shared by the rising young master. For Correggio never was so happy as when, untrammelled by convention, he was able to let his fancy float with the dreams and legends of the mythological ages. "He was," says Dr. Julius Meyer, "innocently and unconsciously a heathen." Over the fireplace of the dining-room of the abbess he painted, not a Virgin in ecstatic contemplation, but a superb picture of Diana returning from the chase. The car of the goddess is moving at full speed, drawn by two white does; her knees are bent in the act of springing into her seat; the wind catches her mantle; her face is turned toward the spectator. Elsewhere throughout this room the decorations conform to the picture which is the keynote of its ornamentation.

Later, Correggio received from the monks of the Convent of San Giovanni the important commission to paint the cupola of their church. In treating this work, Correggio's departure from conventional methods was as radical as the spirit of the painting was unlike the severe conceptions of earlier Christian painters. His fame was now so great in Parma that he received a commission to decorate the cathedral of that city. The result of this work was too unconventional to suit the Parmese, and it is said that the canons of the church had decided to have the painting effaced, when, according to an oft-repeated story, Titian happened to pass through Parma, in the suite of Charles V. He

visited the cathedral, and was spellbound by the marvels of Correggio's brush. The greatest of all colorists expressed his contempt for the opinion of those who were crying out against this masterpiece by exclaiming, "If you had filled the dome with gold you would not have paid what it is worth." This legend, like many connected with the work of Correggio, is, however, of doubtful authority, and is chiefly valuable as emphasizing the fact that for years after his death only great artists fully appreciated a painter so bold and unconventional as Correggio.

Of the artist and the characteristics of his work I cannot do better than give the following delightful summary by Mr. Symonds:

Correggio is the Faun or Ariel of Renaissance painting. Turning from him to Raphael, we are naturally first struck by the affinities and differences between them. Both drew from their study of the world the elements of joy which it contains; but the gladness of Correggio was more sensuous than that of Raphael; his intellectual faculties were less developed; his rapture was more tumultuous and Bacchantic. Like Raphael, Correggio died young. In his work there was nothing worldly: that divides him from the Venetians, whose sensuousness he shared; nothing scientific: that distinguishes him from Da Vinci, the magic of whose *chiaroscuro* he comprehended: nothing contemplative: that separates him from Michael Angelo, the audacity of whose design in dealing with forced attitudes he rivalled, without apparently having enjoyed the opportunity of studying his works. The cheerfulness of Raphael, the wizardry of Leonardo, and the boldness of Michael Angelo met in him to form a new style, the originality of which is indisputable, which takes us captive — not by intellectual power, but by the impulse of emotion.

Correggio created a world of beautiful human beings, the whole condition of whose existence is a radiant wantonness. Over the domain of tragedy he had no sway, nor could he deal with subjects demanding pregnancy of intellectual meaning. He paints the three Fates, for instance, like young and joyous Bacchantes; if we placed rose garlands and thyrsi in their hands instead of the distaff and the thread of human destinies, they might figure upon the panels of a banquet chamber in Pompeii.

He was essentially a lyrical as distinguished from an epical or dramatic poet. The unity of his work is derived from the effect of light and atmosphere, the inbreathed soul of tremulous and throbbing life, which bathes and liquifies the whole. It was enough for him to produce a gleeful symphony by the play of light and color, by the animation of his figures, and by the intoxicating beauty of his forms. His angels are *genii* disimprisoned from the chalice of flowers, houries of an erotic paradise, elemental sprites of nature wantoning in Eden in her prime.

Correggio died on the 5th of March, 1534, at the age of forty.

V.

We now come to notice Raphael Sanzio, the most illustrious of painters. He was born in 1483, at Urbino. His father was an artist; the son inherited a passion for art. He became the

disciple of the beautiful. When only seventeen years of age he was a painter of marked ability, and from thence, during the score of years allotted him, he rose to the highest pitch of fame among the world's greatest painters. When one contemplates the life of Raphael a feeling of awe is inspired by the work accomplished by this fair young soul, whose marvellous breadth of vision was only equalled by intuitive insight and a perfection of execution at once bewildering and awe-inspiring. He possessed the power to assimilate, but was in no sense an imitator. He appropriated the best from other masters, and dowered that best with the wealth of his marvellous imagination. Herein is the possession of genius exemplified. Mediocrity copies and imitates without catching the soul behind the work or possessing the power to infuse the inert copy with the life born of a vivid imagination. The play of Hamlet existed and had been played before it passed through the brain of Shakespeare, but it was not until the master genius of the dramatic world breathed into it the breath of life that it became one of the capital works in the literature of the ages.

Angelo and Raphael were two of the greatest geniuses of any age. They were men of inexhaustible imagination, and as unlike as the eagle and the dove. Angelo's mind mirrored the Titanic struggles of mankind. He pictured the sterner side of life. Raphael was the apostle of the beautiful. Angelo dwelt on the height, and heard the wail of human misery; he saw the writhing of the human form on the rack and in the clutches of disease. Nay, more, the imaginations of Savonarola and Dante, brooding over tragedies as colossal as they were impossible, stimulated preternaturally the mind of Angelo. He stood above the abyss, with the imagery of Savonarola photographed on the retina of his eyes, the poetry of Dante sounding through his brain, his great, sad soul mantled in isolation. And lo! the things he had seen under the spell of the eloquent monk and the dreams awakened by the great poet assumed form and haunted his brain until he gave them to the world.

Raphael, on the other hand, was the prophet of the dawn. His fair face reflected a nature at once cordial, open-hearted, and high-minded. He was the child of Phœbus, an idealist of the idealists. I believe that he is known to have painted agony and death but once. His soul is always full of song. The horrors of war surround him; the marvellous stories of a new world are told to him; but he has no time to weep where tears will prove unavailing, or to become curious where curiosity will divert his mind from the multitude of rarer visions of beauty which flood his brain, and which he longs to give to the world before he is summoned to another life. His brief life as an independent

artist — scarcely a score of years in number — is divided into three periods, the Perugian, the Florentine, and the Roman, each outshining its predecessor. Mr. Symonds observes:

> He found in the world nothing but its joy, and communicated to his ideal the beauty of untouched virginity. He received from nature and from man a message unspoiled by one discordant note. It was as though the spirit of young Greece lived in him again, purifying his tastes to perfection and restraining him from the delineation of things stern or horrible. His very person was the symbol of his genius.
>
> The loveliness of Raphael was fair and flexible, fascinating not by power or mystery, but by the winning charm of open-hearted sweetness. To this physical beauty, rather delicate than strong, he united spiritual graces of the most amiable nature. He was gentle, docile, modest, ready to oblige, free from jealousy, binding all men to him by his cheerful courtesy. In morals he was pure; indeed, judged by the lax standard of those times, he might be called almost immaculate. His intellectual capacity, in all that concerned the art of painting, was unbounded.

Of the breadth and catholicity of his thought, this author continues:

> In the Vatican he covered the walls and ceilings of the Stanze with historical and symbolical frescoes that embrace the whole of human knowledge. The cramping limits of ecclesiastical tradition are transcended. The synod of the antique sages finds a place beside the synod of the fathers and the company of saints. Parnassus and the allegory of the virtues front each other. The legend of Marsyas and the *mythus* of the Fall are companion pictures. A new catholicity, a new orthodoxy of the beautiful, appears. The Renaissance in all its breadth and liberality of judgment takes ideal form. The brain has guided the hand throughout, and the result is sterling poetry. The knowledge, again, expressed in many of his frescoes is so thorough that we wonder whether in his body lived again the soul of some accomplished sage.

Next to his marvellous genius nothing excited the wonder of art students more than the number of his works and the excellence which characterized them. It has been said that his unflagging industry has never been surpassed; and this is all the more remarkable when we remember that his greatest works, and the largest number, were produced in a city of wealth, luxury, and licentiousness, where every possible temptation was thrown in the way of a susceptible youth. That he could thus work in the midst of luxury and license is in itself a magnificent tribute to the strength of his character.

He died on the anniversary of his birth, April 6, 1520. The circle of his short life was complete, though it measured but thirty-seven years, not quite a score of which had been spent as an independent workman. And yet such were his industry and genius that during those brief years he created so many immortal works of art that had they been the result of fourscore years, civilization would have regarded his life as markedly fruitful. Behind the hand which pushed Raphael's brush was the tireless

brain of a genius which seemed instinctively to know that its stay on earth was destined to be short, and that, therefore, the marvellous visions which crowded the chambers of his brain must be given to man without delay.

The news of the artist's death created a profound sensation throughout Rome. The city was thrown into sincere mourning. He was loved by all save a few jealous natures among his rivals. He had done more than any other man to restore to Rome her ancient glory. He was a sincere and devout Catholic, and his art treasures wrought for the church were indeed children of his love as well as the offspring of his genius. He was a courtly, refined nature, an idealist and a dreamer who shrank from harsh words or ungenerous deeds. Hence the civic pride felt by the Romans in the possession of the most illustrious of painters, the deeper attachment cherished by the truly patriotic owing to his labors for the restoration of Rome to her former architectural glory, the unfeigned admiration entertained for him by the zealous Catholic due to his devotion to the Roman church, the sincere affection of those associated with him, inspired by his generous-hearted, kind, and genial nature. These influences combined to make Raphael almost universally loved in Rome, and his death was felt as a personal loss in hundreds of homes. Count Castiglione wrote to his mother, "It seems to me I am no more in Rome since my poor dear Raphael is not here." Thousands of citizens followed his body to the Pantheon.

Rome felt what almost all Raphael's biographers have expressed — that it was a cruel fate which thus cut off a glorious child of genius before he had reached the meridian of early manhood. I confess I cannot share this view. At the time of his death Raphael had accomplished more in the way of great works of art than any contemporary. He was a child of the morning. His fine, sweet nature never felt the blasts and crushing blows which beat around and fall upon most of those sons of God we call geniuses. His was a May-day life from birth to death, but it was not spent as are most May-day lives. There was never a moment when Raphael did not seem impressed with the urgent demands imposed upon him by the eternal. His genius drove him on. Neither wealth, the indolence of those around him, the praise of the great, nor the sycophancy and flattery of the small seduced him from his arduous tasks. His was a nature which shrank from even the contemplation of pain and anguish. His soul recoiled from the tragedies of life. After he had wrought so nobly and so bountifully, after he had given to earth more immortal art-treasures than even Titian, though the latter lived almost a century, it was a kind fate that allowed him to depart before Rome was sacked and pillaged.

He had loved the Eternal City with a passion rarely equalled in the history of patriotic devotion. He had not only adorned her with his noblest works of art, but his most ardent desire was to be able to restore her ancient glory. One who understands a nature so finely strung that the mind recoils from the slaughter of human lives, and from pain and misery in any form, and at the same time loves the creations of art as if they were things of life, can easily appreciate with what horror he would have witnessed the sacking of Rome, with its attendant brutalities, and what to him would have been the ruthless profanation of that which was sacred. I repeat, it was a kind fate which permitted him to depart while his fame was at its zenith, while love lighted up his pathway and the sun shone on his child-soul.

I have selected these four typical characters from the brilliant *coterie* whose marvellous attainments in art filled all Italy with glory and made this period the golden age of painting. They were the most luminous expressions of a spirit which seemed to brood over the peninsula, touching and illuminating the artistic impulses of scores of gifted men. They represent the high lights of this century, as Lorenzo de Medici, Alexander VI., Cesare Borgia, and Machiavelli represent the darker shadows. They belonged to the dynasty of genius. They were high priests of true art, and in their chosen spheres revealed to what heights the soul of man might soar, thereby giving us a glimpse of what humanity may become when man shall grow rational enough to rise above passion; when he shall become great enough to appreciate the mysterious promptings of his higher self; when the tiger, the hyena, the serpent, and the vulture in the human brain will be subdued by an awakened and emancipated soul.

THE MISSION OF PRACTICAL OCCULTISM TO-DAY.

Second Paper.

BY MARGARET B. PEEKE.

The vocabulary of the present has assumed gigantic proportions. Words are born as the moments fly, and no one asks their origin. Some are created for a special emergency; some have been disinterred from the tomb of ages, infused with new life, and brought into active service once more; while occasionally a word, never entirely thrust aside, is brought into sudden prominence, accepted by everyone, and passed from mouth to mouth as the *one word* that expresses an idea. Occultism is such an one. Though it had never become obsolete, it was rarely used, until by an evolutionary need it was found that no other would so well express what was desired. It has the dignity of age and the freshness of a new creation that lends it a charm peculiarly its own. Old and young, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, use it as glibly as if brought up in familiar converse with it; yet among a thousand who thus handle it, but a small fraction can give an exact definition of the word. To the ordinary mind it is a term that explains all psychical phenomena, all mystical philosophy, all dreams, visions, and magical performances, ranging from fakirs and jugglers to ghosts and prophets.

In truth occultism has nothing whatever to do with manifestations of human cunning or physical skill. It belongs to the realm of unseen forces, where man's higher powers by training control and govern them. It belongs to the realm of the subjective mind, and in a degree is creative because touching that part of man that allies him to God. This word belongs to this age, and has been revived by a law that is immutable. As the race has begun a new spiral, taking it out of *material* selfishness, it has discerned, though dimly, a world of higher rates of vibration to which the coming man belongs and whose laws he must regulate by his own higher nature. Because this realm and these forces had been so long hidden, yet must be under law, the word occult was revived and used.

There has been no age when men did not long for higher powers, and in the very longing prove their existence. From Moses and the prophets, through Magi and Rosicrucians, follow-

ing the search for the philosopher's stone as well as the higher knowledge of God, mankind has ever reached out for greater power and higher truth. This it is that gives to occult studies a charm that allures all ages and conditions of men, and makes mere material success sink into insignificance. All that wealth and love have ever done, all that intellect and physical strength have accomplished, all that fancy has dreamed or imagination conceived — all these and more can be wrought by man when he has gained mastery over the kingdom within. It has been written, "Straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it," and in this declaration we see why an occult life is so at variance with mere sectarianism and ordinary churchianity. It is easier to believe a volume of creed than to live *one* single principle contained in it. It is comparatively easy to embrace a dogma, attend certain ceremonies, bestow worldly goods, and have faith in a vague, far-away God; while none but an enthusiast or a devotee would attempt to show forth in daily life divine love to all, or do unto others exactly as they would have others do unto them. Those who belong to the former class would be content to know that their names were enrolled on the book of membership of some church; while those who belong to the latter could never be satisfied with anything less than a *realization* of God in the soul. No one can be an occultist in mere name, for, unless he has as a sign some of the powers mentioned by Paul in his letter to the church of Corinth, he differs in no respect from the rest of the world. To be an occultist one *must live the life.* There is nothing one need to *do* — except to BE. The day is coming when a diploma from college or a piece of parchment from a theological seminary will be worthless as a ministerial credential, and instead the man will be asked, "What gift hast thou to show thyself a true minister? — canst thou teach, or prophesy, or heal?" Principles must be verified by practice, and theory give place to results. If it is asserted that all this was the object of the mission of Jesus to earth, we can only ask, Has this been the result achieved?

The definitions of occultism are many.

Occult means hidden.

Occultism deals with forces of nature not generally known, and teaches man how to control and use them.

Occultism is the knowledge that enables a man to produce visible results from invisible causes.

Occultism is the key that unlocks nature's secrets, by dealing with magnetic law, odylic force, and the laws of vibration.

Occultism has for its object universality as opposed to individuality.

From these definitions it is easily seen why this subject has come to the front at this time, and what its mission may be as a prominent factor of reform in all lines of human life, individual, social, political, scientific, and religious. It has been the basis of all religions in the past, and in the new age it must be both basis and superstructure; for the walls of the old are tottering, and only the eternal verities can stand. *Self* has been the element of disintegration in all the organizations of men, hence self must give place to God, and the race must begin to *be*, instead of believing. For nearly two thousand years the cry has been, "Believe, believe, and be saved," and men have thought it enough to assent intellectually to creeds. A new age is now dawning — an age of knowledge where faith must step aside, and men can say *I know*. Faith has been "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;" but *knowledge* need not wait for the future, it can realize *now*, and the day of knowledge is here. "In that day no man shall say to his neighbor, Know ye the Lord, for all shall know Him, from the least unto the greatest." In the same way that we know any experience of life may we know for a surety that God reigns in us; for "The kingdom of heaven is within you," said He who spake as never man spake. This kingdom can never be taken until the strong man within is bound, and this can be done only by a determined purpose and a resolute will, the result of training on occult lines, as truly as the development of muscle is the result of physical training. There are but two facts, viz., God and the soul. To know these is the purpose of all occult training. As the Guani of Ceylon said to Mr. Carpenter, "Knowing about God is not knowing God."

Occult training is preparing man to sweep away the cobwebs of superstition, and in the light of truth, say I KNOW. This interior knowledge is a growth. Step by step must the path be trodden that *reveals* the new world, but at each step the *proof* is found, and the soul knows because it has experienced for itself. *Thought*, *desire*, *will* are trained constantly, until all life is guided by an intuition that never mistakes, and all action is from a centre *not of self*, but of the Christ spirit. "Let the same spirit be in you which was in Christ Jesus."

What is the need of the hour? What should we think of life on this planet if we had never seen it before, but dropped upon it from some other sphere? Open-eyed let us look upon humanity as we should then find it, forgetting that we are a part of the great tragedy. The first thing we notice is the fact that the universal elements, earth, air, fire, and water, the four free gifts of God to man, over which man should have no control, are not free to the race, but are taxed, restricted, and monopolized

by the few. Such a condition would not be deemed possible by advanced intelligences of other worlds, for this alone would be sufficient cause to breed crime, sickness, and poverty. If true occult law prevailed, all this would be blotted out, for this philosophy teaches that the realm of true knowledge is open only to the subjective mind, the subliminal self, and this can only be reached by the subjugation of animal desires and selfish propensities. This at once excludes from this realm all who accumulate property at the expense of others; all who hoard up wealth for selfish purposes; all who do not exercise the law of love in their private, social, and business relations with others. Does this all seem chimerical and utopian? Nevertheless it is at hand. I speak of what mine eyes have seen, I testify of that which I *know;* and the day is not far distant when our money-kings and trust-formers will be glad to relinquish ill-gotten wealth, rather than brave the calumny and disgrace of belonging to an age of *self* and semi-barbarism. As the aristocracy of intellect has quietly risen above that of ignorant wealth, so a spiritual aristocracy is already becoming felt, when goodness is known by the occult powers of its possessor, and all the more desired because it can never be bought by gold, and can only be attained by persistent growth according to a divine law.

The ordinary reader will say there is no change in the world of thought; that all things remain as they were; that men to-day are as full of greed as they have ever been; and that the day of redemption is no nearer than it was two thousand years ago. But are we to accept the opinion of such as final? Applying business principles and common-sense to this most important question of the ages, we should seek the opinion of those most familiar with the subject. We do not go to a lawyer for a decision as to a conjunction of planets, nor to a politician for knowledge of a scientific nature; why should we go to a worldling for a judgment belonging to a realm of which he knows nothing? We have only to consult the great leaders of the day in spiritual matters — and this does not mean clergymen and church officials; we have only to compare the world of to-day with the world of twenty-five years ago; we have only to study the rise and progress of the Salvation Army; we have only to note the bearings of the World's Parliament of Religions; we have only to observe the work being done by the rich among the working-classes; we have only to read the live periodicals of the day; we have only to listen to the snatches of conversation in travelling, to be forced to the conclusion that a peculiar spirit is at work beneath the surface of humanity (even as a leaven works beneath the surface of the flour) that is *surely* bringing forth a new order of things that will establish a new kingdom upon

earth. The age of faith must give place to that of knowledge, and the age of *theoretical* love must be set aside that *practical* love may reign; and to the careful observer this state of things has already begun. When Henry George advanced his theory of non-ownership of land, he was unconsciously setting in motion a current of thought that was the entering wedge for the future system. *The four elements must be free to all the children of men*, and occult teachings will hasten the day. General Legget's "Dream of a Modest Prophet," with the ideal worked out on lines of education, politics, and religion, Bellamy's "Looking Backward," and a host of the books of the time, are mere indications of what we know must be fulfilled in the near future; for the occult law is true, "Nothing that man's mind can conceive or his imagination picture is beyond his power to accomplish."

There are three primal steps to be taken before a human being can hope to realize unusual powers. First, the hushing of the objective mind, or control of the sense-realm. Second, banishing from the mind consciousness of sex. Third, training of the *will*. It does not require a great effort to see that if these three steps are taken, the individual is at once carried out of the old world of self and sense and sex, into a new kingdom where higher laws are working with invincible power. Then is opened the door of the temple where God is the light thereof, and the temple is man's soul. Can we imagine a man having attained this state, caring for bank accounts and toys of material things? As well might we expect him to be lured from manly pursuits to boyhood's games. When occult principles are lived by many, crime must cease, impurity of thought and deed be obliterated, and selfish organizations die from lack of sustenance. Drunkenness, poverty, and misery *must go*. According to the spread of the truth will be the time that must elapse between this present state and that event.

Perhaps the most startling evil of the day is that of the degradation of woman. What hope have we that this monster can be chained, as long as men live for *self* — for gratification of the senses and perversion of their sex nature? Change the centre of action, substitute for *self* the Christ spirit, and the work is done. If the fact were known that a life of purity in thought, word, and deed would bring to man a supremacy of which he now has but the faintest dream, that by it his life would not only be increased in length, but that all sickness and poverty would be unknown, and even death lose its terrors and cease to exist, mere selfishness would drive men from their present life of animality to the new life of regenerate sons of God. All who live have been children of generation; all who would be immortal, and have powers belonging to immortals, must be children of

regeneration. "Ye must be born again" was not a vain utterance.

To those who have the inner eyes opened, who know the kingdom within, men and women, as such, do not exist. They are *souls* on the march of progression — now here, then elsewhere, again to reappear and learn new lessons; sometimes clothed in the body of a man, sometimes in that of a woman, as the need may be better to learn the lesson, but eventually to come to that state where "Man was made in the image of God. Male and female created He them" — not as separated, but two-in-one, as the Adam Kadman, the archetypal man who exists as the ideal of creation. In this state the sex relation is elevated to a position it has never heretofore attained. No longer as a consumer of the life forces, wasted on mere animal pleasure, it rises into divine dignity and is recognized only as a creative energy, allying man to God in very works, and becoming the holiest of all uses in the grand economy. As the world is now constituted man is inferior to the higher order of animals, and as in Job's time he advised him to learn of the fish of the sea and the fowls of the air, even so may he now learn lessons from inferior orders on this plane of sex. Is it not easily seen that the day is coming when young men will remain young? when to grow bald prematurely, to break down in life's prime, to lose mental faculties and bodily vigor, will be looked upon as a disgrace?

Whatever question arises in national or social problems, we must look to one of two remedies for the final cure. Either legislative morality must *force* obedience to higher and better laws, or the race must be educated to a higher development. We have only to look at the results of legislative morality in India, and see how it has sapped the strength from the entire nation, to see what its results will be here or elsewhere. It is ever the same old story: an outside prop only increases weakness; the strength must come from within to be lasting. Man's strength has been tried on all lines, and has always been a disappointment. There is but one source of strength, one energy of purpose, one *Will;* and this is found in the same Source that created worlds by a breath, and upholds the universe by His Thought. When mankind has learned the lesson that it is only alive when united to the One, only strong when a part of the One, only possessed of a will when the finite will is absorbed in the One, then and then only will the old dreams of Rosicrucians and transcendentalists be verified in reality, and man emerge from the realm of sense and reason into the higher plane of intuition.

That there have been different races upon the globe is verified by the varied colors of the first, second, and third races still

existing, yet showing distinct tendencies and different degrees of development. That these races overlapped and did not form a distinct line of appearance is known from the fact that they to-day intermingle with those more advanced, and by gradual absorption are becoming identified with them. A new race is now to make its appearance, as belonging essentially to the new age of progress; and as each preceding race is supposed to have brought forth a new sense, we are not surprised that we must look to the sixth race for that wonderful and subtle sense of intuition. It will belong to all children of that race as naturally as the physical senses belong to the child of to-day. Where now we must needs develop this sense by effort, the men and women of the near future will know by the inner sense the true nature of those with whom they come in contact; and as here and there to-day are phenomenal characters who can accurately describe by the touch of a garment, an ornament, or a letter, the nature of a person or an event, so then everyone born of that new race will be able to tell by a touch or a glance where deceit dwells or crime has been perpetrated. The present detective system will be laid aside, and crime will not be able to hide itself from the eyes of men. In that day we shall indeed be "living epistles known and read of all men."

"When will these things be?" asks the incredulous, "and what sign is there of the coming of the Son of Man?"

When midnight has passed we know that the dawn is drawing nigh, even though the darkness is still dense and no ray of light creeps over the hills. The old age died in 1881, and the dawn of the new cycle is at hand. The time that has passed since then is but as a moment past midnight, but the dawn is at hand, and each soul will come into new power, for the day of redemption is nigh. Only by the development of the divine in man can the evils of the present be banished — and this is true occultism.

A SOUTHERNER'S PLEA FOR PEACE.

BY THOMAS J. MIDDLETON.

In a recent number of The Arena there appeared an article from the pen of Mr. Caldwell, entitled "The South is American." The article is readable and interesting, whether from a statistical, historical or ethnological point of view, and must make the heart of every Southerner warm with patriotic pride as he reads of his ancestors and his people.

Here is the closing paragraph of the article, and I have placed in italics the idea with which I wish to take issue: —

> The war construed the Constitution, and the South has in good faith and unreservedly accepted every legitimate result of the war. No man who is honest and who is adequately informed will say that the people are not absolutely loyal to the Union and the Constitution. I go further and affirm that in *the troubles which the future is sure to bring*, the principles and the institutions of American liberty will find their most loyal and steadfast support in the twelve millions of Southern Anglo-Saxon Americans.

Several times, and with increasing frequency, within the past few years, I have heard the idea advanced that it will require a foreign war to cement thoroughly the two sections. This idea creates an undercurrent in every little controversy with other countries, and on more than one occasion Southern military leaders have been mentioned for service; men, too, who are worthy of service should any be needed. Now while this may seem, to even close observers, to be unimportant and unworthy of notice, still if left to itself to grow, it may gather strength and force sufficient to become a deciding factor in some possible future question of war; and if this mustard seed of error might involve nations in war, it were better to look into it.

What are some of the temptations and encouragements to such a condition?

(1) There is a fascination in war and military glory to those boasting the highest degree of civilization. Ridpath says of China: —

> It is a strange reflection on the imperfect knowledge and fragmentary annals of mankind, that of the most ancient and populous nation in the world the least is known; and it is a biting satire on the moral condition of the human race that this want of knowledge is based upon the

fact that the nation in question has from time immemorial devoted its energies to peace, and has not been sufficiently bloody-minded to attract the interested attention of other peoples. He who takes the sword is famous Alexander; he who handles the hoe is an obscure boor. Of the one, the blatant histories which men have written are full of praises; of the other and his humble home by the garden wall, they say no word at all. Such is the moral standard which has made butchery glorious, and perfidious politics the principal business of mankind.

(2) It is human nature that the vanquished are willing to accept, and frequently seek, another opportunity to have it over again. The South forms no exception to this general rule.

(3) The Southern people are born leaders. Especially is this true of those of them who essay to lead and have led the South in the past. This peculiar characteristic of Southern men, their supreme confidence in themselves, their ability to work out of difficulties, their spirit of hopefulness (characteristics useful in war), have been noticed by other people. Tourgee, whom nobody will claim as predisposed to the South, pays constant and glowing tribute to this peculiarly Southern characteristic in the pages of his series of historical war novels. He attributes it to the local surroundings under which Southern white men have been brought up, with an inferior race under their control.

(4) The one potent factor in the equation is this: There are many of these Southern leaders who would not run away from a prospective war, because men are always inclined to that in which they excel. It must be admitted that the South has always beaten the North in military leaders. Left to history there is no controversy on this point. In both wars with the mother country and in that with Mexico it was Southern generals who led in command, and went in each case from the battle-field to the White House. In the Indian wars another leader, whose military fame made him president, was a Virginian by birth. In the late war, high authority has given the place of military preëminence to Southern men. Lee has been pronounced superior to Grant by some military critics, meeting defeat only because of the strength and force of superior numbers. Where in all history has there appeared a more remarkable leader than "Stonewall" Jackson—the man who was pronounced "the very incarnation of the active-defensive"? Time would fail me to tell of Johnson, "the general who, when he could not win knew how to save," of the intrepid leader who fell on the storm-rent field of Franklin, of Wheeler and Stuart in cavalry, and numbers of subordinates who "dreaded a stain more than a wound" in that conflict. The president of the Confederancy himself won renown on the field of battle, and as the war secretary under Pierce, many of his suggestions for reform in this department of the government were adopted into law.

These men all had military training, and after them there was another school of leaders who learned the art of war, as if by intuition, of which class Forrest was preëminently first. The man who developed most completely the military principle that horses were useful in getting to a certain point in the quickest time where the men were to dismount and fight on foot, he early became a terror to his foes. A man without any intellectual training, really illiterate, showing frequently a contempt for the books,* he was, in many respects, the most remarkable character that the war brought to the surface, on either side.

Yes, the South has always had a brilliant leadership "in field or forum," and this, with the other items enumerated above, might constitute a determining factor in a question of war. While it may be said, and truthfully, that the masses would not favor another war, it can be replied that, if left to themselves, they had not consented to the last one, and that if induced to enter it where their all was at stake, their consent may be much easier to obtain when the war is to be on another's territory.

The plain facts of history force the South to own her responsibility for two wars, the last of which is to tax the labor of her people for many years to come. Of course the last war was very largely helped by agitators from both sections, but after all is summed up, the responsibility of forcing the issue must be laid at the door of the South, and Lincoln's words to the Southern people were true: "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being the aggressors."

It seems to have been almost overlooked that the Mexican War was entirely useless, and was fought, virtually, for the extension of slave territory. General Taylor's message, giving the military situation, reached the national capital on Saturday; on Monday President Polk sent in his message, and on the same day the House of Representatives, without taking time to have the reports and despatches read, and almost without debate, passed a bill declaring war, and making provision for its prosecution. At a later stage of the war, when $3,000,000 was appropriated to satisfy Mexico as to territory, the famous "Wilmot Proviso" was introduced, which led proslavery men in Congress and Southern legislatures openly to say that it was a "Southern war," and that they opposed its further prosecution, if slavery was to be restricted in the end.

* On one occasion one of General Forrest's subordinates, a man of thorough military training, was showing his chief, by the books, that he was violating the rules of war and putting himself at every disadvantage. "Why," said he to the general, pointing to the map, "don't you see that they'll be in our rear?" "Well, durn 'um," said the impatient leader, "when we wheel, won't we be in theirn?"

It is unpleasant for a Southerner to remind Southern people of these facts of history, and they are only presented when future war is predicted, that we all may learn the lesson that their history teaches, and thereby avoid the war instead of encouraging it as a means of better cementing sections once torn apart. They are already cemented, but, if it were not so, war is too costly a process. It has been estimated that it costs seven thousand dollars to kill one man. For the eighteen years ending with the Franco-Prussian war in 1871, it has been estimated that the people of this country and Europe (the examples of a superior civilizations pent $21,000,000,000 in killing other people, and that wars of the past century have cost more than six times this much. Even the financial considerations (and the masses always have to foot the bills) should bring a repulsive shudder to every man who contemplates war from any motive — without any consideration of the human (or rather the inhuman) feature.

No, this is the country which should set others the example of peace, and in which the immortal words of Charles Sumner's eloquent plea for peace, uttered long before our late costly struggle, should be adopted by us all: —

> Let it not be said that the age does not demand this work. The robber conquerors of the past, from their fiery sepulchres demand it; the precious blood of millions unjustly shed in war, crying from the ground demands it; the voices of all good men demand it; and the conscience, even of the soldier, whispers "Peace." There are considerations springing from our situation and condition, which fervently invite us to take the lead in this work. Here should bend the patriotic ardor of the land, the ambition of the statesman, the efforts of the scholar, the persuasive influence of the press, the mild persuasion of the sanctuary, the early teachings of the school. Here in ampler ether and diviner air, are untried fields for exalted triumphs, more truly worthy the American name than any snatched from rivers of blood. War is known as the last reason of kings. Let it be no reason of our republic. Let us renounce and throw off, forever, the yoke of tyranny more oppressive than any in the annals of the world. As those standing on the mountain-tops discern the coming beams of morning, let us, from the vantage ground of liberal institutions, first recognize the ascending sun of the new era. Lift high the gates and let the king of glory in, and the king of true glory — of peace.

THE PALLADIUM OF LIBERTY.

BY VICTOR YARROS.

JURIES have been, and still are, called the "palladium of our civil and political liberties"; yet the dissatisfaction with trial by jury grows more and more intense and general. The complaints of its evils, abuses, and failures are many and bitter, the cry for reform is loud and powerful. Many suggestions have been offered; and has it not even been hinted that it would be no bad thing to act in the case of jury trial upon Hamlet's advice respecting a different matter, and "reform it altogether" by abolishing it?

That reform is imperatively needed in our present system of trial by jury, no intelligent observer can deny. But, as usual, those who have advanced plans and modes of improvement have failed to comply with the first requisite of scientific discussion: they have not tried to explain, either to themselves or to their auditors, the essential principles of trial by jury, its central idea and fundamental postulate. In order to decide upon what trial by jury *should be*, it is indispensable to establish what it *is*, theoretically, and what it originally *was*, practically. Such a manner of treatment could not have failed to lead the investigators to the conclusions which it is my purpose to emphasize in this paper — the conclusions at which the late Lysander Spooner, the great jurist and political writer, arrived in his book on the "Trial by Jury," published in 1852.

Mr. Spooner's great work was written to prove that the present jury trials are illegal and unconstitutional, and that the establishment of the true, original system would not only at once cause the total disappearance of the evils complained of, but would also certainly result in a general purification and elevation of the art of politics and the business of government. He sought to prove that really free political institutions cannot exist or be maintained in the absence of the genuine trial by jury; and he endeavored to show that nearly all the political corruption, all the class legislation, all the objectionable regulation, that tend to make this "free" country free only in name, are to be traced to the perversion or abolition of the original trial by jury.

I.

What is the trial by jury, and what is its object? According to Mr. Spooner, "The trial by jury is a trial by the country, by the people, as distinguished from a trial by the government." Anciently it was called trial *per pais*, that is, trial by the country. And even to-day, in every criminal court, the jury are told that the accused "has, for trial, put himself upon the country, which country you [the jury] are." The object of this trial by the country, in preference to a trial by the government, is *to guard against oppression by the government.*

The question between trial by the people and trial by the government is simply a question between political liberty and despotism. The authority to judge what are the powers of the government and what the liberties of the people, must necessarily be vested in one or the other of the parties themselves — the government or the people; there being no third party to whom it could be referred. If the authority be vested in the government, then the government is absolute, and the people have no liberties except such as the government sees fit to indulge them with. If, on the other hand, that authority be vested in the people, then the people have all liberties except such as they themselves choose to forego, and the government can exercise no power except such as the whole people consent that it may exercise.

The theory of free government is that it is formed by the voluntary contract of the people individually with one another. The theory assumes that each person who is a party to the government has individually and freely consented to it. It further supposes that there may be certain laws which will be beneficial to *all.* A government of the whole can therefore have no powers except such as all the parties agree that it may have. But the great question arises, How shall this "free" government, when formed, be kept within the limits of the contract by which it was established? How shall it be prevented from degenerating into a government for the benefit of a part of the people? It is clear that laws must be passed (and all other acts performed) by mere agents; and how shall these agents be restrained from seeking their own interests, and from passing laws unjust, unequal, partial in their effects?

This great question, says Mr. Spooner, the trial by jury answers.

How does it answer it? In Mr. Spooner's exact language:

> Since Magna Charta, in 1215, there has been no clearer principle of English or American constitutional law than that in criminal cases it is not only the right and duty of juries to judge what are the facts, what is the law, and what was the moral intent of the accused, but that it is also their right and their primary duty to *judge of the justice of the law,*

and to hold all laws invalid that are in their opinion unjust or oppressive, and all persons guiltless in violating or resisting the execution of such laws.

The government, being merely the servant of the sovereign people, is required to submit all its enactments to the judgment of a tribunal representing the country, the people. The people reserve to themselves a veto upon the acts of the government. The government cannot enforce its laws and punish offenders unless a jury declare that the law violated is a just and desirable law, and the accused a criminal in their eyes. The matter resolves itself into this: the servant of the people, the government, passes a law making this or that thing (say, the selling of rum, or the working on Sunday, or the importing of foreign commodities) a criminal offence punishable by imprisonment or fine. Now suppose a citizen or a group of citizens cannot find any reason to regard that thing as injurious to society and therefore illegitimate. These citizens are not bound to yield implicit obedience to the government, but have the right to ignore or violate the law. The government cannot straightway punish these citizens and stamp them as enemies of society, as invaders and transgressors. It can only say: "In the opinion of the government, the law is one that the country would approve; and in its opinion, the violators of the law are acting against the interest and well-being of the people as a whole." On the other hand, the protestant citizens say: "We are certain that the government has done something the country would not endorse; we have done no wrong, and no fellow-citizen (even though he be an official) can convert a naturally lawful thing into a crime if he have not the support of the whole country." To settle this dispute, this purely theoretical controversy, the contending parties go to court — *to a jury representing the whole country.* For it is supposed that if twelve men be taken by lot from the mass of the people, without the possibility of any previous knowledge or selection of them on the part of the government, the jury will be a fair epitome of "the country" at large; it is fairly presumable that such a tribunal will agree to no conviction except such as substantially the whole country would agree to, if they were present; and it is clear that in its results it comes as near to a trial by the whole country as any trial that it is practicable to have, without too great inconvenience and expense. If, after hearing both sides, the jury declare that the government is right, the accused become criminals and are liable to punishment. If they declare the government wrong, the accused walk out free and honorable men, and the law in question becomes null and void.

But this "trial by the country" would be a sham, a delusion, and a snare if the government could say either who may and

who may not be jurors, or could dictate to the jury anything whatever either of law or evidence. If the government may select the jurors, it will of course select only those ready and willing to side with it and sustain its laws. If the government may dictate to the jury what laws they are to enforce, it is no longer a trial by the country, but a trial by the government, since the jury do not try the accused by their own judgment of right and freedom, but by a standard dictated to them by the government.

The jury must also judge whether the laws are rightly expounded to them by the presiding judge, who simply sits there to offer advice and counsel to the jury; for, if the judge can dictate any exposition of the law, he can dictate the law, laws being, in practice, one thing or another according as they are expounded. The jury must also judge of the laws of evidence. If the government dictates the laws of evidence, it can shut out all evidence tending to vindicate the accused. In short, to use Mr. Spooner's words:

> The jury must judge of and try the whole case, and every part and parcel of the case, free of any dictation or authority on the part of the government. They must judge of the existence of the law; of the true exposition of the law; of the justice of the law; and of the admissibility and weight of all the evidence offered. Otherwise, the government will have everything its own way, the jury will be mere puppets in its hands, and the trial will be in reality a trial by the government.

II.

If the above principles are sound and true, it is obvious that in all the states of the Union as well as in England, the present juries are not what they should be. In some states, all the conditions of true trial by jury are disregarded and repudiated; in others, some of the conditions are observed, while others are violated. In the great anarchists' trial (Chicago, 1886) the judge told the jury that they were "the judges of the law and the facts," that they "had a right to disregard the instructions of the court," and that they should "fix the punishment by their verdict." But that jury has been shown to have been a packed jury — a jury representative not of the whole country, but only of the partisans of the government.

But the question now arises, Are those views sound? Are they borne out by historical facts?

It is to be borne in mind that the term *jury* is a technical one, derived from the common law. Consequently, when the American constitutions provide for trial by jury, they provide for the *common law trial by jury*, not for any trial that the government may choose to *call* by that name. The constitutions, of

course, do not provide for the name, but for the thing. Now, that the trial by jury is all that has been claimed for it, says Mr. Spooner, is proved both by the history and the language of Magna Charta.

At the time of Magna Charta the king was constitutionally almost the entire government, the sole legislative, judicial, and executive power. The officers were merely his servants, appointed by him and removable at his pleasure. The judges were abject servants of the king. Parliament was a mere council of the king, with no power so far as general legislation was concerned. The king could pass laws at any time, and the presence of Parliament was not necessary. The only legal limitation upon his power was the "law of the land," or the common law, which he was bound by oath to maintain. But the oppressions and usurpations of King John were so intolerable that the whole nation finally made war upon the king and compelled him to pledge himself that he would punish no man for the violation of any law except with the consent of the equals of the accused. Thus the Great Charter of English Liberties was granted. This charter took the liberties of the people out of the hands of the king and placed them in the keeping of the people themselves. The peers (jury) were to be perfectly independent of the king's laws, and were only to approve and enforce the rules of conduct which corresponded to their own notions of right and equity, to the laws and customs which constituted the law of the land.

Mr. Spooner furnishes abundant evidence that the courts in which juries sat at that time were mere courts of conscience, and that the juries were the judges, deciding cases according to their own ideas of justice, and not according to any laws of the king unless they thought them just.

The fact that ours is a representative government, chosen by the people and designed to carry out the will of the people, does not militate in the least against the position that the jury ought to have the right to invalidate the acts of the government. The right of suffrage can be exercised only periodically, and between the periods the legislators are irresponsible. Now if the government be absolute for *one day*, it can in that day secure its power for all time and wipe out the people's liberties. As to the oaths the people take from the government, it is well known that oaths never restrain a government otherwise unrestrained. In point of fact, no despot was ever more irresponsible than are republican legislators during the period for which they are elected. They can neither be removed nor called to account nor punished, be their tyranny what it may. It is the trial by jury alone that protects the people, by giving any and every citizen the liberty to disregard any law, provided he be willing to submit to a jury

representing the country the question whether or not the law transgressed is intrinsically just and his conduct right. Only *such* a trial by jury is a palladium of liberty; any other is a snare and a delusion. Juries that decide only simple questions of fact, or juries that are not taken by lot from the mass of the people, are utterly worthless as a protection against tyranny. A jury bound to maintain the laws is one that the Czar of Russia might introduce without fear.

III.

Of the results indicated by Mr. Spooner as certain or likely to follow the rehabilitation of the original trial by jury, only the most startling and important need to be mentioned. One is the free administration of justice, which necessarily connects itself with the trial by jury. Under the prevailing system perhaps one-half of the community are virtually deprived of all protection. Being unable to pay the expenses of civil suits, they must submit to acts of injustice. No poor man ever can gain admittance into courts of justice. If government forbids a man to protect his own rights, it is bound to protect him free of expense to him. And juries, properly constituted, would assure justice to all, as they would refuse to decide a case at all except upon the assurance that all the evidence necessary to a full knowledge of all the circumstances is produced; which must lead to the adoption of the principle of free administration of justice.

Another important result would be that the doctrine now universally acted upon, that "Ignorance of the law excuses no one," would be speedily repudiated. The doctrine is evidently preposterous. In reality there is no excuse more absolute and complete. A man is bound to know the law only as well as he reasonably may. The mass of the people can give but little of their time and attention to the study of the law; they cannot investigate intricate or difficult matters. An accused person may rightfully be held responsible only for such a knowledge of the law as is common to men in general. All that reasonably may be required of him is that he exercise such a conscientious judgment as it is common for men generally to exercise. If he has done this, it would be monstrous to punish him for errors of judgment. The safety of society requires only that those acts should be punished as crimes which are understood by mankind at large to be intrinsically criminal. And the safety of society requires only that those who have sufficient mental capacity to understand that certain acts are criminal should be made to suffer for wrong-doing. The doctrine that ignorance of the law excuses no one under any circumstances whatever, is atrocious

as well as absurd, and under a true trial by jury all such tyranny would disappear. A jury would judge of the mental capacity of an accused person and of his opportunities for knowing the character of his acts. They would judge of his moral intent from all the circumstances of the case, and acquit if they had a reasonable doubt as to his having acted "with malice aforethought."

The next result — that which Mr. Spooner calls "the crowning merit of the trial by jury" — would consist in the limiting of the power of the majority. The dogma that the majority has a right to govern the minority, to impose upon it rules of conduct, is as false and tyrannical in principle, as repugnant to the American idea of government, as the exploded dogma of the divine right of monarchs. The trial by jury disavows the majority dogma altogether, and proceeds upon the ground that every man should be free to pursue his happiness in his own way. It protects person and property inviolate to their possessors, unless justice, unless the unanimous judgment of "the country" expressed through the jury, requires them to be taken. The limits within which legislation would be confined under the true trial by jury would be exceedingly narrow indeed. All monopolies, all special privileges, all sumptuary laws, all restraints upon the freedom of contract, would be at an end, since all such legislation is class legislation and implies a violation of the rights of a minority. This invaded and outraged minority would resist the execution of all legislation of a tyrannical character, and would ask the jury of the whole people to justify them and defend them. In this way all legislation would be nullified, except that which protected the rights and interests of all. In the words of Mr. Spooner:

> The only legislation that could be sustained would probably be such as tended directly to the maintenance of justice and liberty; such, for example, as should contribute to the enforcement of contracts, the protection of property, and the prevention and punishment of acts intrinsically criminal. Government in practice would be brought to the necessity of strict adherence to natural law and natural justice, *instead of being, as it now is, a great battle in which avarice and ambition are constantly fighting for and obtaining advantages over the natural rights of mankind.*

In this last conclusion Mr. Spooner seems to have anticipated the modern Spencerian school of individualists. Herbert Spencer, in discussing the moral justification for the power of the majority, reasons as follows:

> If, dismissing all thought of any hypothetical agreement to coöperate heretofore made, we ask what would be the agreement into which citizens would now enter with practical unanimity, we get a sufficiently clear answer, and with it a sufficiently clear justification for the rule of

the majority inside a certain sphere, but not outside that sphere. . . . None will deny that for resisting invasion the agreement would be practically unanimous. There would be practical unanimity also in the agreement to coöperate for defence against internal enemies as against external enemies. Omitting criminals, all must wish to have person and property adequately protected. In short, each citizen desires to preserve his life, to preserve those things which conduce to maintenance of his life and enjoyment of it, and to preserve intact his liberties both of using these things and getting further such.

Mr. Spencer is decidedly of the opinion that Englishmen would *not* agree to give the majority power to fix the creed and forms of worship, to revive sumptuary laws, and to regulate private affairs. No two minds can be more unlike than these: Mr. Spooner's was a "legal" mind, while Herbert Spencer's is a philosophical mind. It is remarkable that the historical investigations of the American jurist and political writer should have yielded conclusions similar to those which the great modern sociologist presents to us as the ripe fruit of his thought upon and study of the laws of social stability and progress.*

However, Mr. Spooner's greatest, most valuable service is in having shown the simple, easy, feasible method of realizing the programme of radical democrats like Spencer and his followers and reducing the sphere of government to the function of protecting life and property. He has proved that the rehabilitation of the original trial by jury would naturally and gradually produce the desired change in our principles and methods of government. The "practical" politicians declare Spencer's scientific ideas inapplicable; what have they to say in answer to Spooner?

One other step Mr. Spooner takes — a step which Herbert Spencer refuses to take, but which his foremost disciple, Auberon Herbert, pronounces as logically unavoidable. I refer to the principle of voluntary taxation. "It was a principle of the common law," says Mr. Spooner, "as it is of the law of nature and of common-sense, that no man can be taxed without his personal consent." Believing that all legitimate government is simply a mutual insurance company, voluntarily agreed upon by the parties to it, for the protection of their rights against wrong-doers, Mr. Spooner holds that government has no more right in nature or reason to *assume* a man's consent to be protected by it and to be taxed for that protection, when he has given no actual consent, than a fire or marine insurance company have to assume a man's consent to be protected by them and pay the premium

* Lest the analogy between Spooner and Spencer be carried too far, it should be stated that Spooner would not have endorsed Spencer's admission of majority rule in certain matters. Spencer would allow the majority, if only large enough, to enforce upon the minority, if only small enough, certain burdens — such, for instance, as compulsory military service. Spooner believed that neither majorities nor minorities have a right to enforce anything except equal liberty. Spooner would have charged Spencer with inconsistency and lack of courage.

when he has given no actual consent. To take a man's property without his consent is robbery, and to assume his consent makes the taking none the less robbery. Mr. Spooner is firmly convinced that,

> If the trial by jury were reëstablished, the common-law principle of taxation would be reëstablished with it, for it is not to be supposed that juries would enforce a tax upon an individual which he had never agreed to pay.

Without these two principles — trial by the country, and no taxation without consent — no people can enjoy political freedom or have free institutions. At least, this is the consistent Jeffersonian idea of political freedom, of "free government."

NOTE. — I could not, of course, in this brief statement, reproduce any considerable portion of Mr. Spooner's evidence in support of his claims and affirmations. That there *is* such evidence in his work may be gathered from the fact that, in commenting upon it, Wendell Phillips said that "the original province of a jury [had] never before been fully investigated," and that Mr. Spooner had "laid all history under contribution for light as to the origin and function of juries."

THE PEOPLE'S HIGHWAYS.

BY PROF. FRANK PARSONS.

I.

National Highways — Railways, Telegraph, etc.

In this and the following articles of the series, attention will be called to some important aspects of monopoly in transportation, commerce, manufacturing, finance, wealth, and the making of the law.

I came to the study of social phenomena years ago, from a college atmosphere saturated with *laissez faire*. I did not quite believe that private enterprise should be left entirely free to work out its own sweet will, but I did lean toward the theory that individual effort alone should be relied upon for progress and positive service, collective effort being confined almost wholly to the office of restraining evil forms of individual action. Careful observation has modified this view. It is clear to me now that collective effort is as valuable for positive service as for restraint. As a coöperation of all for the restraint of each, governmental activities will be needed less and less as humanity approaches perfection; but as a coöperation of all for the service of each, I hope to see the functions of government continually grow.

Among the many considerations compelling me to this conclusion, none have been more potent than the facts connected with the history of monopoly in this country since the war. It is difficult to understand how any one can study these facts carefully and impartially without coming to the decision that, in the region of monopoly at least, public service is demanded by economy, safety, justice, political purity, and progress.

If the people owned the railways, they could save more than half the present cost of transportation (*Note 1*). Here are the figures:

Table I.

Savings.	*In Millions.*	*Authority.*
1 By abolishing 599 presidents, with their staffs — (one would do) . . .	25	C. Wood Davis
2 By abolishing the high-priced managers and their staffs	4	" "

TABLE I. — Concluded.

Savings.	*In Millions.*	*Authority.*
3 By abolishing attorneys and legal expenses	12	C. Wood Davis
4 By abolishing merely competitive offices, solicitors, etc.	12	" "
5 By abolishing ⅘ of the advertising acct. which is incurred for competitive purposes	5	" "
6 By abolishing the traffic associations which are employed to adjust matters between competing roads	4	" "
7 By exclusive use of the shortest routes	25	" "
8 By consolidation of working depots, offices, and staffs	20	" "
9 By uniformity of rail, cars, machinery, etc., cheapening their manufacture; by avoiding freight blockades, return of "empties" belonging to other roads, clerkage to keep acct. of foreign cars and adjust division of earnings among the roads; by making simple, easily-understood tariffs, saving the time and labor of clerks and the public; by all the numberless little economies of a vast corporation under a single management, and no competitive warfare to waste its energies	15	The present writer
10 By avoiding strikes and developing a better spirit among the employees	10	" "
11 By abolishing the corruption fund for influencing legislation, etc.	30	Thos. V. Cator
12 By abolishing the pass evil	30	C. Wood Davis
13 By abolishing unjust rebates and commissions	50	Thos. V. Cator
14 By having no rent or interest to pay	286	By Report 1891
15 By having no dividends to pay	82	" "
16 By putting surplus in the people's treasury	52	" "

Total savings by public ownership of railways, 662 millions a year.

In 1891 the people paid the railroads, in round numbers, $1,200,000,000; the same or better service would have cost them only 540 millions if they had owned the roads free of debt and under good management. During the period of transition from private to public ownership, the yearly cost of the railways to the people would of course be more than 540 millions. Upon the plan of purchase least favorable to the people, as shown in the notes (*Note 2*), the expense of running the roads under good public management, together with interest and dividends, would be 770 millions a year, falling toward 540 millions as the stock and bonds were paid off, and interest and dividends ceased. Under the more favorable plans the cost would be 540 to 600 millions a year after the consolidation under government ownership was complete. That is, the savings to the people by public ownership would run from 430 to 660 millions a year, according to the plan of purchase adopted.

This would enable the nation to reduce rates to one-half their present figures, and still realize a profit (*Note 3*). Even a greater reduction than that might be made, for the lowering of rates would be followed by a rapid increase of patronage that would materially lift the revenues of the roads. It costs little more to run full trains than trains half-full. After your road is carrying 5 million passengers a year, the cost of carrying another 5 million a year is less than half the cost of the first 5 millions; so that if you made 50 per cent profit on the first 5, you will make 200 per cent on the second 5; and if you carried the first 5 at cost, you will make 100 per cent on the second 5. In this fact lies the possibility that, under public ownership, fares might be reduced in this country, in a few years, not merely to $\frac{1}{2}$ but to $\frac{1}{4}$ or even $\frac{1}{10}$ or $\frac{1}{20}$ of the present rates, if the benefit of increased traffic is given mainly to the passenger rates (*see Note 3*).

In 1889, the government roads of Austro-Hungary reduced fares in many cases to $\frac{1}{2}$, and in some cases even to $\frac{1}{6}$ of former rates, the average reduction being more than 40 per cent for the whole system; yet the traffic so much increased that the total receipts were $432,000 more than the year before, and, in 1890, with traffic nearly fourfold what it was in 1888, and over twice what it was in 1889, the total receipts exceeded those of 1889 by $1,250,000, indicating a gain, in two years, of over two millions upon the year before the zone-system, with its reduced tariff, was introduced. And this is practically clear profit, for the railway authorities declare that the expenses of the roads have not increased, the natural addition of expense due to increase of traffic being balanced by better methods. As the net income in 1888 was half the gross receipts, with the average passenger rate at $1\frac{3}{10}$ cents a mile, and freight at $1\frac{5}{10}$ per ton a mile, and a reduction of 40 per cent has only served to increase the revenues and profits, it is clear that a reduction to $\frac{1}{2}$ a cent a mile for passengers, and the same for a ton of freight per mile, would be practicable even without any increase of traffic; and with the increase of custom sure to come, there would still be a good profit even at those low rates.

The cost of carrying a passenger in the United States is set down by the railroads at about 2 cents a mile. This, however, is clearly too high, even under our present clumsy and wasteful system. Dorsey's "English and American Railways" puts the average cost per mile at 1.14 cents in England and 1.2 cents for the whole United States. The German railways charge on an average a shade over a cent a mile (1.17 cents exactly), and they clear over 50 per cent profit on the passenger business of the roads. Many roads — like the New York, New Haven & Hartford, the Boston & Albany, and others — sell season

tickets at a little more than ½ a cent a mile. They would not do this if they did not know that ½ a cent a mile more than covered the cost. The Pennsylvania, Reading, Lehigh Valley, Old Colony, Boston & Maine, Fitchburg and others sell season tickets at $\frac{7}{10}$ of a cent a mile. I am assured that these roads never figure on less than 50 per cent profit on passenger traffic even in their commutation rates; and any one who notes the hundreds of loaded trains that leave their depots every day, and then remembers that with a full train of 400 passengers the $\frac{7}{10}$ rate would yield 350 per cent profit, and with 600 passengers 400 per cent profit — any one who ponders this will realize that the roads are not ruining themselves at half-cent rates, and will begin to see how they can pay dividends on their overgrown capitalization. There are, of course, a good many roads that mistook their calling. They were not needed, as is quite clearly shown by the fact that ⅕ the railroads of the United States are in the hands of receivers. The losses and expenses of these roads bring down the average. But in truth they are largely outside the legitimate sphere of railroading, and should be excluded entirely from the calculation, since the government cannot be expected to buy useless or superfluous roads. When this is done, the average cost of moving a passenger one mile, with the cars loaded as at present, is found to be about 1 cent for the whole United States, sparsely settled districts and all; and with the economies of public ownership and the resulting increase of traffic, the cost would fall considerably below half a cent a mile. For the Pennsylvania and similar roads it is about ½ a cent now, according to Dorsey's "English and American Railways," p. 82. In well-settled districts, where the trains run fairly well filled, the cost would be much less. The returns of the English Board of Trade, as given by Mr. William Galt, in his evidence before the Royal Commission on Railways, show that the cost of running a passenger train 1 mile was 65 cents in 1865 (it is only 44 cents now; see the end of *Note 4*), and with trains carrying from 500 to 1,000 passengers each, the average cost of taking one passenger 1 mile was less than $\frac{1}{10}$ of a cent. Specific instances were given in which railways had, for long periods, regularly carried passengers at ½ a cent a mile, first class, and ¼ of a cent, second class. For example, the London & Northwestern Company carried passengers first class on fast trains from London to Manchester and back at ½ cent a mile, and made a profit of 200 per cent on the transaction, showing that the cost was about ⅙ of a cent per mile first class.

In the United States the average cost of moving a passenger train one mile is 80 cents, or about 14 cents a car mile (*Note 4*), according to the railway reports. A moderate train of ordinary

coaches will carry 400 to 600 persons, so that with well-filled trains the cost is not more than $\frac{1}{5}$ of a cent a passenger a mile. All the expenses of railway traffic are taken into account in figuring the 80-cent cost per train mile (every train mile has to bear its proportion of rebates, corruption money, and innumerable wastes); and as I have shown that these expenses will be reduced $\frac{1}{3}$ at least by public ownership (*see Note 3*), the cost per train mile will fall to 60 cents, and the cost of carrying a passenger 1 mile in a full train will be .15 to .1 of a cent.

Excursion trains can be run now from New York to Philadelphia at a cost not exceeding $600, including the pro-rata train share of waste and corruption incident to the present railway system. That is, the railways could take 600 people on one train from Philadelphia to Chicago for $1 each, and bring them back for another $1 each, and cover all expenses, labor, wear and tear, taxes, rebates, lobby fees, and all pro rata. Two dollars for the single trip and $4 for the round trip would give the roads 100 per cent profit, according to their own published estimates of the cost of moving trains, which are not too low, we may be sure. Yet during the Columbian Exposition, when it was of the highest importance that every American citizen should see the City of Beauty, the railroads charged from $17 to 26 dollars for the trip — 700 to 1200 per cent profit if the trains were full, as most of them were. Such a charge at such a time was a crime against civilization and progress.

If the government had owned the roads, our people would have gone to the White City from the coast and back again in excursion trains for $2 a head. And if the nation had been in possession of the roads a sufficient length of time to consolidate and systematize the railway business, the cost would have been reduced to $1 for the round trip. Think of going from New York to San Francisco and back again for a five-dollar bill! Does it sound too much like Arabian Nights? Well, take this little fact, and digest it: the German State Railway at Berlin sells yearly tickets, good for a five-mile ride in and out of the city as many times a day as you please, and on any train, for the sum of $4.50. That means 3,650 miles for $4.50 if you live five miles out, and go in and out once each day; if you go home to dinner or go back to the city after supper it means over 7,000 miles for $4.50; and if you do both it means more than 10,000 miles for less than a five-dollar bill: now it doesn't look so much like Arabia, does it? And what an incalculable benefit it would be to this country to have cheap transportation, especially for workmen and the children in our schools! Commutation tickets at an average of ten miles for a cent, like the German yearly tickets, would enable the poor of the city to live in the fresh,

wholesome atmosphere of the country, would tend to depopulate the slums, expand the city, and would go very far toward solving some of the most difficult problems of municipal life. It ought to be the aim of every statesman to facilitate in every possible way the movement of the people; the policy of the railways is to narrow the margin on freight, but to make heavy profits on passenger traffic — a policy exactly the opposite of the true one.

Great as will be the benefits arising from the economies and low rates incident to national ownership, there are others even greater. Justice demands public ownership quite as emphatically as economy. Let us follow the trail of a typical railway scheme. A few men, who like to make money by rigging a press that will squeeze it out of their brothers, plan a new road. They issue stock, and talk it up until they sell four or five hundred thousand dollars' worth. Then they make oath that 20 to 90 times as much stock has been paid in as is really the case — the report of the United States Pacific Railway Commission of 1888 shows that the Central Pacific made affidavit that $54,283,000 of stock was paid in, when only $760,000 had been really paid; and the Union Pacific swore that $36,762,000 was paid in when only $400,650 had been actually paid, etc. They do this to make a good appearance in asking for government aid, which is the next step. A little lobbying and promiscuous presents of stock are generally sufficient with Congress, legislature, and council. Town meetings are easily coerced into gifts by threats of running the road on another route and leaving the town out in the cold.

Over two hundred millions of acres of land and hundreds of millions of money have been obtained gratis by the railroads in this way from nation, state and municipality — gifts amounting in value now to over four billions of dollars, or nearly the actual value of the whole railway system, and every atom of them utterly void, and beyond the authority of Congress, legislature, or municipality, according to repeated decisions of our ablest judges and the clearest principles of the law, because they were gifts of public property to private parties. If the original projectors still owned the roads, the people would not need to pay for them — their gifts and the overcharges they have paid would more than settle the bill; but, unfortunately, innocent third persons have largely invested in stock and bonds.

Well, our projectors next form a construction company, and the railway company (which they control) makes a contract with the construction company (the projectors) for the building of the road, at prices ranging from two to five times the actual cost of the work. Then they put the money they have obtained for the stock sold and from public gifts into their pockets as the

construction company, and mortgage the road for all it is worth, and take the proceeds of the bonds to run the road and pay dividends on stock, the majority of which they hold but have never paid a cent for. Then they form alliances with shrewd business men, give them secret rebates on beef, oil, wheat, dry-goods, etc., so that they can ruin their competitors, monopolize the market, and make enormous profits, which they share with their railroad allies.

The railroad managers next give their attention to the coal mines. They give rebates to some mine-owners, and plenty of cars; to others high rates and very few cars. The latter are ruined and have to sell; the railroad managers buy. Then they begin to refuse cars to the mines they first favored, until *they* have to sell, and the managers have got all the mines; then they add to the price of coal all the people will stand. While doing all this, the managers have time to invest in real estate in some of the localities along the route. Then they put company car-shops there, and make rates that give those localities advantages over others, advertise them tremendously, and get up a boom — then sell out at the top, and proceed to play the same game in some other place.

They do not neglect the taxes; they swear to the assessors that the road is worth but $11,000 a mile, though it is capitalized at $45,000 or more a mile for the people to pay dividends upon. Neither do they neglect to render false accounts, steal inventions, ruin opponents with expensive litigation, seesaw and manipulate stock as they do real estate, selling high, withholding dividends or otherwise depreciating stock to buy it in low, when again they will lift its value to sell at high figures.

Neither do they neglect the watering of stock; railway stock seems to be a species of live-stock — it requires water. Commodore Vanderbilt led off with an 84-per-cent injection into the New York Central & Hudson River, and the fluid agreed with the railway constitution so well that, later, persons who had held 40 millions of stock and bonds came to hold 104 millions without additional expenditure; and the example was followed all over the country. One group of 28 roads showed 150 per cent added in 4 years, not including the New York Central's increase, nor the 100 per cent in East Pennsylvania, nor the 71 per cent in Fort Wayne, etc.

And when the matter is agitated, and Congress investigates the roads and finds their capitalization half water and their transactions honeycombed with iniquitous discriminations against individuals, classes, and communities, and enacts cast-iron prohibitions, and appoints commissioners to see them enforced, what is the result? Does regulation regulate? Not at all; a show

of compliance in some respects, a new expense, a new source of litigation — and, underneath it all, the railroad purposes accomplished just the same, though in more secret ways. Order after order has been laid upon the roads by the Interstate Commerce Commission, with no result but to enable them to complain in subsequent reports that these orders have been disregarded.

What do the railways care for the law? They can have it made to order to a large extent, and when they fail, it is a simple thing to disobey it, and generally quite safe; rarely does any one rise to ask its enforcement, and when any one does, the managers know they need have no fear of justice. Not one of them has ever suffered the penalties of the Interstate Commerce Act, although the records of our courts and commissions are full of violations of its provisions. A railway president is quoted by Stickney as saying that all the jails in the country would be full to overflowing if the penalties of the Interstate Law had been enforced upon the railway officers who have violated it. Even laws to secure the safety of the public cannot procure enforcement. Chauncey M. Depew and others were arrested for disobedience of the law requiring the removal of the deadly stove from passenger cars, but nothing ever came of the matter. It has proved impossible in many cases to compel the roads to regard the laws commanding the adoption of interlocking switches, automatic couplers, proper protection of crossings, and other safety appliances (*Note 5*).

Just one specific instance to show the average railway respect for law: in 1873, the people of Pennsylvania got tired of railroad dealings in coal mines, and put a provision in their constitution forbidding common carriers to *mine*, or to manufacture articles to be carried over their lines, or to *buy land* except for carrying purposes, and commanding the legislature to enact appropriate laws to enforce the constitutional provisions. The railways continued to mine, and to buy coal land, and the legislature did nothing except to confirm and perpetuate their title to the lands they held. The railroads owned the legislature and the courts, and defied the people. In 1888 the independent mine-owners appealed to the Interstate Commission. It found the freight rates on coal to be unjustly high, and ordered them reduced to a reasonable figure; but in 1893, Congress found that the order had not been obeyed, and that the tariff on coal was still 50 cents a ton above what the court had found to be just. That is a specimen of the reverence of railroads for constitutions and statutes.

Can any one absorb these facts, and the thousands of similar ones which constitute the bulk of railway history, without arriving at the conclusion that justice, safety, and pure government, as well as economy, demand the public ownership of the railways?

And, beyond all this, there is still the deepest reason of all for public ownership, viz., that it will be a movement in the direction of coöperation and industrial self-government — a step toward the establishment of coöperative organization and methods, and the formation of the coöperative character (*Note 6*).

Along with the railways, the nation should take to itself the telegraph. Postmaster-general after postmaster-general has urged the economies in rent, fuel, labor, etc., that would result from combining the telegraph with the postoffice. With these economies and the elimination of profits on watered stock, rates could be reduced to one half their present figures. The water in the Western Union is 2 to 1 — it is capitalized at more than 100 millions, and is really worth only 35. Its profits in some years have reached 100 per cent, and investors who went in on the ground floor in 1858, have realized an average of 300 per cent per annum from that time to this. The telegraph has followed the lead of the railways in lobbying, issuing "franks" or telegraph passes to officials, discriminating against localities and persons, ruining those it dislikes by delaying their messages, suppressing inventions, charging extortionate rates, creating numerous millionnaires, and generally disregarding public interests. Our postmaster-generals have complained that the telegraph companies refused to furnish the facilities essential to the perfect success of the signal service.

Outside of North America there is no nation of consequence that does not own its telegraphs. The experience of England is most instructive. Facilities were largely increased, rates greatly reduced, and business doubled the very first year, to the great advantage of all classes, as well as of telegraph receipts. Outside of North America, all nations of consequence but Turkey, Spain, and England own their railways; and England's control is so severe as to amount almost to confiscation. The experience of Australia, New Zealand, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, etc., demonstrates the truth of our reasoning, that public ownership of railways and telegraphs will stop discriminations, stock-watering, and other frauds, diminish the materials of speculation and gambling in stocks, destroy two of the great fountains of political corruption, weaken the pernicious monopolies that derive support from the railways and telegraphs, create an absolute economy of hundreds of millions a year, reduce rates one-half, largely increase facilities and business, adopt new inventions without delay, carefully guard the safety of the public, benefit the employees in every way, aid the diffusion of wealth, the development of the people, the movement toward coöperation, and the attainment of civil-service reform; and it will do all this for two reasons: first, because it will remove the antagonism of

interests that causes the evils of the present system; and second, because the magnitude of the interests involved in such a public enterprise will compel the best people to see that it has a wise and honest management (*Note 7*).

All the analogies of roads, parks, post-office, etc., favor the movement. As a war measure alone it would be justified, and has been so urged by some of our highest military authorities. And the supreme court has declared that it would be constitutional under either the war power, or the power to establish post-roads. The trend of advancing civilization, the current of authority, and the growth of public opinion are all in its direction. Over two million citizens, by vote and petition, have given it their sanction. In my own experience, nineteen out of twenty favor a public telegraph; and since the Chicago strike, nine out of ten have lost their objections to national railways. Henry Clay, Cyrus W. Field, John Wanamaker, General Grant, Senators Edmunds and Dawes, and other eminent statesmen have advocated a government telegraph. Boards of trade, chambers of commerce, legislatures, city councils, and millions of individuals have demanded it; and yet we do not get it, because, if the monopolists do not quarrel among themselves, a good-sized corporation has more influence with an ordinary Congress than all the rest of the United States put together. The remedy is the election of a public-ownership Congress, or the adoption of the referendum, so that the people may vote directly upon the question at the polls. Let us work for both, and use whichever can be first attained for the nationalization of railways and telegraph under a non-partisan board, like the one that has worked so well in Australia, and a system of tenure by merit for all employees (*Note 8*).

NOTE 1.

I have chosen the year 1891 for this calculation because it was a fair average year, and because it would enable me to avail myself of the estimates of such high authorities as Thomas V. Cator, of California, and C. Wood Davis, a railway auditor and official of large experience, who covered a part of the ground in his articles printed in the fourth volume of THE ARENA.

NOTE 2.

Method of purchase and its incidents. — To continue with the year 1891, the stock of the railways amounted to a little over $4\frac{6}{10}$ billions, the bonds to $5\frac{1}{10}$ billions, and other liabilities to 647 millions, or $10\frac{4}{10}$ billions to satisfy all claims. It would not be fair, however, to ask the people to pay 10 billions for the roads. Congressional investigation has shown that fully half the capitalization of the roads is water. And estimates made by the *Christian Union* and other parties from the data in Poor's Railroad Manual, arrive at substantially the same conclusion, viz., that the bonds represent the whole actual value of the roads. The government surely ought not to pay 10 billions for property worth only 5. If the state needs Smith's farm for a public building, it inquires what the farm would bring now at fair market values, and pays him that. It does not pay him $10,000 for what is worth but $5,000, though it may have been worth $10,000 at some former time, nor even though Smith may have issued $5,000 in shares on the land and afterward mortgaged it for $5,000 more. The actual value of the property at the time of purchase is all the law of eminent domain requires the state to give. On the other hand, a *bona-fide* purchaser of stock or bonds has an equity inferior to none. There are several plans which seem to me tolerably

fair all around. *First*, the nation might assume the bonds at 3 per cent per annum, and pay upon stock the average dividends it has received during the last ten years, gradually tapering off to zero at the end of twenty or thirty years. If any of the bondholders refused to submit to the transfer, money could be borrowed at 3 per cent to pay them off, or, better still, currency could be issued by the government for the purpose. *Second*, the government, through trusty agents, might watch the stock market, and buy, from time to time, the stocks of valuable roads at bottom prices, until a sufficient amount had been obtained to control the chief roadways of the nation, after which the bonds and remaining stock could be treated as above. I say the *chief* roads, for there is no necessity for the government to buy useless roads that ought not to have been built; the best roads, in sufficient number to control the railway traffic of the country, are what the nation should buy. *Third*, new currency could be issued to buy the roads, or the majority of the stock, or to settle the dividends, interest, and gradually the face of the debt. The currency has been contracting in reference to business ever since the war, and a gradual expansion of it now would not only constitute an easy solution of the railroad problem, but a very substantial benefit in itself to all classes of the people, except those who use the shrinkage of values as a means of acquiring their neighbors' wealth without a fair equivalent; and that class has reaped profit enough in the last thirty years to be willing, if they were reasonable, that the game should go the other way a little while now,— turn about is fair play. In war times the government issued many millions of treasury notes. The act of March 3, 1863, authorized the issue of 550 millions. In 1864–65 nearly 830 millions were issued, and the country prospered. If this plan were adopted with the railways, their cost would be diffused over the whole people, resting most strongly upon the moneyed classes, instead of bearing most heavily upon the producing classes, as it would in the case of bond issue, or taxation to raise the purchase money. *Fourth*, if the government would establish postal savings banks, where the people could deposit their earnings in absolute safety, and where loans on good security could be obtained at low interest—2 per cent or perhaps even 1 per cent after a little— then the nation could use the funds in its possession for investment, and, if further funds were needed, it could borrow of itself at the established interest. Then the transaction would be according to recognized financial etiquette, and Wall Street could not cry out "Inflation! inflation!" which generally means simply that Wall Street's batteries are in danger of capture by the people. Of course there is such a thing as dangerous inflation of the currency, but at present, after long years of contraction, a few years of gradual expansion would be a blessing to all but the money-lenders. This fourth plan seems to me best of all the ways I can imagine, if we can only get the government savings banks without too much delay. If the first plan of purchase were adopted, the government would have to pay 3 per cent on 5 billions of bonds, or 150 millions a year in interest, and 80 millions or so in dividends, amounting altogether to 230 millions, and cutting down the savings to 430 millions in the first years of completed public management. All the other plans are more favorable to the government than the first—the third being costless, so far as the national balance-sheet is concerned, and the fourth ditto, or nearly ditto, so that the yearly savings would be between 430 millions and 660 millions, gradually attaining the latter figure as the bonds and stock were cancelled and dividends and interest ceased.

NOTE 3.

There is a distinction between *operating* expense and *total* expense of the railways which must be kept in mind— dividends, interest, and profits enter into the latter but not the former. Rates are charged to cover total expense. Public ownership would cut total expenses down ½ and so permit rates to be reduced ½, considering all items; but when considering *operating* expenses alone and speaking of the cost of moving a ton of freight or a passenger 1 mile, the reduction would be only ⅛ in this particular item, aside from the effect of increase of traffic due to lower rates, which of course would still further reduce the cost per ton mile and passenger mile. We arrive at this conclusion from items 1–13 of Table I., which amount to 242 millions savings out of the 740 millions which the railways figured that year for operating expenses. We must also distinguish the actual operating cost from the cost of corruption, rebates, etc., which the railways figure into operating expenses. In the traffic of 1890 the railroads place the cost of a ton mile at .6 of a cent, and a passenger mile 2 cents, so that we have

TABLE II.—Railway figures of operating cost.

	Cost of one.	*No. during year.*	*Entire cost.*
Ton miles	.6 of a ct.	76,207 millions	$457 millions
Passenger miles	2. cts.	11,848 "	236 "
			$693 millions

The railway returns for 1890 put the total operating expenses at 693 millions, but they show that 60 millions was chargeable to mail, express, stockyards, elevators, revenue telegraph, car mileage, etc., which brought in their own proper incomes, so that the operating expense chargeable to freight and passenger service was only 652 millions; hence the rates given by the railways were above the fair actual cost of moving tons and passengers even with the clumsy methods of competition; .6 of a cent freight and 1.6 cents passenger would be the rates necessary to cover the 652 millions;

and this still includes all the false charges to cover rebates, commissions, corruption money, etc., items 11–13, Table I., equalling 110 millions.

TABLE III.—Actual cost of moving 1 ton and 1 passenger 1 mile, excluding improper charges.

	Cost of one.	*No. during year.*	*Entire cost.*
Ton miles	.5 of a ct.	76,207 millions	$381 millions
Passenger miles	1.2 cts.	11,848 "	142 "
			$523 millions

This, with the 60 millions received for mail, express, outside telegraph, etc., and the 110 millions of corruption, discrimination, etc., gives 693 millions, and so covers the expenses the railways claim. Under public ownership the railway figures of operating expense would be reduced $\frac{1}{3}$, or to 461 millions, and subtracting 60 millions chargeable to express, mail, stockyards, elevators, etc., we have 400 millions chargeable to moving freight and passengers, which would permit rates $\frac{1}{3}$ lower than rates shown in Table II. and its comments. It is wise policy, however, to throw the burden on freight and relieve passenger travel. Suppose the government should adopt a uniform tariff of $\frac{1}{2}$ a cent for a ton mile or a passenger mile. We should then have:

TABLE IV.—Public ownership in a year like 1890.

	Cost of one.	*No. during year.*	*Entire cost.*
Ton miles	.5 of a ct.	76,207 millions	$381 millions
Passenger miles	.5 of a ct.	11,848 "	59 "
			$440 millions

This gives a margin of 40 millions at a freight rate $\frac{1}{2}$ of the present charge and a passenger rate $\frac{1}{3}$ of the present charge. Traffic would rapidly increase with the low rates and the growth of population, with only a slight increase of expense, and if the policy of giving the greatest freedom to passenger travel were continued we should in a few years have something like the following:

TABLE V.—Future of public ownership.

	Charge for one.	*No. during year.*	*Receipts.*
Ton miles	.4 of a ct.	150,000 millions	$600 millions
Passenger miles	.1 of a ct.	50,000 "	50 "
			$650 millions

This sum, with fair additional revenues from express, mail, and telegraph service, would easily cover the expense of public railways free of debt and well managed. The present charges are a trifle over 2 cents a passenger mile, and a shade under 1 cent a ton mile. The reduction to $\frac{1}{10}$ of a cent a passenger mile, or $\frac{1}{20}$ of the present charge, would be perfectly practicable under the conditions named. Germany can even now afford to carry her whole passenger traffic *free*, and would still have a surplus of 34 million dollars if she did so. Until our national railways should be free of debt and thoroughly systematized it would be better to make a rate of $\frac{3}{4}$ of a cent a ton mile and $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cent a passenger mile, so that the roads might help pay off the cost of the change.

That the rate of increase assumed in Table V. is not too high, may be seen from the history of Austro-Hungary, where a 40 per cent reduction in fares has increased the traffic 464 per cent in three years. It is gratifying to know that the wages of employees on the Hungarian roads have been doubled since government ownership went into effect, yet the fares are so low that on many a transfer the patrons of the roads ride six miles for a cent, and still the system yields more than 100 per cent net — *i. e.*, the working expenses are less than half the income.

NOTE 4.

This is based on the returns of the railway companies. The probability is that the cost even now is not more than 10 or 11 cents per car, and that, with consolidation and good management, it could be reduced to 5 cents a car, or $\frac{1}{20}$ of a cent a mile for a single passenger, with the cars full, $\frac{1}{10}$ of a cent with cars half-full, and $\frac{1}{5}$ of a cent with cars a quarter full. On the German Public Railways the average cost of moving a car is already reduced below 5 cents. It may be objected that labor is paid on the German railways only a little more than half what it receives in the United States. This objection is frequently raised to comparisons between the United States and European countries, and it would be just, were the difference of wages the only fact in the case. But the truth is that the German railways employ about twice the quantity of labor for the same volume of business, so that the labor cost of doing a given amount of business on the railways of the two countries is almost identical. Here is a comparison derived from the statistics of Mulhall and Todd, the volumes of business being estimated in billions of tons and passenger miles; and the handling of a ton of freight is weighing, loading, and unloading by the railways, being estimated as equivalent to 10 ton-miles of haul.

TABLE VI.

Country.	*Relative volume of railway business.*	*Relative No. of railway employees.*	*Units of business done by one employee.*
Austro-Hungary . .	8	1	8
Germany	22	2	11
England	26	2	13
United States . . .	95	4½	21

Thus we see that England and Germany employ nearly twice as many men in order to move a passenger or a ton 1 mile as the United States, and that Austro-Hungary employs more than 2½ times as many, so that the actual payment for labor per ton mile or passenger mile is nearly the same in all these countries. Herapath's Journal for Oct. 21, 1893, gives the English railway statistics for 1891-92. The average expenses per train mile are 44 cents, and as a freight train mile is known to be on the average ½ more costly than moving a passenger train one mile, it follows that the latter costs 40 cents in England, which indicates a cost of 6 or 7 cents a car mile.

NOTE 5.

As a result of the unsafety policy of our roads, 1 employee is killed or injured out of every 30; with the passengers, 1 is killed or injured for every 181,641 carried on our roads. On the public railways of Germany 1 passenger is killed or injured out of every 1,510,800, and 1 employee out of every 136; in Austro-Hungary 1 employee out of 229. So that it is 4 times as dangerous to be an employee in the United States as in Germany, 7 times as dangerous as in Austro-Hungary, and 8 times as dangerous to be a passenger here as it is in Germany. It is a startling fact that the railway train service of the United States is more dangerous to life than the field of battle. Upon the average about 1 in 108 was killed in battle each year in the Union armies, during the Rebellion. Mulhall gives it as 2 in 100, for the whole four years, or 1 in 200 for one year, but he takes the enlistments as the basis of calculation. If the average in actual service, year by year, is taken, as nearly as it can be ascertained, the result is 1 in 108. Comparing this with train service, we find that 1 in 105 trainmen is killed each year, and that on the Southern roads 1 trainman is killed out of each 65. One trainman out of 12 is injured every year in the United States, and in the South 1 out of 10.

NOTE 6.

But some one may say: "The economies you speak of could be effected without public ownership. The roads could be consolidated under private ownership, and the economies would be even greater than under the public plan, for government enterprise is always more costly than private. Moreover the increase of patronage involved in adding 800,000 employees to the Federal lists would be exceedingly dangerous. Besides, it would cost the people too much to buy the roads; and you couldn't sue the government for damages if your trunk was lost, or you got battered up in an accident; and — it is paternalism and socialism anyhow, and out of the proper sphere of government action. The best way is to leave the roads in private hands, and regulate them." That is about the substance of the objections to public ownership of railways. Let us look at them a moment. (1) Many of the economies I have tabulated above could *not* be effected by consolidation under private ownership. It would not abolish the pass evil, nor secret rebates, nor the corruption fund, nor interest and dividends, nor unjust profits. Neither would it reduce to a reasonable figure the salaries of high officials, nor prevent strikes, nor secure the heartier coöperation of employees. Some economies will be effected, no doubt, by the consolidation which is sure to come in obedience to the law of industrial gravitation, whether the government takes the roads or not; but the benefit of such economies as were made would not accrue to the people. The probability is that rates would be raised instead of lowered as competition was destroyed and the power of the combination grew. It is not true, as a broad statement, that government enterprise is more costly than private enterprise under the same conditions of industrial advancement. It has been so in some cases. So far as the higher cost has arisen from the better payment of labor, it is a benefit to the country. So far as it has arisen from jobbery and the abuse of patronage, it is to be abolished as much as the evils of private railways; that is why I said at the first the people could save 660 millions, "if they owned the roads free of debt, and *under good management.*" It is government ownership *plus* civil service reform that will do the work; they belong together, and each will help the other. Nothing would establish civil-service reform more quickly and certainly than government ownership of the railroads. The rapid increase of the public business of the first magnitude compels the people to adopt a wise civil service to protect themselves from thieves and ringsters. This has been the effect of such movements in Birmingham, Glasgow, Berlin, Australia, and other places where vast public concerns are now managed without a shadow of the corruption that formerly characterized the days of comparatively small affairs. (2) The question of danger from patronage is disposed of by these considerations in respect to civil-service reform; that will kill patronage by establishing mechanical appointments through proof of merit in competitive examinations open to all, and removals only for cause, and subject to appeal to the courts. The real political

danger is not from public ownership of the roads, but from their private ownership. Even now they contribute one of the strongest corrupting influences in existence, and if they became consolidated into one mighty corporation, what legislature or Congress could resist their power? Truly, as Thomas V. Cator has said, "It is simply a question whether the government shall own the roads or the roads shall own the government." (3) As to cost of purchase, I have shown how it may be done without a cent of taxation, and to the immediate financial benefit of the people. (4) It would be easy to provide that the Railway Department should be liable to suit for damages in all just cases. (5) It is not paternalism, but fraternalism. When the people manage their own business, it is not paternalism, but coöperation and partnership; it is paternalism when somebody else manages the people's business for them, as at present. (6) It is no more socialism than public ownership of the schools, postoffice, fire department, etc., which seems to be unanimously regarded as a good thing. Socialism in its proper sense is nothing but the coöperation of all for the common good. The word has been smirched by association in the popular mind with the ideas and conduct of some who advocated it; but there is nothing wicked about socialism itself, as any one may see by reading Professor Ely's book upon the subject, or the Fabian Essays. That it has been believed in by some objectionable people, as well as by some noble ones, is nothing against it; I presume the Devil believes in the multiplication table, but it is none the less admirable on that account. (7) As for the sphere of government action, it extends to whatever the government can do to advance the public welfare. (8) Regulation has been tried and has failed. It always must fail, because it does not remove the root of the evil, viz., the antagonism between the public interests and the interests of the owners of wealthy and powerful corporations; if the latter cannot accomplish their purposes openly, they will in secret, so long as the wealth and the motive — the force and the antagonism — remain.

NOTE 7.

The express business should, of course, go to the nation with the railways. The Interstate Commerce Report for 1891, p. 9, says that the business of the express companies is believed to exceed 40 millions a year. The probability is that it *very far* exceeds 40 millions. In 1868 the expresses of the country, according to Charles Francis Adams, Jr., in the *North American Review*, 110/116, paid taxes on 22 millions of gross income. Since that time railway traffic has increased fivefold. If the express business has kept pace with it, the business must amount to more than 100 millions instead of 40. Whatever the total may be, it is clear that our people are paying extortionate rates for the service. In England a 12-pound package can be sent anywhere in the kingdom for 11 cents by the public postal express. Our private express companies charge from *two to twelve times as much for the same weight and distance.* A letter that the postoffice takes across the continent for two cents, the express won't carry a single mile for less than a quarter, and asks 50 cents more to many a place within the limits of the postal service. Some one may say that the postoffice does not meet expenses; but the truth is that, if the government matter carried free is taken into account, the office does pay for itself, even without considering the vast mass of newspapers and books carried for the publishers much below cost. If, further, the government would run the postal cars, and reduce to a reasonable amount the sum paid to the railroads for carrying the mail, there would be a good surplus. If, beyond this, civil-service rules are extended to all branches of the postal system, and appointment, promotion, and tenure by and for merit is made to apply throughout, from postmaster-general to office boy, the surplus would be very large; and if, in addition, the railways, telegraph, and express were combined with the postal system, the prices of postage could fall considerably below even the present low rates without incurring a deficit. Railroads, express, telegraph, long-distance telephone, postoffice, and government savings banks and loan offices should constitute one compact and harmonious whole, a vast coöperative enterprise in the interests of the whole people. The total value to the general masses of the people of such a combination, well established, under good management and free of debt, would rise above the 700 million mark each year. The government could start with rates at $\frac{3}{4}$ of a cent a ton mile, $\frac{1}{2}$ cent a passenger mile; 10 cents a message of 10 words or 5 minutes' talk at the telephone, 15 cents 20 words or 10 minutes at the telephone, 1 cent a word or a minute afterward; express packages at 10 cents for 10 pounds anywhere in the United States, and 50 cents a hundredweight. Afterward, as traffic increased, rates could be reduced to $\frac{1}{10}$ of a cent a ton mile, $\frac{1}{10}$ of a cent a passenger mile, etc.; see Table V., note 3. Improvements like Grey's telautograph and others of the highest utility would be put into use instead of being repressed by the companies as at present. You could send word by the mail-carrier for freight or express or telegraph service, and your freight would be called for and carried and delivered under one order, like express matter, only less rapidly.

The *wagon roads* of the country ought not to be neglected by the federal government any more than the steam-roads and telegraph. We need great thoroughfares of asphalt, hard and smooth, from coast to coast, and from North to South, and on radial lines from the principal points; roads on which a man could skate or ride his wheel 100 miles a day with ease and pleasure; avenues lined with lofty trees, supplied with abundance of water, and built with the velvety firmness that horses delight to travel upon. There are more than a million of hands in idleness now; it will cost little more

to employ them in honorable toil than to keep them in idleness — not so much if we cipher the moral and spiritual cost. Why not employ the idle in building magnificent roads, to the incalculable benefit of all concerned?

NOTE 8.

Further information upon the points touched upon in this article may be found in a pamphlet on "Monopolies" by the present writer, published by the Bureau of Nationalist Literature of Philadelphia, B. F. Hunter, Secretary, 1100 Pine Street; also in a pamphlet by Henry R. Legate, published by the same bureau. For less concise presentations of parts of the railway subject, I would recommend Mrs. Todd's "Railways of Europe and America," Arena Publishing Company; G. W. Davis, in "Industrial Freedom," Arena Company; "The Railway Problem," by S. B. Stickney, D. D. Merrill Company, St. Paul; Professor Ely's "Problems of To-day," T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; "National Consolidation of the Railways," by G. H. Lewis, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; General Weaver's "Call to Action," Iowa Printing Office, Des Moines; Cator's "Rescue the Republic," Citizens' Alliance, San Francisco; "Railroad Question," by William Larrabee, Schulte Publishing Company, Chicago; "National Railways," by James Hole, Cassell & Co., London; Hudson's "Railways and the People"; the Insterstate Commerce Reports and those of the Massachusetts Commissioners; last, but by no means least, Henry D. Lloyd's "Wealth and the Commonwealth," which shows how the railways have built up the Standard Oil Trust and participated in its frauds and crimes. For extended study of the telegraph question, John Wanamaker's argument in 1890 as postmaster-general is the best I have seen. Wanamaker's regular reports, and those of preceding postmaster-generals, may also be consulted with advantage. The non-partisan board spoken of in the text is a board consisting of members from each political party, so that any possible movement to use the roads for party advantage would be immediately detected, and resisted by the directors representing the other parties.

LET THE PEOPLE HAVE RELIEF.

An Open Letter to Thomas B. Reed, M. C., on the Distresses of the Country and the Means of Relief.

BY GEORGE W. PEPPERELL.

Sir: I address you in the name of the distressed American people. I am quite aware that, when a political party is on the top wave of victory, it is seldom in a proper mood to listen to suggestions; yet circumstances sometimes cause exceptions to this rule, and it may be that we witness one of these exceptions now. The Republican party carried the recent elections with a vigor that appears really stunning, yet that party has so recently risen from the lowest depths of the slough of despond, that the leaders have hardly forgotten their humiliating defeats of 1890 and 1892. This being an element of hope in the matter, I have thought of writing a review of recent occurrences, and then suggesting to you some lessons that should be learned from the facts and experiences of that history. Whether well received by the victors or not, I shall have performed a duty to the country; and the men and parties who are not victors may, perhaps, profit by the suggestions offered.

At the close of the late war there was a national debt and some other public debts, but not great as compared with the resources and ability of the country to pay. The people, as individuals, "were out of debt and prosperous." There was plenty of money afloat and times were good. There were no idle men in the country, and the word "tramp" had not been heard in America.

The Republican party was in power, and no man saw any reason to think it would, could, or should be defeated at a general national election. It was an absurdity to think that the Democratic party could throw off the odium it had incurred during the war, and a new third party was not dreamed of during the sixties. But, nevertheless, a change had been decreed by the fates, and it must come. The fates which had decreed that change were the leaders of the Republican party itself. In 1866, with the Republican party in power, a law was passed to contract the currency of the country. At the very time when the Southern

States were being "reconstructed," and were being added to the number of people who must use money; when, as a matter of fact, more money would constantly be needed, it was decreed by the law of 1866 that there should be less money. Under that law registered bonds were sold for currency, and the currency of various sorts, which had been used as money by the people during the war and afterwards, was retired by burning.

At once hard times set in and the murmurs of discontent were heard in the land. The party in power yielded to the popular demand, and the law of 1866 was repealed in 1868. This reassured the country. Times were again good, as may be verified by any one who will take the pains to examine the records of business in the New York clearing-house. But the party in power seemed to be ruled by some demon determined on the ruin of the country and the ultimate overthrow of the party. So in 1869 a law was passed making the currency bonds of the government payable in coin. In 1873 another law was enacted which led to the ultimate demonetization of silver in June, 1874. These successive financial acts, tending to reduce the circulating medium at a time when the numbers and necessities of the people were rapidly increasing, brought on a great and disastrous panic. Then, and not till then, was there any sentiment in the country which began seriously to threaten the overthrow of the Republican party.

But the leaders had now become more headstrong than they were in 1868, and would not stop their aggressions. In 1875 a law was enacted to further retire the currency of the country in order to bring about alleged "specie payments." The unrest of the people continued to increase. In 1874 local organizations of a third party multiplied and gradually united. In 1876 Peter Cooper was in the field as a third-party candidate for the presidency. The Republicans were beaten in the election, but gained the presidency by the skin of their teeth through the potency of a single majority voice in the electoral commission — a vote of 8 to 7. The party was no longer a satisfied unit.

In 1878 a law was passed by the Democrats and the Western Republicans to partially remonetize silver, and to coin at least $2,000,000 per month. The bill was vetoed by President Hayes. It was passed by the Democrats and silver Republicans over the president's veto. The law of May 31, 1878, was also passed, forbidding the further retirement of greenbacks, requiring that the amount outstanding at that time ($346,000,000) should be forever maintained. These two remedial measures gave immediate relief, as shown by the increased business in the New York clearing-house, rising from twenty-two billions in 1878, to twenty-five billions in 1879, thirty-seven billions in 1880, and to

forty-eight and a half billions in 1881. This revival of business assured the election of President Garfield in 1880 by a handsome majority, and a further lease of life was granted to the Republican party.

But here another device of the contractionists crept in without the passage of any new law. The currency of the national banks in 1882 amounted to about $360,000,000. The banks commenced the gradual but steady contraction of their currency until, in 1888, the amount outstanding was less than two hundred millions. Describing this contraction in 1888, Senator Plumb, himself a national banker, said:

> The retirement of the national bank circulation during the past twelve months has been five per cent of the currency outstanding.

Further along he said:

> The contraction of the currency by five per cent of its volume means the depreciation of the property of the country $3,000,000,000. Debts have not only increased, but the means to pay them have diminished in proportion as the currency has been contracted. Events based upon non-legislation have proved of advantage to lenders, but disastrous to borrowers.

This contraction of the bank currency began in 1882, as the tables show. The New York clearings commenced to sink the same year, and have not since risen to the sum reached in 1881, though the population and needs of the country have steadily increased. The depression of business and unrest was not heeded nor stopped as in 1878, before the election of Mr. Garfield, and hence the Republican party was defeated in 1884, by the election of Mr. Cleveland. The Republicans had sought to escape this catastrophe by a revision of the tariff in 1883. But it gave no relief such as the finance laws of 1878 had given, and the Republicans lost the presidency for the first time since 1860.

The Democrats came into power in 1884, but failed to grant the desired relief, though they had been bristling all over with promises as to what they would do if only given a chance. President Cleveland talked "tariff reform," and opposed the remonetization of silver. The unrest of the people still increased, and the Republicans were restored to power by the election of 1888. They at once began a revision of the tariff as a remedial measure, and in 1890 the McKinley law was passed. The people were disgusted, and immediately after that law was passed the election of November, 1890, almost annihilated the Republican party. The Democrats outnumbered them in the House of Representatives about three to one; and in 1892 the Democrats elected their president. Quite a number of Populists or third-party men also appeared in Congress, for the first time in many years.

But still the Democrats were joined to their idols. They talked nothing but "tariff reform," and accomplished the further demonetization of silver. In 1894 they passed another tariff law. Very promptly, for the third time, the disgust of the people was shown in the late election, by a blow even more stunning than that which had unseated the Republicans in 1890. And the number of third party men elected for the Fifty-fourth Congress has been almost if not quite doubled.

Surely, now, sir, even the most stupid ought to learn something by these repeated warnings. Tariff reform, either up or down, will not redress the situation nor quiet the distressing unrest of the people. It is merely a buzz-saw for the parties using it. Three fair trials, in 1883, 1890, and 1894, have proved this. It has defeated the Republicans twice, in 1884 and 1890, with an additional blow in 1892. It has defeated the Democrats in 1888 and in 1894.

The tariff remedy, then, will not cure the patient. But, on the other hand, the financial laws of 1878, by saving the Republican party at that time, proved that an increase of money and the healthy tone of rising prices are what the country needs and must have. If neither of the old parties will provide this remedy, then a few more alternate set-backs will knock them both off their feet, and the rising third party will forge to the front and furnish the needed relief.

The victors in the late election now have an uncommon opportunity to completely attain and retain power. If they will introduce and advocate bills for the remonetization of silver; for the restoration of the lost and destroyed greenbacks, as indicated by the law of May 31, 1878; for replacing the retired bank currency with new treasury notes; and for the gradual increase of money as the people increase, every Populist and many of the western and southern Democrats will aid them; and if such bills are passed over President Cleveland's veto, the Republicans will be considered the saviours of the country, and the present knockout of the Democrats will be permanent.

Then, sir, if the victorious Republicans will continue to add to the money of the country as the people increase, in order to maintain the average level of prices on a slightly rising scale from year to year, the people will become so prosperous that the *buying capacity* of the nation will be greatly enhanced. Our home market for goods and general products and commodities will be doubled. The fight on tariff schedules will practically cease, and there will scarcely be room for a third party, or even a second, in all this country.

In order to make the situation as plain and simple as possible, it may be remarked that the people of the United States, like

other modern nations, are trying to solve the problem of civilization. This problem is said to consist of two parts — "the creation of wealth and the distribution of wealth." Most civilized nations create wealth magnificently, but they distribute it badly; so the first part of the problem may be considered as settled, but the second part is still before us, as much unsolved as in the crudest conditions of savagery. Even among the more advanced nations we find whole classes of the creators of wealth suffering in a state of the most abject poverty and want, while other classes who do not create wealth have accumulated such enormous amounts of the earnings of labor that their presence in society has become an absolute menace to the liberties and safety of the people.

What, then, are the intricacies and difficulties connected with the distribution of created wealth in civilized society? Let us analyze the subject. The distribution of wealth consists of two parts, the change of place of commodities, and the change of title to commodities. For the change of place of commodities we use wagons, boats, cars, and other vehicles — for simplicity let us say we use wheels. For the change of title we use dollars. Now suppose in the transportation of commodities from seller to buyer — from producer to consumer — there are wheels enough in existence and in motion, and that the transportation goes on smoothly and normally. In the midst of this felicitous and prosperous state of things, let some unseen power withdraw or suppress one-half or one-fourth of the wheels. The result is disastrous in the extreme. Producers cannot deliver their commodities, and suffer in consequence; consumers cannot receive the commodities that they are in need of, and become greatly distressed. Society is afflicted with congestion and paralysis in all its parts; and if the interference continues, the confusion and suffering must continue. What is the remedy? Plainly this: restore the wheels, and, in future, add more wheels as the exigencies of transportation may require.

In the matter of changing title to commodities: suppose that the requisite number of dollars are in existence, and that the buying and selling of commodities is proceeding normally and smoothly — that the requisite changes of titles to commodities are practicable in accordance with the necessities of society. Now suppose that some unseen hand shall withdraw one-half or one-fourth of the dollars; we see the same result as when part of the wheels were withdrawn. The change of title to commodities cannot proceed except on the most disadvantageous terms. There must be a general overloading of the remaining dollars, which is recognized as a general fall of prices. Falling prices mean a general depression of trade and industry, which

leads to the enforced idleness of labor and general distress among the people. What is the remedy? Plainly this: restore the dollars, and for the future add dollars as the exigencies of trade may require, in order to maintain the general sea-level average of prices.

This money question may be made very plain, also, by a simple statement of an arithmetical example, thus:

Divisor)	Dividend	(Quotient
Commodities)	Volume of Money	(Prices

The people and their commodities are the divisor in the problem which we are solving in this country; the volume of money afloat is the dividend; the quotient is the general average of the prices of property. The divisor is continually increasing, through the increase of population and the energy and enterprise of our people. The dividend decreases through the various devices of the gamblers in cornering, retiring, and suppressing money. Is it any wonder that the quotient is less and less from day to day, in the form of declining prices? There is but one practical remedy, namely, to add money to the circulation as the people and their transactions increase. Increase the dividend as the divisor increases, that the quotient may remain the same. This can be done by supplementing the coins with legal tender treasury notes.

If the dividend is not increased as the divisor increases, then the quotient will continue to decrease. That means the continual falling of prices for commodities, enforced idleness for labor, and the general distress of the people. And the widespread idleness of labor and general distress of the people are increased and intensified by the fact that during a period of falling prices the money in existence will not circulate. No man will invest his money during a period of falling prices if he can help it. It remains locked up in the banks waiting for prices to touch bottom. It is like a congealed river, and will no more move the wheels of industry and commerce than frozen water will turn the wheels of the mill or factory.

Now if the divisor continues to grow, through the increase of the people, while the dividend, or volume of money, does not increase, prices will never touch bottom. The idleness of labor and the general distress of the people will increase. The land will be filled with tramps and beggars, and "organized hunger" will become a fixed institution of a decaying civilization. There is but one practicable remedy. We must add money to the circulation as the people increase, in order to stop the fall of prices, as England did in the time of her great panic under the contraction law of 1819, and as we did in 1878, which checked the

panic of 1873 to 1878. The money must be increased as the people increase, or the resulting idleness and general distress will ultimately become greater than organized society can endure.

Now, sir, I desire to suggest that if the present victorious Republican party will relieve the suffering people by adding new money to the circulation, maintaining the general average of prices so that the existing money can be used at a profit, it will remain in power; but, if, on the other hand, it insists on the tourniquet, contraction policy, the hard times will continue, and each succeeding dominant party will be knocked out of power every time the people can get at it through the ballot box.

To illustrate my position that tariff legislation is not a satisfactory remedy for existing evils, I have already mentioned the laws of 1883, 1890, and 1894, which were immediately followed by the defeat of the particular party that enacted them. To further illustrate and emphasize my position, I call attention to the following statement in *Harper's Weekly*, Nov. 17, 1894:

> The men who have framed tariff bills in recent years have usually had a hard time in their immediate future. Mr. Morrison of Illinois, after passing his bill through the house, was defeated before his constituents; Mills, of Texas, with his bill stirred up so much enmity within his party that he failed to secure the speakership of the house; Mr. McKinley, of Ohio, passed his bill through both houses of Congress and was then defeated for reëlection by Mr. Warwick. The man who defeated Mr. Wilson is known scarcely at all outside of his own neighborhood.

Verily the people are teaching the politicians that the tariff, either high or low, is a buzz-saw that neither men nor parties can safely offer as a relief measure for present evils. What the people need, and must have, is "more money and less taxes." The Republican party may forge to the front on that platform if it will, and thus regain its former hold on the affections of the people. If it does not, it is but a question of time when it will suffer another knockout. When that time comes, what party will succeed to the vacant throne of power? Will it be the present moribund Democratic party? Or will it be a new party fresh from the people — a party which has recently more than doubled its popular vote, and whose membership in the House of Representatives was largely increased at the last election; a party which will now hold the balance of power in the United States Senate? We shall see what we shall see. History is a faithful teacher; wise men should observe its lessons.

Now, sir, in closing, let us examine the *status* after the recent election. It is estimated that the total number of voters in the United States is about sixteen millions. It is also estimated that five millions of these men voted the Republican ticket, while more

than twice that number did not, but, on the contrary, full six millions of Democrats, Populists, and Prohibitionists voted against the Republican party, and that five millions of voters refrained from voting. This view of the case shows that the Republican party was *not* vindicated in the recent election, but, on the other hand, was condemned by one million majority, without counting the men who did not vote. The fact is, both the old parties were condemned by a majority vote against each of them; and the reason the five millions of non-voters did not join the two millions of Populists is because they knew so little of the principles of that young and rapidly growing party.

Sir, if your present victorious (?) party does not stop its evasions and subterfuges, and does not promptly give the country financial relief, the continual education of the people for another two years will very likely give you another knockout, and place men in power who will relieve the people's distresses and bring prosperity to the country. "*Verbum sat sapienti.*"

SAN FRANCISCO AND THE CIVIC AWAKENING.

BY ADELINE KNAPP.

PERHAPS of all signs of the times at present visible the most hopeful one is the civic awakening through which this country is passing. A movement for municipal reform is sweeping across the continent. New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Chicago, San Francisco, have already caught the spirit of the movement, and I may venture the prediction that the good work will not stop until the government of every great city in the country has undergone a severe scrutiny from that city's people.

This movement is something more than a spasmodic effort at palliation of evil such as occasionally stirs some city into temporary indignation and raises a local issue that may perhaps result in the decapitation of a few partisan and corrupt officials at a municipal election. It must be evident, even to the casual observer, that this is what I have called it, a general civic awakening, throughout the country. A revolution has taken place in the civic mind, and citizens are everywhere arousing to the necessity for action. Those who have heretofore been content to leave the municipal housekeeping to those whom they were wont fondly to call the municipal servants, have at last learned that in too many instances their municipal servants are mere municipal manipulators, from whose predatory grasp the municipality must be wrested. Arriving at this belief, citizens are also awake to the importance of adjusting their conduct to their belief in the management of municipal affairs.

The civic awakening is one of the most hopeful signs of the times, because it is really the longest stride in the right direction that our people have taken in many years. It promises more for good national government than any other reform movement now afoot. The history of civilization, everywhere, is the history of the growth of cities. Every movement, whether it be for good or evil, that leaves its impress upon a country, must be urban in its origin, however far into rural fastnesses its ramifying influences may reach.

San Francisco, of all cities in the United States the most isolated, has caught the reform spirit now abroad. Perhaps of all our cities she stands, to-day, in greatest need of it. The growth of San Francisco is unique in the annals of cities. There is cer-

tainly no more picturesque figure in civic history. Where, less than fifty years ago, was a barren waste of sand-dunes, the city rises now, one of the largest and most important in the country, one of the best known in the world.

The few years of her life have been stormy ones. Her history, although brief, has been turbulent, and that the city has come through the struggle with any semblance of municipal integrity is a glowing tribute to the intrinsic goodness of our much maligned human nature. In the early days of the gold fever, when men's minds were excited by the prospect of fortunes to be dug from the earth, municipal government was not a popular study, even among our best citizens. Money was plentiful, and the community was careless. Whatever may be said of the earlier civic heads, the greater number of subordinates, like the community itself, were "on the make." It is to be questioned whether the earlier looters of public funds, had their predations been denounced, would have found prosecutors among the excited, eager, money-making throng that peopled the city. It was a hard-living community. The crimes that forced themselves upon its notice were crimes of violence, threatening life and public safety. These were met by the most effective measure the times could devise, the vigilance committee. What is now understood by civic morality was almost a minus quantity then.

But while corruption and venality were the almost inevitable outcome of these early conditions, and of the elements from which the first city officials were drawn, there was nothing from which the growing city might not have purged herself in the course of time, had it not been for the presence of one element, of which I shall speak later. The establishment of commercial interests in the city, the coming in of a different order of population, the gradual weeding out of dominant elements of disorder, the growth of right public opinion, the upbuilding of homes, and the development of the whole commonwealth along modern lines of governmental thought would inevitably have resulted in the establishment of a fair city government, had it not been for the influence upon municipal growth of the *bête noir* of the entire state, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company of Kentucky. The object of this article is not to arraign the railroad. Were that intended the space allotted to me by THE ARENA might be filled with the details of specific outrages by it against this community. No stranger, however, can be forty-eight hours in California without learning something of the all-pervading influence of this octopus, with its tentacles fastened alike upon the productions, the people, and the government of the state.

It has levied tribute upon every industry. It has demanded a quota from the productive activities of the entire state. It has

discriminated between cities for its own purposes. It has maintained, by sheer force of bribery and impudence, a position entirely superior to law or equity. While the corporation has never been able to pay its indebtedness to the government (the arguments on the Funding Bill have made these facts known to everybody), its individual promoters have become "rich beyond the dreams of avarice." The concern has corrupted individuals; it has undermined the integrity of officials; it has tampered with the judiciary; it has manipulated legislation to attain its own purposes. No tool, no opportunity, has ever been too mean or too insignificant to escape its observation or to serve its ends. No office has ever been so high, no public trust so sacred, throughout the state, as to seem to this unscrupulous power too holy to be reached and used to attain the desires of its insatiate greed. These are not the charges of calamity howlers. They are matters of history, as demonstrable as that $2 + 2 = 4$.

San Francisco, more than any other city in the state, has lain helpless before this power. It has held back her commercial progress with an iron grasp. Where it has not been able to control traffic by force of its own monopoly, recent revelations show that it has subsidized its marine rivals. For years it has had its emissaries in every court, its tools among the *attachés* of every public office in the city. It is only a very recent state of affairs that the Southern Pacific has not felt well assured that any case brought into a Californian court was a foregone conclusion for the corporation's side. That there have been some honest judges in our courts goes without saying, but that the majority of our judiciary have been willing tools in the hands of the great agent of corruption has been for years matter of common accusation.

The city has suffered much at the hands of blunderers and corruptionists, but she has seen little to equal the police-commission muddle into which the crowning blow of a governor, whose whole official career was one of inefficiency and misrule, has plunged her. As even a great many San Franciscans do not understand this situation, with which the press of the country has of late been busy, the following explanation will be of use.

Before the present constitution of California was adopted the San Francisco police commission was under the control of the district court, which body appointed its members. The framers of the new constitution did away with this court, but did not provide for a reorganization of the police commission. In due time an effort was made to oust the commissioners, but here arose an obstacle. The constitution declares that,

> When the term of any officer or commissioner is not provided for in this constitution, the term of such officer or commissioner may be

declared by law; and, if not so declared, such officer or commissioner shall hold his position as such officer or commissioner during the pleasure of the authority making the appointment; but in no case shall such term exceed four years.

No limit was set to the term of police commissioners, but the supreme court decided that they held their office during the pleasure of the appointing power; and as this power, the district court, had ceased to exist, the commission might continue to sit until death removed the members, or until the legislature passed a law to meet their case. This latter that body has never done, but in due time one of the commissioners passed away, and the appointing power having reverted to the governor, that functionary cast the departed commissioner's mantle over the shoulders of one "Col." Dan Burns, a notorious political boss, an official defaulter. The other two commissioners, Messrs. Tobin and Alvord, also, it is said, accepted reappointments from the same governor (Waterman).

Such a thing as a police commissioner resigning had never entered the heads of a long-suffering people, and it was therefore almost a shock to the inhabitants of San Francisco when, one morning early in the present year, they read, over their coffee-cups, that Colonel Burns had resigned his commission, and that almost the last act of the retiring governor, H. H. Markham, had been the appointment to this position of delicate and high trust of one "Mose" Gunst, the keeper of a saloon and pool-room, the alleged head of a faro-bank.

The effect of this announcement was electrical. Respectable San Francisco arose, indignant, and the greatest mass meeting ever held in California assembled in Metropolitan Temple on the evening of January 12 to protest against this outrage upon public decency.

At that meeting some very curious facts were developed. It was openly charged that Police-Commissioner Tobin is the owner of a row of houses in the heart of the city which are leased for purposes of prostitution. It was also charged that Police-Commissioner Alvord is connected with a brewers' syndicate which compels saloon-keepers to buy of them, and rewards such saloon-keepers by a certain degree of immunity from police interference. As one speaker wittily put it, of the three police commissioners all are bankers — one is the president of a commercial bank, one of a savings' bank, and one of a faro-bank. For Commissioner Tobin it has since been explained that while he owns the houses in question, and has regularly received rent therefor, he has leased them for a term of years and cannot control the subletting of them. Since the beginning of the present citizens' investigation, however, these houses have been cleaned of their objectionable tenants.

At the meeting a committee was appointed to wait upon Mr. Gunst and to request his resignation. This committee performed its office, was received with contempt and asked what they were going to do about it. Governor Budd thought he knew what to do. In pursuance of his constitutional authority he removed Mr. Gunst from office and appointed in his stead a lawyer of high personal character, Mr. Stewart Menzies. But Mr. Gunst will not be unseated, nor will his fellow-commissioners recognize Mr. Menzies. Mr. Gunst claims that while the governor has a right to fill any vacancy in the police commission, he has no right to create such a vacancy; and before the matter can be settled a long and expensive lawsuit will have to drag its way through the courts.

If half the charges made by citizens can be sustained, the entire police department is in need of reconstruction. Probably the only man in San Francisco, to-day, who is wholly convinced of the impeccability of our police force is Chief of Police Crowley. His confidence in the integrity and efficiency of the department of which he is the head is touching.

The charges made against the city government are many and serious. The city hall is an incomplete ruin of mammoth proportions, belonging to the nightmare order of architecture. The years-long construction of this pile covers a history of jobbery and dishonesty, of scamp-work and infamy only equalled by the record of the state house at Albany, N. Y. Yet the jobbery connected with the building is a mere bagatelle compared to the work that has been done beneath that weird roof.

Those who make the charges are not the discontents — disgruntled followers of either great party. Neither are they the so-called cranks, or those martyr-missionaries of reform who in every great city sound the alarm long before the mass of good citizens are awake to danger. The men now taking an active interest in the city's welfare are its leading citizens, those who have something at stake in the city's progress.

At our last election, in November, the city elected to the mayoralty Adolph Sutro. At this election both the great parties had strong tickets in the field. The two candidates for mayor had, besides the machinery of their respective parties, the backing of the partisan newspapers. Mr. Sutro was an independent candidate. There was no great party back of him, no newspaper influence, no machine to set the political wheels in motion, nothing, in fact, but that indefinable quantity known as "public opinion." But public opinion, some thirty-and-odd thousand strong, cast its vote for Mr. Sutro and placed him in the mayor's chair.

In that position he is already making himself felt as a power

for good. Mr. Sutro is a wealthy man, who is inclined to use his wealth very liberally for the benefit of the city in which he lives. His great property at the Cliff House, his beautiful home in its well-kept park on the Heights, and the famous Sutro Baths, he has avowed his intention to convey to the city. In all probability this intention would have been carried out long ago, but for the fact that one of the greatest gainers by the transfer would have been the transportation monopoly which has already reaped abundant harvest in carrying people at ten cents a head to the beach and Sutro Heights, to which places Mr. Sutro has always allowed the public free access. Recently the mayor waged war against the Southern Pacific Company and compelled a reduction of this rate to five cents. It is worthy of note in this connection, that he is the only individual who has ever won in a battle for right against this monopoly. Mr. Sutro's one danger, if a danger it be, is a proneness to see, in every opposition he encounters, even that honest difference of opinion which must obtain among many men of many minds, the far-reaching influence of his old-time foe, the railroad company. This tendency has at times led him into regrettable hastiness of action, which, however, no one has been quicker to see than he.

A new city charter is now before the people, to be voted upon at a coming special election. This charter will greatly increase the mayor's usefulness in that it gives this official much greater appointive power than he enjoys under the present *régime*. If the new charter goes into force it will never again be possible for a governor to appoint a police commissioner, good or bad, in this city.

The organization that has taken upon its shoulders the task of cleansing the municipal camp is known as the Civic Federation. This is a delegated body, consisting of three representatives each, from a number of societies already formed for the purpose of fighting specific evils in the community. These societies are the Good Government Club, the Union for Practical Progress, Citizens' Defence Association, Law and Order League, Builders' Exchange, Federated Trades, Anti-Dive Association, Golden Gate Kindergarten Association, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Epworth League, the Christian Endeavor Association, and other working societies of the various churches. Thus it will be seen that the sixty-five members of the Civic Federation represent every class of good citizens. Its president, I. J. Truman, is president of the Columbian Bank; the secretary, Curtis Hilyer, is a lawyer; and the treasurer, C. C. Terrill, is a well-known business man. The chairman of the executive committee, Rev. E. R. Dille, is to San Francisco, today, what Dr. Parkhurst has been for New York City. He is an

earnest, scholarly, thoughtful man, who knows neither fear nor favor. His associates on the committee, Messrs. M. Löwenstein, D. Gilbert Dexter, George T. Gaden, and J. Cumming Smith, are all men of strong purpose, fearless for the right, and determined to expend their energies in the effort to see it done.

These men represent San Francisco's best citizens, the great conservative class who have made their homes here, built up business interests, and have sons and daughters growing up whose future is knit up with the future of the city. To these it is matter of paramount importance that corruption and mismanagement rear their evil heads in nearly every department of the city government; that the city's money is misappropriated; that the city's laws fail of execution; that right and justice are too often on the side of money and influence; that the purity of elections laws are almost a dead letter. It is matter of paramount importance to them that a brothel is maintained in the city within full sight of one of the public schools; that gambling devices exist in the business centres of the town; that within a stone's-throw of Christian churches, of schools and police-stations, are young girls, actual chattel slaves, ticketed and priced, offered by their owners, at so much the hour, for the vilest service within human knowledge. Yet these things are so patent in this city, with ordinances forbidding the very existence of every one of them, that they are known to everybody — except the police.

The Civic Federation, through its leaders, is demanding the establishment by the legislature of a non-partisan commission invested with discretionary powers, to exist for two years and to investigate charges of corruption, not merely in San Francisco, but throughout the state. This commission is to have power to set up its inquiry anywhere; to compel the attendance of witnesses and the exhibition before it of all books and documents of any nature, relating to any office it may be investigating. It may recount the ballots cast for state offices at any general election which may be held during its existence, in any part of the state. It may issue subpœnas and cause service thereof. It may "inquire into and ascertain whether any public officer, clerk, deputy, or *attaché* is unnecessarily employed, and recommend the discharge of any who can be dispensed with without detriment to the public service;" and upon "receiving from the commission a report recommending the discharge of any officer other than an elective officer, or of any clerk, deputy, employee, or *attaché*, and giving the reasons therefor, the governor or other officer duly authorized by law shall discharge such." The members of tne commission are to receive ten dollars per day for each day of actual service for the state, and one of its first duties shall be the

investigation of certain alleged frauds in San Francisco and elsewhere, at the recent state election. It is provided that "every person summoned and who shall attend before said commission may be compelled to testify, and shall not be permitted to refuse to testify or answer any question upon the ground that an answer thereto may tend to prove or may prove such witness guilty of a misdemeanor or criminal offence, or because any answer to such question might or would compel the person so testifying to be a witness against himself; but the testimony so given shall not be used in any prosecution or proceeding, civil or criminal, against the person so testifying. A person so testifying shall not thereafter be liable to indictment or presentation by information, nor to prosecution or punishment, for the offence with reference to which his testimony was given, and may plead or prove the giving of testimony accordingly in bar of such indictment, information, or prosecution."

It will be seen that this commission is to be invested with extraordinary powers — such powers, in fact, as were never before given to any body of men in this country. The governor of the state is to appoint one member, the legislature the other two. Everything depends upon the nature of the men composing the commission. Governor Budd is a Democrat and a new-comer in office, who has thus far evinced a strong disposition to carry out a thorough campaign of reform. His appointee would undoubtedly be the best man he could find for the work. What selections the legislature might make is open to question. Californian politics are peculiar. As a matter of fact our people are apt to question of Sacramento as did a certain worthy of old regarding Nazareth. So, while a large number of right-thinking citizens are earnest in their demand for the commission, many others, equally earnest and determined upon reform, are afraid of it. Of the two great dailies that are with the people in a genuine demand for reform, the *Examiner* (Democratic) is eagerly supporting the bill to create the commission. The *Call* (Republican) opposes it, calling it "the Inquisition Bill," and is persistently holding up before officials already drawing salaries the charges of corruption in their various departments, and demanding of them action in the premises or some explanation of their inactivity.

But whether the investigating commission is established or not, one thing is certain; San Francisco is aroused, as never before, to the imperative need for municipal regeneration. It is fully alive to the influence of the mammoth corruptionist agency that has so long held California by the throat. Some months ago a club of the most conservative women in the state, cultured, wealthy, thoughtful leaders of society, debated the question and voted affirmatively for government control of railroads. Probably,

could that question be to-day submitted to the voters of the state, California would roll up such a majority for this coming reform as would amaze even the most radical social democrats in the land. As it is, a body blow has already been dealt the monopoly, and a competing road through the state, built by popular subscription, is an assured fact of the near future.

But San Francisco, now thoroughly awake, must not nod until her civic house-cleaning is complete. There is not a city in the United States to-day with greater possibilities than are within her grasp. As I sit writing, by my open window, this mid-February day, I gaze out over a vista of green lawns and gayly-blooming gardens, upon the majestic harbor where the mercantile marine of Great Britain might ride safely at anchor. I read of blizzards and cyclones, of cold, starvation, and disaster elsewhere in the country; but here the sun is shining and birds are singing. In the orchards about the bay the trees are already budding. In another fortnight they will be one mass of bloom, giving dainty white promissory notes to be redeemed this summer in bountiful fruit crops. The fields are green with young grain. The country is full of promise. It is a goodly land, flowing with milk and honey; and San Francisco, on her hundred hills, cannot longer be hid beneath the dark clouds of municipal corruption and misrule. She must purge herself, shaking off the bonds that have hindered her growth, fettered her commerce and rendered her a byword and a reproach to the state of which she should be the leader and the crown.

AN AMERICAN FINANCIAL SYSTEM.

BY I. E. DEAN.

MONEY is that medium of exchange provided by a government to represent and exchange values and pay debt. United States Senator John F. Jones, the schoolmaster of finance of the United States Senate if not of the civilized world, says in his wonderful six days' speech delivered in the United States Senate October 14, 16, 21, 23, 24, 25, 27, and 30, page 94:

Money may be composed of anything capable of division and identification — division in order that the pieces may be convenient for handling, and identification that all men may know these pieces to be *duly authorized* units of money. So long as those pieces are capable of complete identification and can, regardless of the credit of the persons using them, be passed and received from hand to hand in the community, in final payment for commodities and services and in full legal discharge and liquidation of debts, they constitute money, without reference to the material of which the pieces may be composed. This is the teaching of history and the unavoidable deduction from the reasoning of the leading economists — a deduction from which there is no more escape than from the principles of human reason.

The value of money should be unchanging.

The value of money, of whatever kind, is measured by the cost of obtaining it after it has been produced, and not by the cost of its production, and this value is indicated by the general range of prices.— Report of Monetary Commission, page 36.

Speaking on the same subject Senator Jones says, page 95:

The value of the unit of money, so far as human wisdom and prescience can provide, should be unchanging. The expression "value of money" does not mean the commodity value of the material, but the *money value of the unit.* Money is valuable, not for the power of being transformed into *one* thing, but the infinitely greater power — the power which the alchemist sought and which Aladdin foreshadowed — the matchless and magical power of commanding as by the wave of the enchanter's wand, the transformation and transmutation of all things into one another at will. This is the power which constitutes money the greatest instrumentality of advancing civilization. In comparison with this all-embracing power how insignificant the power which commends the material thing on which money function may be placed, to the admiration of savages for the trivial purpose of decoration, whether the decoration be, as with the more civilized people, for the wrist and neck, or, as among less civilized, for the ankle and the nose. Money has value for the reason described by the prophet — because it "answereth *all things.*" Money not being essentially a material thing, but an office or purpose served by a material thing, its value does not, as I have stated, depend on the cost of production or reproduction, of the material which may be selected to bear the evidence of monetary authority.

On the same subject F. A. Walker says:

When we speak of the value of either gold or silver we mean the *power it has to purchase other commodities*, including the one element of money besides itself. — "Money," page 230.

Professor Sedgwick defines the term "value of money" as

The purchasing power of money, or its exchange value measured in commodities other than money.

The late Professor Fawcett, of Cambridge University, says in defining the term "value" when applied to money:

When, therefore, in political economy the precious metals or the value of money is spoken of, *the purchasing power* of money is referred to; or in other words the *power of money to obtain other things in exchange* for it. — "Political Economy," page 364.

Money is the *instrument* of association, the *tool* of trade, and performs the same functions in the body politic that blood does in the human system. To enjoy perfect health the blood must *flow freely* and without restraint to every part of the body; if circulation of the body be shut off from any member of the human frame that part will wither, decay, and die. If the circulation of blood becomes sluggish and spasmodic the system becomes weakened and diseased. Ulcerous sores will break out, and unless perfect circulation is soon restored, long suffering will be followed by death. So with the blood of the body politic — money; if it does not flow with perfect freedom to every part of the public system, that part from which it is shut off or restrained will languish and die. When money fails to flow freely through all the channels of trade or becomes concentrated in the large cities, only going out spasmodically through the channels of trade and commerce, the whole system becomes weakened and people lose confidence. Trade languishes, factories close, laborers are unemployed or poorly paid; the ulcerous sores of strikes and lockouts become general throughout the whole nation; the militia and regular army are called out to bleed the patient with the prick of the bayonet, or to start the circulation by the flash of the Gatling gun. Experience has proved that none of these old-fashioned remedies will cure the disease. Nothing but *renewed circulation* will *save* the patient from long suffering and final death.

The effect of an increasing and a decreasing volume of money upon the progress of society is well portrayed by Sir Archibald Alison in his "History of Europe." He says:

The two greatest events that have occurred in the history of mankind have been directly brought about by a contraction and, on the other hand, an expansion of the circulating medium of society. The fall of the Roman empire, so long ascribed in ignorance to slavery, egotism, and moral corruption, was in reality brought about by a decline in

the silver and gold mines of Spain and Greece. And, as if Providence had intended to reveal in the clearest manner the influence of this mighty agent on human affairs, the resurrection of mankind from the ruin which those causes had produced was owing to a directly opposite set of agencies being put in operation. Columbus led the way in the career of renovation; when he spread his sails across the Atlantic, he bore mankind and its fortunes in his bark. The annual supply of the precious metals for the use of the globe was tripled; before a century had expired the price of every species of produce was quadrupled. The weight of debt and taxes insensibly wore off under the influence of that prodigious increase.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, speaking of the effect of increase of the volume of money, says:

> Would not every hoarded dollar leave its hiding-place on account of the returns to be realized from its use in productive enterprises — in enterprises that would call from idleness to labor every man who may be out of employment — and what greater boon could be conferred on a country than that all its people should be at work?

Money was never intended to be used as an instrument to rob the producer, or for hoarding, but as *an instrument of association, a tool of trade*, to assist in the production of wealth, and should be so regulated as best to insure its continuous circulation.

The IDEAL FINANCIAL SYSTEM will provide for the issue of money in such manner as to *preserve and guarantee the equity of contracts*, the volume to be regulated by the legitimate demands of the business necessity of the people, instead of — as now — being regulated by the greed and avarice of a lot of financial freebooters who expect to live by the sweat of other people's faces. In a proper American financial system as much importance attaches to the manner of getting and maintaining the money in circulation, as to the question of coinage or issue of the same. To insure that money should always be in the reach of the citizen who needs the use of it, government postal savings banks should be established at every registered letter post office, where the people may deposit their savings without danger of loss, and where loans may be secured directly from the government at minimum rate of interest.

Substantial government buildings, with fire and burglar-proof safes and vaults, should be erected at all such places, commodious enough for the post office, telegraph, telephone office, postal savings bank and a reading and library room, where one of the duties of the postmaster should be to keep on file the congressional and state records, committee reports and reports of heads of departments, together with copies of bills introduced in legislature or Congress.

Elevators and warehouses should be erected in trade and manufacturing centres, where non-perishable farm and labor products may be stored at the minimum of expense, and certifi-

cates issued therefor, showing value, classification, charges, etc., for which certificates the owner may secure loans to the amount of eighty per cent of the value, ten per cent margins to be kept good at all times.

This system should provide that any state, county, town, or municipality wishing to make any public improvement may have the right by deposit of proper bond for the amount, to receive a loan directly from the government at a tax not to exceed one per cent; the principal to be paid in twenty-five equal annual payments. By this plan each state could macadamize its public roads or make other state improvements, without selling bonds drawing a high rate of interest, and at the same time help to employ the surplus labor of the country. The same would be true of every county, town, or municipality. The people could own all their own public franchises in a very few years.

The right to coin money, being exclusively a governmental function, is derived from all the people, and should be used for the benefit of all alike. The fact that the value of each unit of money depends on the number of units in circulation in proportion to the volume of business, demands that the supply shall ever be equal to the demand.

Senator Jones says, speaking of the demand for money:

> In modern civilization none but mendicants make demand directly for coats, hats, shoes, or other things. When men want hats, shoes, clothes, or other things they do not offer to exchange labor directly with the hatter, the shoemaker, or the clothier. Each offers his labor to employers of his own trade, and with the resultant money makes an effective demand upon the hatter, shoemaker, or clothier. All objects that are useful to man and desired by him are thus obtained by use of money. Hence the demand for money is equivalent to the demand for all other things, and must always be infinitely greater than the demand for any one thing. As to each article or object, the demand is for just one article or class of articles; as to money, the demand is a demand not for one article but for all articles.
>
> The competition for money, therefore, is not only incessant but instant, urgent, importunate, and universal. So long as men have needs, it will be ceaseless and unremitting. Each worker gives his services not for goods, to be obtained from the maker of such goods, but for money to be obtained from his own employer. Each employer, in turn, parts with the goods made by the workman, not directly for other goods, but for money. Thus all men are engaged, each in his own vocation, in unceasing competition with every other man, for units of money — each hatter in competition with every other hatter, each shoemaker with every other shoemaker, and so the process continues through the long round and procession of occupations. The competition for money is therefore equal to the competition for all other things combined. The demand for it is equal to the sum of the demand for all other things.

The coinage of an American financial system should consist of gold and silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, supplemented by issue of paper money, all full legal tender for all debts, public and private.

Students of the old school of political economy will object to full legal tender paper money as "fiat" money. All money is "fiat," and fiat paper money with no promise of redemption except in payment of taxes has proved by the experience of the past to be the best and most stable money of which we have any history.

Money is a creation of law and not of nature. — *Aristotle.*

All money, whether of gold, silver, or paper, is "fiat" money; created by law, and derives its value from limitation of quantity. *Gold money is as much "fiat" money* as is paper money. . . . Nothing is or can be money in the full or proper sense, that needs to be redeemable in anything else before it can pay debt. Money is not money if it be confined to redemption in one thing; it must be redeemable in all things. The very essence of money is redeemability in all things that are for sale and all services that are for hire. — *Senator Jones.*

The gold dollar is not a commodity, having an intrinsic value, but money, having only a statutory value. — Iowa Reports, vol. 16, page 246.

Every dollar has the same value without regard to material. — *Ibid.*, page 251.

Money has only statutory value. — *Ibid.*

The theory of intrinsic value of money has been abandoned by the best writers and speakers. — *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

Metallic money, while acting as coin, is identical with paper money, in respect to being destitute of intrinsic value. — *North British Review.*

Money is a value created by law (a statutory law). The value of metallic money is created by law. — *Henri Cernuschi.*

Maintain the value of silver as well as gold. The free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the ratio of sixteen to one by a nation like ours, whose shops and factories turn out over one-third of all the manufactured products of the civilized world, would maintain a parity between these metals at all times, and enable our people to use both gold and silver at their full valuation to pay off and extinguish our foreign debt; and while by this means maintaining a uniform price for the products of gold and silver mines — by the *coinage of paper money based upon all of the wealth of the nation*, and issued as business development demanded, would place the products of farm, mine, and factory on an equal and undiscriminating basis. A financial system of this kind would reduce the rate of interest to the minimum, and at the same time would guarantee money, every dollar of which would be equally good, and thus bring us as near a cash basis as possible. If unusual demands for coin money in other countries should make an extra demand for our gold or silver money, paper money equally good would at once take its place; instead of causing the banks to call in their bank issues and contract their loans at a time when business men are least able to pay, as they do under our present gold-standard system. The inevitable result of any metal basis system will ever be that when other nations want our gold or silver they will get it, and our banks

must contract loans and call in their issue. This has precipitated every panic from which this country ever suffered. With a currency consisting of gold, silver, and paper, issued under such arrangements that the farmer, the manufacturer, or the day laborer having real, non-perishable wealth may take it to the government and have issued to him a certain per cent of its true market value in full legal-tender paper money, all the gold and silver in the country might go abroad without causing a ripple on the financial sea of business interests of this country, and every dollar which went abroad would cancel just so much debt and stop just so much interest.

The Venetian republic used a system of "fiat" book money for over six hundred years, from A. D. 1171 to 1797, when the victorious French armies wiped the republic from the face of the earth as a nation, without a single revulsion in business, and for six hundred years of this time the book money, although absolutely irredeemable, bore a premium of twenty per cent over gold. The beneficial result of the use of this money was shown in the fact that while carrrying on almost a continual warfare with petty tribes and nations, Venice steadily grew from a group of island villages to be the commercial metropolis of the civilized world. Hon. John Davis, in his most excellent article on "The Bank of Venice," printed in THE ARENA of December, 1893, says:

> No coin or bullion was ever paid out by the Bank of Venice to depositors, and this fact was well known and understood by every man who made his metallic deposits in the bank. The metal was used by the government in its foreign wars. This gave to the government, as a loan without interest, all the coin and bullion which the merchants of the republic could spare, and to the people a credit money better than gold and silver, far safer and more convenient than coin, free from levy by the sheriff, and not subject to incumbrance by mortgage. . . . The late Peter Cooper has recorded the fact that during his long business life in this country he had witnessed ten disastrous money panics, every one of them caused by contraction or suppression of the currency. The financial system of Venice did not admit of contraction. The bank deposits increased with the growth of the republic, and with the increase of wealth and business of the city. Credits in the bank were the money of business. Deposits once made could never be withdrawn. As there could be no contraction, there could be no panics. No safer, sounder, or more just and simple money system could at that time have been devised.

Again, on page 38, Mr. Davis says:

> The coin was used by the government in its various wars, in foreign countries, and among barbarous nations where paper credits could not be used. The coin and bullion, when deposited in the bank, were as much beyond the reach of the depositor as if they had been sunk in the ocean: they could never be recovered by him. The book credits rested entirely on the quality of legal tender. They were wholly and solely a "fiat" money, with no other basis in the way of redemption except re-

ceivability in government revenues and being legal and final payment of all debts between man and man. Such were the nature and attributes of the bank money of Venice, which for six centuries commanded a premium over coin, without a single suspension of the bank.

In the course of time it was found convenient, in order to meet the wants of small depositors, to attach to the bank a branch known as the "Cash Office." In this office coin and bullion were received on deposit, and were subject to check in the same manner as in our modern banks of deposit. This cash office was completely successful for the purposes intended, but it in no way interfered with the satisfactory working of the main bank. The cash office received deposits the same as the bank. It entered credits on its books, but these credits were not lawful money in payments. They were merely redeemable in coin on demand. This cash office was on the plan of our modern banks of deposit. The credits in this office were never at a premium over coin; but on two occasions when the bank was short of specie and was compelled to suspend payments, the credits fell to a discount of from ten to fifteen per cent.

The bank of Venice was the longest continuous money system known in history, and it clearly proved that the law of legal tender by a government which honors its own credits by receivability in the revenues, is of greater value and far safer and more convenient than specie redemption. The "fiat" or credit funds of Venice were at all times of greater commercial value than her coins.

Clause 5, Section 8, of the Constitution of the United States, in describing the powers of Congress, says, "Congress shall have power to coin money, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin, and fix a standard of weights and measures." This was an exclusive right, granted to Congress by all the people for the benefit of all, and in the use or exercise of this exclusive function or sovereign power, Congress should not discriminate against the production of any one of the people, where it is possible to prevent it, and in no case should Congress farm out this sovereign power to individuals or corporations.

Accepting the foregoing statements as right in principle and equitable in practice, the American financial system will provide that in the issue of money, the production of farm, shop, and factory shall have — so far as is possible — the same right of coinage as the products of the gold and silver mines, and that by a system of public improvements, the citizen with nothing but a day's labor to offer shall be guaranteed a place where he may sell it and have it coined into a given amount of the money of the realm.

During the war of the Rebellion, it was the soldiers and sailors and those who furnished them with supplies and ammunition whose services and products were coined into greenbacks and went into circulation to bless the whole people with prosperity and plenty. It was the lives of half a million of as brave men as ever faced a cannon, and the services of a million and a half more, that were coined into greenback dollars, and purposely depreciated by the government which coined them refusing to

accept them as payment on imports, yet compelling the bondholders to accept this same kind of money, which the soldier, sailor, and everybody else were patriotic enough to take without a murmur. The crowning infamy of the legislation following the late war was making the principal of the bonds payable in coin, after having exacted the interest in coin at a time when the soldier and sailor were accepting this paper money without protest, with the *contract printed on the back of every bill that this bill should be a full legal tender for the payment of the principal of that debt.* History and experience have proved that every dollar of paper money issued by our government during the war would have remained at par with coin if it had been made to pay all the debts that coin would pay.

The "demand notes" issued under act of July 17, 1861, although payable on demand at the treasury department in coin, became depreciated twenty per cent in three days after being put in circulation; but as soon as they were made receivable for all debts and dues to the government by act of Aug. 5, 1861, they became at par with gold and have so remained from that hour to this. This is another remarkable evidence that receivability as legal tender has more power to give stability to money than the promise to redeem in coin.

By a system of this kind every dollar would go into circulation bathed by the sweat of honest toil, and receive its inception as money from the fact that some one had produced that much national wealth. That such an increase of money would be for the benefit of civilization and the uplifting of mankind read the evidences of the past.

Senator John P. Jones said, speaking of the effect of the increase in the money of the world by the opening up of the mines of California and Australia from 1849 to 1854:

> In twenty-five years after the discovery of gold in California and Australia, the world made more progress than it had in the previous two hundred years.

Sir Archibald Alison, speaking on the same subject, says:

> The annual supply of gold and silver for the use of the globe was, by these discoveries, suddenly increased from an average of 10,000,000 pounds to one of 35,000,000 pounds. Prices rose rapidly and rose steadily; *wages advanced in a similar proportion*, exports and imports enormously increased, *while crime and misery rapidly diminished.* Wheat rose from forty shillings to fifty-five and sixty shillings; *but the wages of labor advanced in nearly as great proportion;* they were found to be about thirty per cent higher on the average than they had been five years before. In Ireland the change was still greater, and probably unequalled in so short a time in the annals of history. Wages of country labor rose from fourpence a day to one-and-sixpence or two shillings; convicted crime sank nearly a half; and the increased growth of cereal crops under the genial influences of these advanced prices was for some years as rapid as its previous decline since 1846 had been.

At the same time, decisive evidence was afforded that all this sudden burst of prosperity was the result of the expanded currency, and by no means of free trade, in the fact that it did not appear till the gold discoveries came into operation, and then it was fully as great in the protected as in the free trade states.

Hume, the English historian, says:

Falling prices, and misery and destruction, are inseparable companions. The disasters of the dark ages were caused by decreasing money and falling prices. *With the increase of money, labor and industry gain new life.*

Again, in describing the prosperity of the colony of Pennsylvania, Hume says:

In our colony of Pennsylvania the *land itself*, which is the *chief commodity*, is *coined* and *passed into circulation.* A planter, immediately he purchases any land, can go to the public office and receive notes to the amount of *half the value of his land*, which notes he employs in payments, and they circulate through the colony by convention. To prevent the public from being overwhelmed by this representative money there are two means employed: First, the notes issued to any one planter must not exceed a certain sum, whatever may be the value of the land: secondly, every planter is obliged to pay back into the public office every year one-tenth of his notes. The whole is of course annihilated in ten years, after which he is again allowed to take out new notes to half the value of the land.

Rev. John Twells, of London, an able English writer, speaking of the American colonial finances, said:

This was the monetary system under which the American colonists prospered to such an extent that Burke said of them, "Nothing in the history of the world is like their progress." It was a wise and beneficial system, and its effects were most conducive to the happiness of the people. Take the case of a family, industrious and enterprising, driven by persecution and misfortune to seek a refuge in the wilds of the new world. With their scanty means they purchase a tract of land. Many years of hard labor, privation, and anxiety would have been necessary to bring that family into a state of decent competency, had they been required to purchase gold and silver by labor or the products of labor, before they could effect the improvement of their property. But half of the value of his land was advanced to the head of the family in notes, which circulated as money. With these notes he could hire labor and purchase implements of husbandry and cattle; and thus where, without these notes, one acre of land could be cleared, cultivated, and stocked in a year, ten would, by the assistance of the paper money advanced, be reclaimed from the forest and rendered productive. Thus hope entered the dwelling of every poor emigrant. Ten years found him with the whole of his debt to the government discharged, the proprietor of a happy home. And the kind hand of a paternal government was stretched out still, to advance to him again one-half the increased value of his land, and thus enable him to clear more of the forest and settle his children in new homes. Such was the system by which "a set of miserable outcasts" were converted, in a short time, into happy, contented, and prosperous colonists.

Peter Cooper, in discussing colonial money, said:

These colonial notes, being adopted by all the colonies, led to an unexpected degree of prosperity, so great that when Franklin was brought

before the Parliament of Great Britain and questioned as to the cause of the wonderful prosperity growing up in the colonies, he plainly stated that the cause was the convenience they found in exchanging their various forms of labor one with another by paper money which had been adopted; that this paper money was not only used in payment of taxes, but in addition it had been declared legal tender. It rose two and three per cent above par of gold and silver, as everybody preferred its use. One of its advantages was its security against theft, as it could be easily carried and hidden, on account of its having no bulk, as all kinds of specie must necessarily have. After Franklin explained this to the British government as the real cause of prosperity, they immediately passed laws forbidding the payment of taxes in that money. This produced such great inconvenience and misery to the people that it was the principal cause of the Revolution. A far greater reason for a general uprising than the tea and the stamp act was the taking away of paper money.

This was done in 1773, and just one hundred years later the same interest struck one-half the metal money of the American people (silver) from existence, and is to-day using every influence in its power to prevent our government from issuing a dollar of paper money. The act of 1773 carried consternation to the heart of every colonist, and resulted in revolution and the independence of the colonies. The act of 1873 has been followed by the same experiences in business; all property has been shrinking in value from that hour; bankruptcies and suicides have multiplied from year to year; human forbearance is about exhausted. Will the disposition of our revolutionary *sires* show itself *as then, under similar conditions?*

James A. Garfield said:

The power that controls the issue and volume of currency is absolute dictator of the business and prosperity of the country.

I might multiply evidences of the benefits of a plentiful supply of money, but it is unnecessary. Those who can remember the condition in our own country following the war — when the farmer received two and three dollars for wheat, everything else selling at proportionately good figures, when no such thing as a tramp was known, when everybody was fully and profitably employed — must acknowledge that the best interests of every honest man would be conserved by such a financial system.

Such a system would provide for the erection of public buildings in every town and city; the improvement of rivers and harbors; drainage of swamp lands; building of irrigation canals; preservation and utilization of water-power; ownership and maintenance of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and other means of transportation and communication among the people, at the minimum of expense; and at the same time would furnish employment for every willing worker in the United States and reduce the rate of interest, leaving the profits of production in the possession of the producer.

Loans on farms should be payable at the rate of five per cent each year, one per cent as interest and four per cent to apply on the principal, with the privilege of paying off the whole amount at any time. Thus a man having a farm worth ten thousand dollars and borrowing five thousand dollars from the government would pay two hundred dollars on the principal each year and one per cent on the amount unpaid, as interest or tax, thus paying off the whole amount in twenty-five years. Loans should be limited to ten thousand dollars, at most, to any one man.

Loans on manufactured goods should be limited in like manner to ten thousand dollars to any one man, with ten per cent margins to be kept good at all times; the same with loans on non-perishable farm products. The government should always have the right to sell goods or products so stored, so as to prevent cornering the market to unduly affect prices, in which case credit would be given to the holder of the number of the certificate representing the goods or product sold.

By this plan, four per cent of the amount of all loans on farms would be paid into the treasury every year, thus replacing every loan each twenty-five years. Loans on manufactured goods and non-perishable farm products would be mostly paid off every year as the goods or products were required for consumption.

A financial system of this kind would provide a currency system as nearly automatic as possible, and would leave the profits of production in the hands of the laborer, and compel every one wishing to participate in the general welfare to become a producer of some kind of private or public wealth.

It would enable every worker to enjoy every modern improvement at one-third the present cost: he would ride on his own street-car line to and from his shop or factory at one-third of present expense; would buy his gas, water, and electricity at one-fourth of what he pays now; and the savings from these different sources would soon pay for a home of his own, instead of his being compelled to live in a rented house. The city or town in which he lives, being able through this financial system to own — in the interests of all the people — the street-car lines, water-works, gas-works, and electric plants, would make him a part-owner in all these improvements, as well as of the property owned by the county, state, or national government; and he would have a lively interest in all public affairs, feeling that he was personally concerned in everything pertaining to the public welfare. Owning his own home free from mortgage, and having the same privilege as his employer to pledge the production of his labor for money to develop his industry, he would be able to have something to say as to the wages which he should receive for his day's work.

Give the laborers of the United States such a financial system as this, and no standing army would be needed to prevent riots and insurrection in city or country; no occasion would exist for strikes and lockouts in mine, shop, or factory. Every laborer in this country would vie with every other in the production of wealth, and each would feel that he was interested in his brother's welfare.

Such a system of finance would save to the people directly, in interest charges alone, two billion dollars per annum, beside encouraging industry to such an extent as to set every willing worker to producing wealth as never before; this would add to our wealth-production from three to five billion dollars per annum, making, all told, a saving of from five to seven billion dollars each year, which would mostly remain in the hands of those who produced it, instead of, as now, going into the hands of the few who control the transportation and credit of the country.

Some one says that the government has no right to go into the banking business. Yet every civilized nation on earth except ours has already established postal savings banks, and has begun to take possession of the railroads in the interests of the people.

Clause 7, section 8, of the Constitution gives Congress the power to establish post-offices and post roads. The lightning express is as essential to the transportation of passengers and mail of our present civilization as was the old lumbering stage coach which the government *did own and run a hundred years ago.*

While clause 5, section 8, of the Constitution only gives Congress the power to "coin money, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin," clause 18 of the same instrument gives Congress the power "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the government of the United States or in any department or officer thereof."

While a national bank or any other corporation or institution has the right or power to issue promises to pay, or other devices to be used as money or in lieu thereof, Congress is not "*regulating the value of money*," but is allowing it to be done by said banks or other institutions.

While our laws allow the railroads to charge what they like for transportation of passengers or freight between states and to the sea shore, Congress is not fulfilling its constitutional duty as set forth in Clause 3, "to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several states and with the Indian tribes," but has allowed this sovereign power to be usurped by the railroads.

Let the manacles which hang like a millstone about the neck of industry on account of our present expensive and thieving

financial system be taken off from production. The system takes from labor all it produces save a bare existence. Give us a financial system founded on the basis of equity and justice laid down to Adam (Gen. iii., 19), "By the sweat of thine own face shalt thou eat bread," and in twenty years this nation will outstrip the world in every good gift.

Brick and stone houses and barns will take the place of the unpainted wooden ones on every farm in this country. The briars and elders will be dug up and improvements put upon the farms instead of mortgages. The tenement houses of our large cities will be replaced by commodious homes with all modern improvements, and most of the millions of families who are now compelled to live in these pestilential abodes, reeking with filth and disease, will be able, through cheap transportation, better wages, and steady employment, to own a home in the country, surrounded by fruits, flowers, and garden, and within easy reach of their places of employment. Our jails, prisons, and almshouses could be rented for factories, and three-fourths of our insane asylums used as homes for the aged and infirm, for men would no longer be driven to drunkenness and crime by poverty, nor made insane from the worry of an overtaxed brain.*

With a monetary system of this kind, which would adapt itself to the ever-varying wants and demands of business, every wheel would be set going and kept in motion. A day's work would be reduced to the natural division of eight hours; wages would be advanced, while cost of living would be lessened — on account of the annihilation of usury and rents; every one would become self-supporting; prosperity would be written in the happy and contented face of every producer; the glad song of industry would swell from every farm, mine, and shop on mountain-side and valley, from ocean to ocean; work in every factory would become pastime; every home would be a paradise, peopled with happy and contented men, women, and children, loving the old flag and blessing God that they lived in such a country and at such a time.

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* Secretary Windom, in his last speech, said: "The ideal financial system would be one that should furnish just enough absolutely sound currency to meet the legitimate wants of trade, and no more, and that should have elasticity of volume to adjust itself to the various necessities of these people. Could such circulating medium be secured, the gravest commercial disasters which threaten our future might be avoided. These disasters always come when unusual activity in business has caused an abnormal demand for money, as in autumn, for the moving of our immense crops. There will always be great danger at those times under any cast-iron system of currency such as we now have. . . . Had it not been for the peculiar condition which enabled the United States to disburse over seventy-five million dollars in about two and a half months last autumn, I am firmly convinced that the stringency in August and September would have resulted in widespread financial ruin."

Remember that this statement of Secretary Windom's was in his dying speech made before the Board of Trade of New York City, Jan. 31, 1890, and was a business man's talk to business men. The financial system demanded herein will give to this nation such an elastic currency as Secretary Windom said would avoid the disasters of our "present cast-iron system of finance."

CRIME AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF LAW.

BY HARRY C. VROOMAN.

In considering this subject the most important points to notice are the causes of crime and the obstacles to law enforcement. These being found, the remedies can be adapted to the conditions discovered. Most sensible men are fast learning, if they have not already learned, that mere coercion as a remedy for every ill is sheer folly. A study of the moving forces involved must be made and methods adopted to guide or control those forces.

In the rough, legislative laws are the regulations which society through its governing classes has devised to maintain social order. Social order as it exists is legally right. The breaking of the law comes under two general heads. The first is where the law breaker has a higher ideal of right then is embodied in the existing legal order and in establishing his higher order, necessarily comes in conflict with the law. This is the spirit of revolution. The other form of law breaking is where self interest leads to breaking the social compact as embodied in law — this is crime. Each of these forms has many varieties, and they may shade off one into the other at times. Revolution using ill-advised means becomes crime; successful crimes perpetrated to establish a new order become revolutions. What constitutes a criminal expression of revolution cannot be stated abstractly; all depends on conditions. When the established order has made provision for the orderly transition to higher conditions as public sentiment is convinced of its need and expediency, then to precipitate illegal methods is a crime. When no such opportunity exists, the crime lies only in a misjudgment of the capability of establishing the new order, not in the means. Thus in America to organize a force revolt against the established order is a crime; in Russia the only crime lies in not organizing one strong enough to succeed.

Small crimes arise from lack of the social sentiment, that is, of moral power in the individual, and also from undue temptations. Large crimes grow simply from organized greed, from wholesale war on society. Crimes here will have to be divided again into two classes. There are the coarse, crude, blundering crimes, such as picking pockets, burglary, murder through direct physi-

cal assault, etc. Every well regulated community is able to get these under reasonable check and they will not form a very serious part of the problem of life. In the other division, by far the more dangerous and more prevalent, are the gilded crimes, the subtle methods of cunning and craft accomplishing the same results as the first division, by methods that will not offend the taste of the public. The public toleration of vice and of swindling by the wholesale if done under cover of business methods; of murder through slow starvation, through crushed hopes, suggests that the objection to crimes lies more through an offended artistic nature than through the ethical sense. A poor, dirty vagabond who breaks one of society's laws is unmercifully dealt with, for he invariably does it in a way to offend the taste of society. The rich offender who outrages the ethical code, even to starving a whole community, if they be his own employees, the driving of children into crime and women into shame by a starvation wage or a denial of opportunity to work at all, to the husband and father, is looked upon by society with apparent indifference. People with a keen ethical sense must see that the innate selfishness which is the root of all crime is very much the same in one case as in the other.

Highway robbers and the oldtime bandits looked upon their work as honorable war, deriving their point of view from the old military spirit. If it be honorable to lay waste whole provinces and ruin nations for the greed and glory of the conqueror, why, indeed, may not this war on a small scale be equally justifiable? Very naturally a crowd of bandits would feel that if they were strong enough to protect themselves from organized society, they were carrying on an honorable war and could still pride themselves on their own code of honor. It is an established fact that they paid portions of their spoils to the church and considered that in so doing they had done their duty towards God. This illustrates something of the development of ideals of social duty. Any effort at money getting that is entirely successful is usually accounted legitimate. When success is thus made the goal in life men cannot be expected to lay too much stress on methods. Still there has been a gradual evolution from domineering physically to domineering mentally. The ethical element of society has protested against the waste of physical life by superior physical force and the social expression of selfishness has been transferred from the physical to the mental plane. The person who is robbed must be induced through deceit and cunning, or through financial need, to consent to be robbed, and the later business ethics seem satisfied.

The lawlessness of wealth will be found, directly or indirectly, to be the cause of most serious riots and explosions of mob law.

To-day the general spirit of commercialism takes the place of the old military spirit. To buy for one dollar what is worth two, and to sell for two what is worth one is the spirit of commercialism. When legitimate business leads men into commercial transactions, which are known at the time they are transacted to mean the financial ruin of the other party and to involve the destruction of the life hopes of his wife and family, the education of his children, and perhaps suicide and an untimely grave for the husband and father, simply that the successful one may have more of the social power of wealth and riot in its luxury, is it any wonder that men have low ideals and take any advantage which may accrue from their official position or from their genius for persuasion or deception?

It is from the natural fruitage of this unsocial spirit that the aldermen vote away public franchises to fill their own purses, and the police officials divide the spoils with vice and crime that they may pose as gentlemen and give social standing to their families, through the wealth thus gathered. The recent investigation by the Lexow committee fully verifies the theory that all the municipal rottenness is simply the greedy strife for gain. The functions of public office are held as a commercial commodity and sold in the market for private advancement. The government of New York City has been clearly shown to have been a monster organization whose purpose it was to extract profits from every enterprise, legal or illegal. Current commercial ethics taught them that gain was godliness. The ideal of public duty and fidelity is incompatible with the intenser forms of our individualism.

The disintegrating power of greed as a social factor is also seen in its driving people to open violence, as is seen in two instances in recent history. Some years ago matters got into such a shape in Cincinnati that criminals with money or political influence could not be convicted. In the case of certain criminals that the people were satisfied would not have justice meted out to them, they rose in riot and like a volcano swept aside the corrupted legal machinery and took the law into their own hands. Except for the power of wealth to block the law's execution, this would never have been possible. A similar incident occurred recently in New Orleans. A band of Italian murderers were under arrest. They were members of a very influential body known as the "Mafia." Besides controlling a large political influence at home, this organization was gathering money from their fellow members all over the country, and thousands of dollars were pouring in from New York, California and even from Italy. The corruptible power of the courts was so well known that it was the public conviction that they could not be

convicted against the financial influence that they controlled. The desperate citizens took the law into their own hands and settled by mob law the accounts of justice that the power of wealth threatened to defeat in the courts.

We can hardly hope for any fundamental and permanent improvement in the great crimes of the maladministration of justice and the corruptions of city government that are so menacing our present civilization until commercial ethics have been changed, until the spirit of greed has ceased to be the one inspiration to action. When the large business interests of the community, such as the street cars, electric lights, gas plants, docks and the monopoly values of land are controlled by the community for the community, and all trusts and monopolies, including railroads and banks, are operated by the nation for the people, with the ideal of *public service* not of *private gain*, as the incentive to action, we may hope for the true social spirit which will establish fidelity in public affairs based on economic security to the individual citizen.

The great scramble for office is now but for an opportunity to make money. When the community has taken to itself these most important industrial functions, and, further, has guaranteed to every man and woman an opportunity to labor at a fair wage, then the public officials must necessarily be men of character and organizing ability. The good sense of any community will never tolerate such large interests in the hands of ignorant ward politicians. To raise the standard of the public offices will raise the standard of the men who fill them. As long as the duties of our city officials are so trifling and require so little brain to perform them and the financial interests in special privileges and monopolies are so transcendent in power; so long as the possibility of want holds so much of dread for the average citizen, so long as universal business methods make respectable the spoliation of citizen by citizen, I can see no rational hope for fundamental reform in law making and law enforcing. Much more may be hoped from the progress of social improvement as the rights of the laboring class are recognized, as wages improve and security in employment is established.

The large crimes of the corruption of legislation, the wholesale stealing of public franchises and monopoly privileges in general can be reached only by the community reclaiming all social monopolies and leaving no wealthy corporations with unjust social privileges to defend or with unnatural and exorbitant monopoly profits with which to defend them. The common Bowery crimes may also be shown to be traceable to the same taproot of greed and want. And let us here remark that greed is not always a crime, but is the natural result of the fear of want.

The common crimes that now trouble our police regulations centre around the saloon, the brothel and the gambling den, all of which may be practically eliminated under a mutualistic system of industry, where all privileges and monopolies are held by the common people for the common good through the instrumentality of the state. But while this is developing the saloon evil can be almost eradicated through the assumption by the state of a monopoly of the liquor business. All saloons should be closed and in their places established government dispensaries, where pure liquor would be sold. This would abolish the liquor fraternity as a money-making and government-corrupting influence, abolish the treating habit and yet recognize the great public demand for liquors and the personal liberty sentiment, which is now harnessed by organized greed to debauch the nation. A very great temperance revolution could no doubt be effected by simply abolishing the element of private profits from the liquor traffic.

Let us take another phase of the immoral influence of the saloon, and we shall find that in all its parts it may be traced in some form to the wage question, to poverty, that leads to ignorance, to poor homes, to want of hope, to overwork and to weakened nerves; these on the side of the drinkers create a demand for saloons. The desperate struggle for existence creates a large body of men willing to enter the business, the peculiar profits of which intensify this tendency; and it is through the very large financial returns alone that they are tempted to break every law of restriction that has ever been made upon them, to bribe the police power to overlook their shortcomings, and to defy legislation and public sentiment. They contribute heavily to the political exchequers, making both great parties dependent upon their goodwill. It can be readily seen how fundamental a blow for moral progress it will be when the nation assumes the monopoly of the liquor traffic, and substitutes dispensaries according to the people's need for the present demoralizing institutions.

The vice of gambling is more closely related to the reckless commercial spirit than any of the other vices; it is a direct attempt to gain something for nothing, without the plausible excuse of doing a public service. Most commercial transactions carry something of this spirit. Barring the speculative ones, they do circle round a nominal service, and perform useful social functions; the hope of gain is, however, most largely the motive. In gambling, as in speculation, this hope of gain stands out in its naked strength — it ignores the public altogether.

Every step to guarantee financial security to each citizen, and to necessitate honest labor for every dollar that is possessed, will tend to undermine the very basis of the gambling idea; and with

every rise of the social spirit in the people, there will be added power to regulate or suppress the elements still remaining of vice and crime.

Concerning the social evil, it is the unanimous verdict of all sociological investigators that, either directly or indirectly, it is low wages, with their consequent bad home influences, with the ignorance and depravity that naturally accompany this condition, together with a direct pressure for immediate dollars and cents, that forces the great army of unfortunates into this social condition. In practical police matters, each of these vices supports the other; neither of them is known to flourish very strongly alone. With the suppression of the gambling spirit; with the practical abolition of the saloon power through government dispensaries; with the guaranty of a respectable living to every woman who would work, the social evil may be considered as practically settled, so far as police regulations are concerned. The rest will be left for the development of ethics in general.

In short, the whole problem of crime, as to-day expressed in society, is summed up in the problem of poverty; we have churches enough, schools enough, moral sentiment enough, to regenerate the world in a decade, were it not for the awful pressure brought to bear on nine tenths of the human race, which all but forces them to be vicious. It is not to a law and order league that we must look for future progress; it is to the orderly unfoldment of the labor problem, in its broadest, deepest manifestations. The boy who is raised in a pleasant home, given a good education in the public schools, taught a trade that guarantees him a livelihood, made to feel that society is his friend — that he is a part of it — and guaranteed an opportunity to employ his talents in useful service to society, — such a man cannot, under any reasonable circumstances, become a criminal. All the goodwill of society, all the emoluments of labor, all the hope of promotion, lead him to respect the ethical code, and to feel bound to sustain it in the social order.

In the development of constitutional methods it has been the policy to make provision for embodying the changes in public sentiment in an orderly manner without loss of life or property. Thus the United States government through its free ballot, its freedom of speech and of press, intended that the way should be opened for the free expression of the will of the people and that thus the laws of any given period could express the moral sentiment of that time. A striking bit of history is now being made in the Southern States, that well illustrates how the power of wealth as crystallized into politcal influence overrides popular government, and practically subverts the constitution. It is a matter that is not denied by any serious-minded, inquiring man,

that throughout many of the Southern States the votes of honest white citizens are counted out by the thousands, through the influence of the moneyed element, who oppose the reforms that these votes would inaugurate. I refer to the political movement growing out of the Farmers' Alliance. The farmer and labor element in the South have raised their protest against the present political conditions, have embodied them in a platform, and, in a perfectly straightforward and constitutional way, have proceeded to enact them into laws. By common consent of all classes the negro vote does not count; and yet through the control of the election officers, the ballot boxes are stuffed most recklessly, and overwhelming majorities are piled up in the districts fully under control of the dominant party, that make any attempt at straightforward election reforms altogether out of the question. There is scarcely a doubt that the state of Alabama, and possibly Georgia, would have been revolutionized politically if constitutional methods of counting votes were adhered to.

In a state like Louisiana, where the new political movement was very young and they did not claim that they had a majority, there was the grossest attempt to suppress the vote altogether. A citizen of unquestioned integrity gave me some few instances of the procedure in central Louisiana. The little town of Cheneyville has eighty white voters under census: only about half of them came to the polls at the last election; one negro voted (in that region the negroes have learned better than to vote). The commissioners were all drunk; and they returned a statement of four hundred sixteen votes almost solid for the dominant party. The thing that occurred was this: they had the registration of the negro population — only one of whom voted; for the remaining names they put in ballots of their own liking and counted up a majority for the dominant party.

In the congressional district in which this point is located, there are twelve parishes (or counties): in seven of these the new party succeeded in getting one member of the election commission. In those parishes (counties) where the vote could be watched they carried six out of the seven, and lacked but thirty-five votes in the seventh. In the five parishes where they had no representative to watch the count, through the unique counting machine, the majority was piled up seven thousand against them for the whole district. Some districts having only forty to fifty white voters, with no negroes voting at all, gave majorities of from four to five hundred for the dominant party with varying details. This thing is carried on wherever they have the power, and it came near leading to civil war in the state of Alabama, where the contest is yet being waged.

The simple illustration I wish to make from this is, that the

terms "revolutionist," "overthrow of our constitution" and all such pet names that the capitalistic class love to hurl at labor reformers, may justly be applied to these moneyed interests that to-day control the dominant political parties. It is revolution pure and simple to subvert the constitution, and refuse to allow the free American white citizens to embody their theories into laws. This is a bit of anarchy of the upper classes of to-day; it has, however, a very interesting history, which leads to the part that greed has played in the government of these same regions in the past.

Beginning with the reconstruction period at the close of the war, with the enfranchisement of the negro and the disfranchisement of the Southern soldier, there was opened a peculiar opportunity for Yankee genius. The wandering gentleman of the North, finding a newly freed race of blacks looking for leadership, willing to follow like a blind puppy anything that was named Yankee or Republican, eagerly accepted the position of leader, and proceeded to despoil the Southern States. There was inaugurated a *regime* of reckless expenditure and public plunder, unequalled in the annals of anything claiming to be a civilized government. The negro was on top; he would not consider any suggestion that came from his old master; he and his foreign interloper were to run things all themselves. The states were loaded with debts; taxes rose to the point of practical confiscation; political jobs that would shame even modern Tammany were the order of the day, and the civilized white people of the region, crushed and demoralized by their late defeat, could do nothing to help themselves.

Let us illustrate again from the state of Louisiana: the first governor after the war was a Northern adventurer from Baton Rouge, who was representing some Northern interest in the South; he had his way paid to the constitutional convention by his negro constituents, and there assumed the *rôle* of leadership; he was elected governor of the state, and ran his course of riotous swindling and political jobbery. Affairs were carried on so outrageously that Congress was asked to send a commission to investigate the state government. When the governor was on the witness stand one of the commissioners asked him how much he had made the first year of his governorship: he said he did not know; to all their questioning he replied that he did not know; finally a commissioner asked him, "Did you make ten thousand dollars?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "more than that."

A second commissioner asked, "Did you make as much as thirty thousand dollars?"

"Oh, yes, more than that!"

A third commissioner inquired, "Well, did you make as much as fifty thousand dollars?"

"Oh, yes, a d— sight more than that," was the reply.

One incident of how the money found its way from the public treasury into the pockets of those who made politics a business, is illustrated in the public printing: the usual expenditure for public printing is fifty thousand dollars a year; the "carpet bag" administration made it five hundred thousand.

Again, they took a mania for internal improvements: they granted fifty thousand dollars a mile to themselves to improve navigable streams: a certain bayou, consisting of a series of lakes linked by marsh land, was attacked by the internal improvement commission, a few pine trees were cut down, a raft was builded, the mud stirred a little, and five hundred thousand dollars were drawn from the state treasury for ten miles of the stream touched up, without one particle of benefit to the commercial navigation.

These are but incidents; the whole South was pilfered and plundered in this fashion by the negro dominants, led by the virtuous puritan from the North, with his commercial genius.

The state of mind of the Southerners can be better imagined than expressed; it took them a few years to recover from the shock and drain of the war, but when they had once collected themselves, with all the intensity of the Southern passion, they determined that the *regime* must cease. The overthrow was effected in different localities with varying incidents and phases of struggle; but the Northern interlopers had looked for this reaction, and in a measure prepared for it. In the state of Louisiana, for instance, they had embodied into their constitution a peculiar election machinery, that left the counting of votes to men appointed by the state governor. The governor appointed one of each commission of election returns; the police jury (county commissioners), who were themselves appointed by the governor, appointed the second member, and the third member was appointed by local parish officers; in any parish where the county officers belonged to the same party as the state officers, they had full swing at the election returns. It can readily be seen how convenient a piece of machinery this is to sustain the party in power; it took heroic measures to break it.

In one of the central parishes of Louisiana, where taxes had risen to be more than legitimate interest on a fair valuation of the property, a league of the citizens was made by which almost every property holder in the parish agreed to refuse to pay his taxes; in a few months, nine tenths of the property in the parish was advertised for sale on the tax lists. This brought the antagonism of the people to a focus; they loaded their guns, and

sent a committee to the court house to wait upon the reigning authorities, and invite them to go North on a health excursion, which they did, being discreet men. The example so successful in this instance soon spread throughout the state, and to other states. In the reorganization the centre aimed at was the control of the counting machinery, and by actual force and by shrewd manipulation, they introduced the system of either stopping the negro vote or of counting it out if cast; the state government at the capitol was finally dispossessed by force, and the new *regime* of government of the South by Southern people was introduced.

With the terrible dread of negro domination, which had been burned into the community in these few awful years, it was but natural that they should at once make a great friend of that peculiar piece of election machinery that was instituted to keep them down; it was made to favor the party in power, and they, being now the party in power, did not object to it as before. This is the election machinery that has been in vogue ever since. Commonly this overrunning of constitutional methods is looked upon as the outgrowth of race prejudice—this is not so *in itself;* the race prejudice grew out of the basis of Northern greed, leading a black horde of practical savages into the halls of civilized legislation, and using them to trample on every right of the citizen whom they ruled. The terrible dread of negro domination is indirectly the result of Northern greed.

There is scarcely a situation that would illustrate more clearly the fact that political government, as now constituted, is simply the dominance of the strong, and force is its basis; and the only real hope for a future just democracy lies in equality of opportunity to the common people, that will give to each citizen his own proportion of financial power, of social force. This can never come until he is no longer dependent on a corporation or some more fortunate citizen for a wage, nor begging the right to use his mother earth.

Political changes, as such, until they reach the economic basis of society, cannot cure the evil that is afflicting the South; the reconstruction government trampled under foot the rights of the Southern citizens; the retaking of their own government by the people of the South instituted a revolutionary movement, which likewise overstepped all bounds. It is possible, though scarcely probable, that the present progressive movement in the South may be compelled to take like heroic measures; the Southern people are just now rallying with great enthusiasm to effect the desired change within constitutional limits. But suppose they get into office and change the form of state machinery,—the great fundamental cause of this situation to-day is the gross

inequality of wealth and privilege among the people, which leads the wealthy classes to fight for their old privileges against every movement of progress and ethics in the heart of humanity,—nothing but economic reform can make a fundamental and lasting improvement.

It is a common mistake to think that the "carpet bag" government and Tammany Hall are glaring exceptions to the usual way of doing things; the fact is that these two instances have in a little more open manner overstepped the bounds, and revealed their wickedness to the world. In a less degree the same form of corruption permeates and has permeated all civilization; it is the strife for privilege, for the power of wealth.

Another illustration from the state of Louisiana is interesting. When the marsh lands of the southern coast were put on the market for twelve and one half cents per acre, a commission was sent out to locate them; an enterprising speculator made friends of this commission, went with them on their tour of investigation, wined them and dined them, and when he had them champagned up to the proper pitch he secured from them a title deed to three million acres of agricultural sugar land, which he had them classify as "marsh land." Whether he tickled their itching palms to help this movement through, is left purely to our conjecture; but he has since sold his three million acres of land to an English syndicate for ten dollars per acre, and now poses as one of the substantial citizens, whose virtuous industry has accumulated him a fortune. He cannot understand why the improvident poor should be clamoring for social and economic reforms; he thinks America provides abundant scope for every genius to be rewarded.

Another very common crime of the wealthy classes is that of perjury regarding the assessable value of their property. William T. Stead has shown us how the substantial citizens of Chicago have their properties, valued at millions of dollars, assessed way down in the thousands, and the best citizens of the community do not call them criminals. It is the same in the South; rich planters whose estates yield a net income of $50,000 per year take an oath that such an estate is worth only $50,000; and yet they pass around the hat in their churches, and pose as Christian pillars in society.

Volumes could be written and have been written upon the details of this subject, but the purpose of this article is only to touch here and there a few salient points, and to refer to well known examples, simply as illustrations of the fact that wealth is power, and concentrated power has always tended to encroachment.

Practically, then, what is to be done? Of course we must

take every means to strengthen public sentiment in favor of constitutional methods and the enforcement of existing laws; but this is not the highest nor deepest thing needed in the treatment of crime and of law. To attempt to brace our feeble statutes against the irrepressible tidal wave of power, as embodied in the corporate wealth of our time, is utterly hopeless. The start must be made by weakening the power that is now assaulting us. It is the unnamable profits of monopoly that make it possible for the few to override the rights of the many; and the storm centre of our civilization is not around the conventional Bowery crimes, but is around the gilded wrongs of the so-called better classes.

The intense life of our civilization is fast bringing its ideals to a crisis; either the ethical life of the people must triumph in a grand enthusiasm for humanity, which will sweep away the power of plutocracy and its established privileges, or the corporate wealth of the world, federated into national and international trusts, will control all the land and the machinery of civilization, and the millions will be but wage slaves, dependent for an opportunity to work — and hence to breathe — on the mere whim of the employer class. One of these alternatives is inevitable, unless some miracle changes the whole trend of the evolution of present-day society. This is not the calm world of a century ago; life to-day is a struggle — a keen, intense, bitter struggle, and the forces and tendencies that are both building and destroying our civilization, are moving with the rapidity of our own electric and steam appliances. To those who believe in the ultimate triumph of good, who believe that the eternal God is back of all forward movements of society, there can be but one possible outcome: the people will triumph; tyranny will fall, and an era of fraternity and justice will be established in constitutional order. The nobility of labor, and the meanness and degradation of living without labor, will be wrought into the public ideal; society will have a conscience, and this conscience will express itself in law that will be enforced. The enforcement of law can only be realized in the realization of an aggressive public conscience. The present social movement is an expression of this unfolding public conscience.

PAST AND FUTURE.

BY ANNIE L. DIGGS.

WAR.

Dread enginery of war — vast bulk
Of horrid things made to kill, to mutilate,
To torture flesh with fierce, burning pain.
And with pain sharper still to wring the hearts of women
Who bear sweet babes, a target for the hissing shell.

Beneath the capitol dome where sit the men
Entrusted with the weal of great Columbia,
Vast plans have grown, to upbuild despotism —
To build huge battle ships;
To make deadly missiles; to endow schools
To teach men how to kill their brother men;
All ways and means to swell the warrior host;
And treasure, taxed from labor, poured forth
For this death work, in such vast sums
As never saw this fierce old world before.

Moved by the ghoul of greed,
Impelled by monstrous love of power,
The evil work goes on, unheeded
By the busy, burdened, unsuspecting world;
While over all, to please the childish mind,
Is shed the glare of tinsel, and of revelry,
Of fawning entertainment of foreign potentates,
With lavish cost such
As never saw this gorged old world before.

Old Hampton's waters shall be stirred by battle ships' parade,
Reviewed by men whom circumstance and ballot
Have given princely place; unseen by men
Who dug the ore and fashioned armor plate.
For labor, which creates and moves it all,
Can spare no holiday to see such show
As Hampton's glorious waters never saw before.

High on the dome which crowns the place
Whence all this homage to the war god springs,
A goddess stands; down-looking on a wild and stormy fourth of March,
Beheld a potentate (miscalled a "servant" of the sovereign people),

Attended by long lines of men accoutred in habiliments of war —
Dread menace of a coming reign of bayonets,
With more of military pomp
Than ever waited on a civic show in this old world before.

Under the shadow of the dome, that stormy fourth of March,
There stood a man, just stepped full-fed from lunch of luxury,
Who launched this wisdom forth: "Lack of economy and frugality
Are sapping strength and sturdiness from the nation."
Pitiful God! under the shadow of this dome
Were sixteen thousand of Thy human images — the city's poor,
Whose gnawing stomachs seldom fill on even frugal fare.
While bayonets glistened, soldiers tramped,
Rich men feasted, poor men fasted,
As in all Columbia never feasted or fasted they before.

PEACE.

Ground arms! Ground arms!
Across the bounding sea
A woman's book makes call, "Ground Arms!"
Across the billowy blue, swifter than cable message,
Flows the thought wave from countless souls
Respondent to her call.

The great Columbian Fair, building better than men know,
Shall pay for all its vanities, its shams, its frauds, in coin
Stamped for peace, an issue of the council of that great occasion.

A woman, great among the greatest — Clara Barton,
Long has held aloft a great Red Cross. She lives,
Thinks and acts anear the dome beneath which
Men provide for slaughter schools. Of late
A great beneficence hath answered her dear life's desire.
And there shall be a Home for Peace — a charméd place
From whence shall radiate an all-pervading light,
And from its beams all hideous shapes of things
For making ghastly, gaping wounds shall slink away.

Aye, do thy worst, foul, murderous demon, miscalled
Glorious War. Thy day is drawing to a close.
Now, even at thy seeming hour of conquest,
Thou art stripped of all thy glory — art seen
In all thy nakedness of braggart, coward, murderer;
As much a murderer when slaughtering thousands with shot and shell,
As when slaying singly.

Hark! hark! the song that the angels sung:
Peace on earth, goodwill to men.
The long, long dream is coming true.
Not "Arms and the man," but "Tools and the man,"
Is being said as was never said
In this grand old world before.

BEYOND THE SHADOWS.

With Notes by Josiah Allen's Wife and Josiah.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

"Unto whom a messenger was sent."
"There is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets, and He that revealeth secrets maketh known to thee what shall come to pass."

A Methodist lady, widely known for her sweet Christian life and almost boundless charities, told me the following incident.

This lady was the daughter of a woman so beloved and revered for her saintly life and her contributions to the cause of personal holiness, that upon her death many funeral sermons were preached by the most eminent divines in this country and in Europe. This sweet mother had been dead many years, and the father was an inmate of my friend's dwelling in a large Eastern city, but he was always mourning for the dear wife gone before. This lady, whom we will call Mrs. K., was on the eve of a journey to Europe. The evening before she sailed she sat in her beautiful music room, playing the organ and singing the dear old hymns which the sainted wife and mother had so loved; and as her father listened he spoke of the dear departed wife with the tears running down his cheeks. The next morning she sailed with her son and daughter, leaving her father in his usual health.

Weeks and months rolled away, and Mrs. K. was in Italy. One evening she came into her hotel very weary from a long day's sight-seeing, and retired early to rest. Falling asleep almost at once, she dreamed that her father and mother had met. So vivid was this impression that her soul was thrilled with the sudden, divine rapture that filled the hearts of these two lovers, sundered so long, but now met in an eternal union. Her whole being was flooded with the glowing gratitude and love that thrilled the newly met pair — the joy of the mother who had waited so long for the coming of her dear one, the father's rapture to find his lost again in the Paradise of God. This rapture, this overmastering tide of feeling, so overwhelmed Mrs. K. that it woke her, and she rose from her bed and walked up and down her room; as she did so she said, "I can't sleep again to-night," and glancing at the clock saw that it was only eleven. And for hours she walked up and down her room too excited and agitated to sleep.

The next morning she wrote to her sister, relating her dream, telling her the hour she dreamed it, and ending with the request that she would write to her at once and tell her how her father was.

This sister had long before lost an only daughter under circumstances that made her loss peculiarly hard to bear, and she had turned her back on her religion and her God. She felt as if there was no God, that the future was a dark void full of shadowy shapes of blackness and unreality — that there was no God, no heaven, no hope. Or if there was a God, she could not love Him — He had made her suffer so. If there was an Eternal Ruler, He was a great, powerful Force that cared nothing for human hearts or their anguish; the aching-souled children of humanity below were as blind men walking to an unknown fate, with no one to pity or care for them — no one to notice their efforts to do right, no one to care for their mortal anguish, no one to note when one, too weary, fell out of the ranks as they toiled on towards the blackness of the grave.

To this sister, sitting in the shadow of her great loss, in the deeper shadow of her soul's despair, came this letter. It flashed into the darkness of her life like living sun-rays lighting up a dark world; if He, the All-Powerful One, could care enough for human love and human losses to thus bridge over the distance, and carry to the bereaved soul of the child afar the tidings of her father's death — and not only this, to break the news thus tenderly to her, not telling her that her father was dead, but gently, sweetly, as some tender mother might break sorrowful tidings to her best beloved, thus had the tidings been sent to her heart — "Her father and mother had met."

This was not the God she had pictured to herself in the gloom and blackness of the months past. This was not the great, uncaring Force that moved the planets and swung the worlds on their terrible rounds through dreadful space. No, this showed love and tender thoughtfulness and unceasing care. "Like as a father pitieth his children" — this old text came to her full heart. This was a God she could love, could trust. Somehow, somewhere, He was keeping her treasure safe for her; for some good purpose He had taken her from the evils of this present time; this love would watch over them both — would in His own good time unite them again.

She took the letter and carried it to her sister's home. Mr. K. read it and said: "I have written a long letter to my son, telling him to break the news very gently to his mother. I did not dare to alarm her by a telegram. But," said he, "since God has prepared her, I think I will send a message."

The letter and cable dispatch reached Mrs. K. at the same time. Her father had died at just the moment of her dream.

Allowing for the difference in the time between the two countries, it was just the hour and the moment that her father's soul left this earth life. Who shall dare to say it was not to meet his departed one, and that on some electric wire of soul-communion, too ethereal for our full comprehension, the news was not flashed down from paradise to the loved one so far away?

Sez Josiah: "I'll bet that tarven-keeper, over there in Italy, got wind on't some way or ruther, and kinder hung round her door and whispered it in through the keyhole: 'Your father and mother have met.' I'll bet a cent that that wuz how she come to dream it."

"How could that tarven-keeper know the very instant it took place? It would take weeks for a letter to reach him."

"Well, couldn't they run the news over on the ocean telegraph — run her right through the water?"

"Well, that would take hours and hours for the message to be sent and delivered, and she knew it on the very instant. No, Josiah Allen, this news come through deeper depths than the Atlantic Ocean — run on finer wires than any scientist ever yet discovered. It wuz on the gold wire of God's love, and flashed through the mysteries of the unknown sea that wraps round this mortal, and separates it from the immortal."

"Well, if that is so why can't we all git news from the other world? Why can't I hear from Father Allen? Why can't I ask mother what she done with that old deed I've been huntin' for for years? What henders anybody from goin' out-doors and hollerin' up, and talkin' back and forth, and bein' neighborly and sociable?"

Sez I: "I spoze you might set down under a telegraph wire and holler for hours and not make any impression at the other end of the line; you can't talk over the wires unless you have connection with 'em. So the same with the ocean cable; you could jest hang onto it and holler and not make any commotion in Europe. You have got to have connection with the intelligence that sends the thought over the wires. The clogging power of the senses presses against these fine wires of communion and shets out communication time and agin. Laws we know nothin' of, causes, mebby, we can't avoid, hender the soul-messages from goin' straight time and agin. But as the stumbling old world grows wiser and more knowledgeable things will be found out that we don't understand now. It is the idea, the invisible soul of the thought, that flashes along and overcomes distance and space. So with these soul-messages that are flashed along from one soul to another through the depths of space from one world to another."

"Stop, Samantha!" sez Josiah, risin' up and brandishin' the *World*, "stop right where you be — that sounds like the dum spiritualist talk. I can't bear that! The idee of talkin' from one world to another sounds profane and almost blasphemous."

"What do you pray for every day, Josiah Allen? Don't you pray that the gift of the Holy Spirit may descend onto you out of heaven? Don't you pray for the descent of the Holy Ghost, and communion of saints? And," sez I, "there hain't any saints here below, Josiah Allen."

"No, indeed!" sez he, meanin'ly, "there hain't any round here — no she ones, anyway! But I say it is agin law. The hull world moves right on held up by law and order, and this is agin 'em both, and so I set up my back aginst it in a onmovable sotness."

Sez I, very cool, cool as a ice-suckle almost: "Have you got a list about you in your vest pocket of all of God's laws and mysteries from beginning to end? You talk as if you had; and I'd love to set down and look 'em over while my dish-water is heatin'; this list that you've got all writ out may probable help me."

He looked kinder sheepish, and sez he: "I hain't got no list; who do you spoze could make out any such dockument?"

"Oh!" sez I, coldly, "you and the rest of the dretful smart folks that won't believe anything you can't understand, when if you or they knew anything you must know that ever since the world begun, new truths, new laws, are constantly bein' onfolded to reverent souls, fitted to receive the knowledge that the gainsayin' world wuz too dull to understand.

"And you must know that these prophets of the new dispensations have always been called to nort by unbelievers, and prophetic wisdom and martyrdom have always walked hand in hand, and always will so fur as I know. But Galileo, imprisoned for onfoldin' a new truth, so old now that it seems as if it had always been understood, as he lifted up his reverent voice out of the prison, cried, 'The world does move!' So did Joan de Arc cry out of the flames of her martyrdom, 'I *did* hear the voices!' The human, the physical, in her got skairt and denied, but at last the divine, the true, spoke. The prison or the flames could not imprison or burn up the truth. No, that is free; that has an endless life, and it will move on. New discoveries, grander than the world has seen, will dawn upon us.

"When the first steamer was lanched on the Hudson, why, if the breath of its detractors could all have been gathered together they would have swept it back into Albany and nothingness again. But the steamers plough our seas, their steam rises into the blue sky of every land on earth. When the idee wuz first broached of talking with the flaming tongue of the lightning,

it wuz denounced as agin nater; but the thoughts of the world have flashed past each other and girdled the globe with their belts of knowledge. Now the idee of air-ships is powed at; but before another century ends, we shall look up and see 'em floatin' over our heads, Josiah Allen."

"I guess you lay out that we shall be two Methusalers," sez he.

But I kep right on, and didn't mind his persecutin' remarks: "And what greater wonders are yet in store for us? You don't know nor I don't know. But I hain't a goin' to lift up my puny hand and try to stop the south wind from blowin'. Neither be I goin' to lift up my eyes when I see a faint light flashin' in the heavens, fur off, strange, mysterious, — I hain't a goin' to say it hain't a light, because my poor dim eyes are dazzled and blinded, and I don't understand what made it."

"Why, it wuz probable Northern Lights," sez Josiah — "most probable it wuz."

I looked at him sadly; he didn't ketch my idee; but I dropped my metafor down and ketched holt of hisen.

"Well, what makes them, Josiah Allen? You know so much about Nature's onvaryin' and changeless laws — tell me what the Northern Lights be?"

"Why, they are — they are jest lights in the north, of course — that's plain enough."

"What makes 'em?"

"Oh! they're made by lights, Northern Lights."

"I do feel edified," sez I, "and set up by knowin' so much; you're a master hand to explain things, Josiah Allen. You have explained this idea in a almost lucid way," sez I; "you nor I nor nobody else knows what them flamin' signals stand for; the law that controls them, if such there be, lays fur off buried in mystery. Mebby human knowledge will lay holt of it sometime; mebby they are the flashin' signals held up by a divine hand to lead some prophetic soul into a grander light than the world has ever seen; I don't know nor you don't know what they *mean;* but what good would it do for me or for you to say that we had never seen the fur-off, mysterious flamin' of them strange lights?"

"Why, we should be a lyin'," sez Josiah, a breakin' forth; "it would be a condem lie if we should say so."

"And so it would be a lie," sez I, solemnly, "if we should say that, while we can't explain or understand it, there wuzn't a message sent from the beautiful eternal meetin'-place of these long-parted lovers to cheer the heart of the lonely daughter below."

"Oh, shaw!" sez Josiah, "where's my hat? I've got to water the steers. There hain't no use of argyin' with you; you don't seem to have no nack in givin' up when you're beat."

THE AGE OF CONSENT: A SYMPOSIUM.

A Physician's Standpoint, by R. B. Leach, M. D.

From the physician's standpoint "the age of consent" is a misnomer — a paradox and a proscription on nature; for nature has but one age of consent alike in males as in females, and she has fixed laws, rules, and regulations for the consummation of her aims, desires, and efforts in this as in all her other prognosticable acts; and the fact that puny man in the mighty conceit of his egoism has legally prostituted nature is but to be expected in his dealings with virtue as with other questions not delegated to the federal government by its constitution.

We note, therefore, that only in those states wherein women have equal suffrage with man is virtue at a premium in law, and the younger female an equal "infant" before the law with her brother. The age of consent is consequently the mightiest problem of this epoch of American history, and to enfranchise women and put our little girls in their proper light before the law, *the mothers* of the nation *must first recognize each her own duty to her offspring, and herself do that justice to the child she demands at the hands of men.* I refer to the fact that womankind generally feel themselves under the ban of "taxation without representation," and are continually crying aloud for suffrage for their class, whilst they forget or neglect (which is much more culpable than acts of men) the rights of their daughters to know themselves as their mothers know them.

Let women, then, before all others and before all else, recognize and acquiesce in the demonstration of nature's "stamp act" on the age of consent, which she elucidates at what is known as the age of *puberty;* for this alone is the first discovered stage of fructification in the human species; and any law in any state which shall legalize an act conceding or presuming female precocity before this exhibition of nature is truly a misnomer and a direct thrust at the mothers and mothers-to-be of our people. The age of consent established thus by nature signalizes that period of possibility designed by an all-wise Master Workman when man "made in His image" is first capable of reproducing his kind; and for this reason, and only after such development can man justly hold responsible the male or female for his or her

sexual instincts or acts, and until then, true justice as well as mercy demands "*equal* protection of the laws" guaranteed of our constitution.

As it has been my unfortunate privilege to know much of the perverseness and foolishness (misnamed false modesty) of our womankind, I especially direct these thoughts motherward, and commend them to their individual consideration; for they should certainly so profit by their own misfortunes and ill-health (so common amongst the mothers of this day) that they shall never permit themselves to be "accessories before the fact" to the moral, mental, or physical destruction of their little girls, which their present silence, with their precoetanean privileges, does now most certainly adjudge them.

Remember, therefore, mother, that *the chief end of woman is motherhood;* preach this and practise it, but enlighten and counsel your daughter long before its appearance of that provision of nature which is heralded by a sanguinolent introduction, and of its certainty of rhythmical periodicity, provided a state of health is reached and maintained. It is a deplorable fact that the majority of our girls know practically nothing of themselves or of nature's laws relative to their sexuality till after its assertion at the age of consent — puberty — long before which, in many instances, their innate refinement and modesty have been assailed by vile, vulgar, and untrue statements relative to this act and the future possibilities of womanhood by ignorant, wicked, and depraved schoolmates; and thus many of our little girls are forced to enter womanhood as ignorant of its wherefore as they entered even life itself.

Such mock-modesty of mothers has destroyed many physically and mentally perfect girl natures, and at times has even temporarily besmirched the fair likeness of an otherwise lovely mother in the loving eyes of a lovely daughter. I hasten to explain. I knew such a mother. Ignorance in her child was innocence; the little one's schoolmates depicted a woman as "diseased" who but periodically performed her natural functions. This child accidentally discovered her mother "diseased," and for several days could hardly be prevailed upon to exchange common courtesies; and subsequently, finding herself in this natural "diseased" condition, at once charged her mother with being the author of her misfortune, and before explanations could be made (now too late), this child-woman ran to a tub of cold water and jumped in: resulting in what? — only a shock to the mother's mock-modesty, *but* years of physical suffering for the daughter.

Mothers, these are facts but too common and suggestive for further elaboration, but facts, nevertheless, painfully true, for through negligence to duty you are forever condemning your

daughters to a physical death second only to that moral death legalized by the age of consent of our statutes.

It is true that according to the constitution — article xiv., section 1 — "All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States," and that "No state shall make or enforce *any* law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any state . . . deny to *any person* within its jurisdiction the *equal* protection of the laws;" yet it is likewise true that "The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people;"* and upon such provision as this hinges the question of woman suffrage so ardently sought by many mothers; whereas the probable happiness of your little daughter for her whole future depends upon the fulfilment of your simple and bounden duty at or before the time that child reaches the age of puberty — nature's age of consent.

But, mothers, remember that equal rights and suffrage comprehend equal assumption of jury and war duties and other police regulations of the government, the incumbency of which offices would be almost an impossibility of fulfilment by women, yet which would be as unjustly prescribed by any discrimination in favor of women with suffrage as it may now appear without the prerogatives of men; therefore, mothers, accept what must appear to rude man the most seemly — do your whole duty first to your little ones, and then demand of man the completest protection in lawful safeguards, though you demand it as an act of Congress or an amendment to the constitution if you please; remembering the while that nature's age of consent varies † in different girls as does the climacteric ‡ in woman, and that it depends much upon latitude and longitude and altitude, in conjunction with family idiosyncrasy and personal temperament. For this reason emphasize this great fact that nature's age of consent is *puberty*, and that before this is developed all females should be infants before the law, and justly so; but after *puberty* all females should be women in name as in physical fact, and then and only then, justly subject to the penalties of social and legal restrictions. But before this age they should receive the coaching of their mothers or guardians as to their future possibilities and expectations, and until then they are entitled to all those environments of law and society now in force and bearing upon this question.

* The Constitution of the United States, Article x.

† A child born at New Orleans became a woman at twenty-eight days (her age of puberty), and a mother at eight years of age. Authentic.

‡ One of my patients passed through her climacteric at twenty-three years of age. A case is recorded of motherhood as late as sixty-three years. Authentic.

When, therefore, this shall have been acknowledged and accomplished by the mothers, equality in property rights for females and males will follow as a natural sequence; the age of consent will be relegated to its natural position — puberty; woman will acquire her rights, and man be none the loser; each sex will assume its prerogative, and each perform its duty, for then we shall have sons of women whose personal expectations being a part of their education, they are themselves perfect in body and pure in mind and heart; and as "like begets like" theirs will be an issue inimitable.

Admitting that from the physician's standpoint nature's age of consent is puberty, the legal age of consent should harmonize in male and in female at that age when each is lawfully capable of barter and sale of personal and real-property rights as well as of virtue. And as it is the duty of the mother to forecast her daughter's natural expectations, it is the father's to indelibly inscribe on his son's understanding that "shotgun prescriptions" are of the past, that surgery and serum therapy are of this day, and that the best antitoxine against the seducer and the rapist is to let such live, as all eunuchs should, a walking example against sensualism and of the superiority of present over past applications of iron. As this subject is much mooted in our present Texas legislature, I hope only that each law-maker there, when it comes to a vote, will simply bring to mind the face and form of his own mother, daughter, wife, or sister. That will be sufficient. *Texas must lead.*

Why an Age of Consent? by Vie H. Campbell, President Wisconsin W. C. T. U.

The most infamous laws that stand as a blot upon our statute-books to-day are those known as the "age of consent laws." They are a disgrace to America's boasted civilization, a menace to the peace of our homes and the safety of our children, a bar to our social and spiritual advancement; and they are doing more towards the maintenance of a double standard of purity than all other forces combined.

I believe that it is the duty of every right-minded man and woman to be brave, frank, and outspoken in behalf of a higher civilization, to show the people the awful downward tendency of these iniquitous laws. It is urged by the conservative ones, those upon whose lips false modesty and false ideas of propriety have set the seal of silence, that "It is not womanly to speak of these things; it will not do for our daughters to hear about them: if we speak plainly on this subject we shall suggest the very evil we wish to cure, and thus do more harm than good." Do those

who urge this objection (and they are far too numerous) ever think of the harm that has been done because we have been silent on these vital questions? Do they ever think of the thousands of young women and of young men who have gone astray, who have fallen into the awful vortex of destruction, because of their ignorance of these things, because some one who knew did not point out to them the pitfalls that awaited their unsuspecting feet? Fully one-half of the girls who fall into that life that is worse than death, fall because of their ignorance of the laws of their being and of the penalty that results from a disregard of those laws. Can we longer remain silent and be guiltless ourselves? Have we not a responsibility in this matter that we cannot afford to shirk?

It is time for the great search-light of God's eternal truth to be turned on these dark places; it is time for the seal to be removed from the lips that have so long been silent; it is time for plain-speaking to reveal to innocent, unsuspecting girlhood the snares that are set to entangle her feet. This long-continued silence is the tribute which unbridled lust has demanded of us; and that we have, without remonstrance, paid it too long, the increasing army of unwarned, unfortunate, helpless victims will bear witness. Whatever may be our shortcomings in the future, let us never be guilty of the sin of silence!

Our laws are shamelessly unequal when they make the punishment for stealing away a woman's honor no greater than for the purloining of her wardrobe, or when they give the man who robs her of her character a lighter sentence than he who steals her purse would incur; but what terms are strong enough to use in their condemnation when they make little girls, ten and twelve years of age, the lawful prey of lecherous villany? Has American fatherhood fallen so low that it is willing to have laws stand upon our statute-books that protect libertines, but do not protect our little girls? Is there a man, worthy of being called a man, who believes that a little girl twelve years of age is so well versed in the world's villanies that she is able to protect herself against the wiles of designing and unscrupulous lust? And if it was his own daughter whose purity had been sullied by some wretch who had taken advantage of her innocent ignorance and had compassed her ruin, would he consider it an adequate defence if the villain should plead that "she did not offer violent physical resistance"? And yet the men who comprise the legislatures, and profess to represent the people, of five of our states — Kentucky, Louisiana, Texas, Virginia, and Wisconsin — have fixed the age at which little girls are the legal prey to the merciless, wily debauchee at twelve years! And it is always the testimony of the one who committed the crime,

and who is striving to escape the penalty of the law, that bears the greatest weight in our courts of — shall I say, justice?

In pity and shame let it be said that those who have made laws for women and children have stamped their own degradation upon our statutes, and that the law which comes forward in its majesty to declare that the child shall be protected in her property, that she cannot make contracts in business matters, nor be united in marriage, unless she obtains the consent of her guardian, also says that she may consent to her moral, spiritual, and physical ruin; while the arch-fiend who robs her of her crown of womanhood, her virtue, is protected by these infamous laws that tend toward the moral degradation of manhood and the destruction of womanhood. There can be no argument, no excuse, for such laws; they are not only barbarous, but inhuman.

These cruel laws, that have wrought such injustice to girlhood, are the heritage of a less developed, less civilized past; and they have been even more harmful to man because they have made it too easy for him to do wrong. While they have been cruelly severe towards women, they have been criminally indulgent towards men. The degradation of womanhood rises to gigantic proportions when it drags into its vortex little girls of ten and twelve years of age, and it includes also the degradation of manhood.

I believe that consenting to a crime is in itself a crime, and I hope the day is not far distant when the age-of-consent laws will be swept from our statutes. The crime that robs woman of the crown of her womanhood, her virtue, that takes advantage of her in a moment of unguarded weakness, at whatever age, is a crime before the awful magnitude of which all other crimes dwindle into insignificance. Moral death is a greater misfortune than physical death. The crime against woman is one the laws of nature do not pardon; it is the crime of crimes, because it is the unanimous rebellion against the law of love, the supreme law of life, that is confirmed by all substantial, ethical science that comprehends the true nature of mankind. We might, with greater propriety, have an age at which murder, arson, or any of the high crimes and misdemeanors could be committed, than to have an age recognized by law for this great crime.

That these laws are conducive to a double standard of purity must be apparent to anyone who gives the subject the careful consideration which its importance demands. Any form of law that excuses one from the foulest crime known to mankind, because he can take oath that his partner consented to it, serves to stimulate society to uphold him, while it makes an outcast of her.

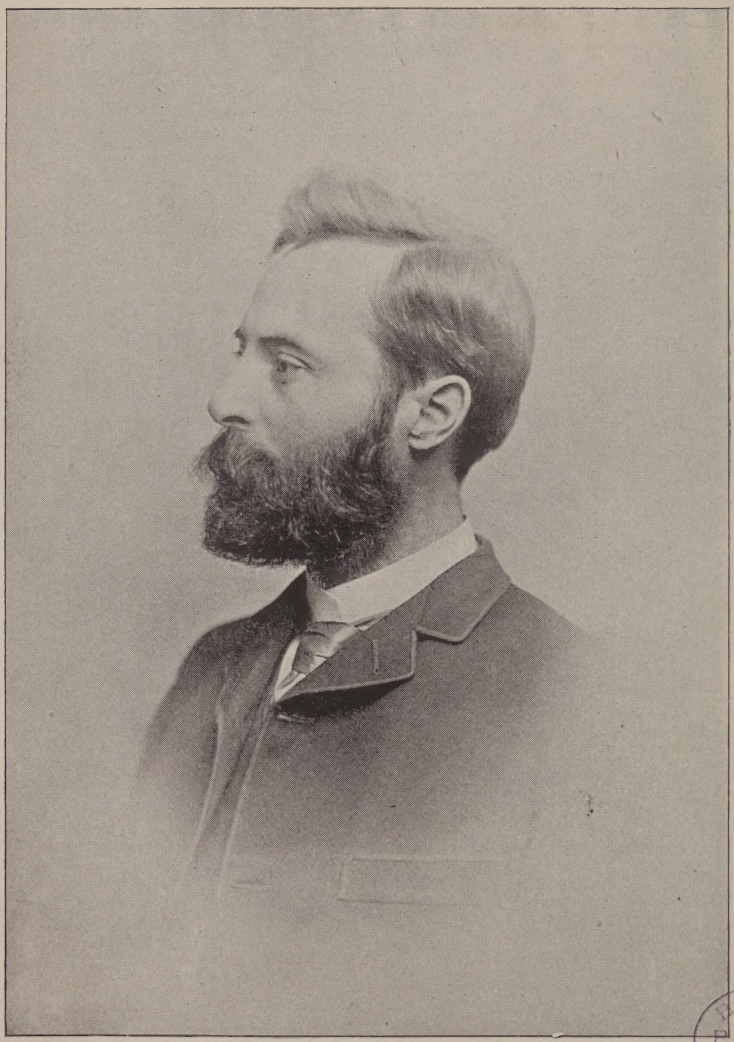
I am well aware that I am taking advanced ground on this subject. All the agitation, thus far, has been for the purpose

of raising the age of consent to the age at which a girl can legally transact business, and no steps have been taken for abolishing it; but I am fully convinced that it should be abolished, and that laws should be passed making the penalty for the crime against woman a severe one. In justice to men, as well as to women, we need just laws, reënforced by the strong hand of penalty, for

> "The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
> Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free."

This is an evil that poisons the springs of national life as well as those of individual life, because decay is at the heart of a nation that degrades and tramples upon its women; and wherever the degradation of woman has been most recognized, all other forms of vice and impurity have been most prevalent; impurity in the man or woman destroys the family and destroys the nation. Our moral code will never be higher than we strive to make it, therefore in behalf of outraged and wronged womanhood, in behalf of manhood that is dragged down by the reciprocal laws of nature, and whose ethical standard must be raised if the degradation of women is to cease, in behalf of innocent and defrauded childhood, I plead that all that is unjust, all that is impure, and all that makes for two standards of morals be erased from our statutes, so that our laws may be the expression of a purer people. Instead of bewailing our difficulties or imaginary obstacles, let us take the forward step that will lead to a higher and purer national life, so that we may have

> A stronger race,
> With hearts and hands . . . .
> To till the wastes, and, moving everywhere,
> Clear the dark places and let in the law,
> To break the bandit holds, and cleanse the land.



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RENAN'S LIFE OF JESUS: ITS VALUE AS HISTORY.

BY JOHN D. McPHERSON.

This work, when it appeared thirty years ago, is said to have produced the profoundest emotion throughout the civilized world. And in a recent notice of the author, the writer says: "Its appearance was not only a literary event, but a social and religious fact of vast importance. It was the first time that the life of Christ had been written from a purely laical point of view, and apart from any supernatural conceptions, in a book destined, not for the doctors and theologians, but for the general public. . . . The scandal of it was immense."

The emotion and the scandal have subsided, but the work seems to retain its hold upon public attention, and with good reason. For, though M. Renan has treated his subject in a way which will shock the sensibilities of every Christian, and with them must put the book under ban, yet it contains a great deal of most interesting reading. The author, indeed, has qualifications for writing such a book which never had been, and hardly will again be, possessed by any one inclined to undertake the task. He was thoroughly acquainted with all the literature, pagan, Jewish, and Christian, of the thousand years preceding and following the events which he had to describe. He had made a long visit to the Holy Land, studying its topography as bearing upon the gospel narratives. And he had yet another qualification, which he considered essential in any one who would write the history of a religion: "firstly, to have believed it (otherwise we should not be able to understand how it has charmed and satisfied the human conscience); in the second

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place, to believe it no longer in an absolute manner; for absolute faith is incompatible with sincere history" (p. 34). A new edition of the Life has recently been published in a form and at a price such as suit only works which have become widely popular. It is published by Brentano, of Paris, London, New York, and Chicago, and is the translation first made and published in 1863. The references in this article are to this edition.

As the subject is one which can never lose its interest for our race, and every passing year since the first publication of this work has added to the fame of its author and to the personal esteem in which he was held, it is not too late, even now, to give the work that examination which would perhaps have been more appropriate on its first appearance, and which, if then given, we venture to think, would have prevented some of the emotion and the scandal which it caused. For we do not hesitate to say that as a history the work is worthless; and it is as a history and one of a series of histories that M. Renan commends it to the acceptance of the public (pp. 2, 32). It is in his selection of facts from the records, and in his interpretation of their evidence, that M. Renan manifests his incompetence; and such a defect is necessarily fatal to the work of the historian. And then he had notions, hardly less prejudicial, respecting the aims and purposes of history, of which we will speak presently. Just now we will speak of his method of dealing with evidence and facts.

The argument of the book is that Jesus at first and in Galilee sought only to free the national religion from the incrustation of senseless observances and narrow interpretations with which, in the course of ages, tradition, and principally Pharisaic tradition, had overlaid it; that he was enthusiastically received in Galilee, and taught there successfully; that he then went to Jerusalem, was there looked on coldly, made no disciples, and, indeed, was treated with contempt; that, keenly feeling the disdain of the proud Hierosolymites, he returned to Galilee a changed man — changed in his temper and in his purposes. He was no longer a reformer but a revolutionist. He determined, not to improve the popular religion but to destroy it. His disciples enthusiastically seconded his aims, and imposed on him a character without which he could not have succeeded. They hailed him as the Messiah and the Son of David, and forged a genealogy and invented a legend to support these pretensions. Jesus yielded to an influence which he could hardly have resisted had he wished. He became a thaumaturgus against his inclination, indeed, and acted a character and adopted a tone which could not be sustained more than a few months, and which involved him in such difficulties that he was satisfied, if not glad, when death came to "restore him his divine liberty, and release him from the fatal

necessities of a position which each day became more exacting and more difficult to sustain" (p. 252).

This view of the character and career of Jesus differs essentially from that of all who have treated the same subject, in that it represents Jesus as a conscious impostor acting and speaking falsehood for the purpose of establishing a pure religion. And this method of doing good M. Renan not only defends, but declares that only by such means can anything great be accomplished among men. This estimate of the character of Jesus and the nature of his work results from the special views of the author respecting the nature of morals, the manner of arriving at the truth of history, and the nature of that truth. The truth of history, he tells us, does not consist in facts alone. Men are more than doctrines, and history is more than facts. Its office is to present the men of the past to the mind of the reader, as they stood before the world in their day.

> In such an effort to make the great souls of the past live again, some share of divination and conjecture must be permitted. A great life is an organic whole which cannot be rendered by the simple agglomeration of small facts. It requires a profound sentiment to embrace them all, moulding them into perfect unity (p. 32).

Nevertheless, the object is to represent truth, and the source of that truth is contemporaneous history.

> In histories such as this the great test that we have got the truth is to have succeeded in combining the texts in such a manner that they shall constitute a logical probable narrative, harmonious throughout. . . . The secret laws of life, of the progression of organic products, of the melting of minute distinctions, ought to be consulted at each moment; for what is required to be reproduced is not the material circumstance, which it is impossible to verify, but the very soul of history; what must be sought is not the petty certainty about trifles, it is the correctness of the general sentiment, the truthfulness of the coloring. — *Ibid.*

We must at once express our dissent from these views, especially from them as applied to biography. In history individuals derive their importance principally from their connection with great events. In biography events derive their importance from their connection with great men; consequently in biography facts, however trifling in themselves, may be of importance if connected with the person who is the subject of the work. In a life of Cæsar or Napoleon nothing that he did can be regarded as trifling. It may have been without result, but the doing of it may indicate a purpose, and, though the purpose failed, and so the fact was a trifle in the history of a nation, the purpose entertained is an indication of character, the principal thing that at this distance in time we care for.

M. Renan then proceeds to sketch an outline of the life of

Jesus, and does so in a way which goes far to explain the distortions of fact which we shall have to point out. Such distortions are necessary to make the facts conform to the theory.

> There is no great abuse of hypothesis in supposing that the founder of a new religion commences by attaching himself to the moral aphorisms already in circulation in his time, and to the practices which are in vogue; that, when riper and in full possession of his idea, he delights in a kind of calm and poetical eloquence remote from all controversy, sweet and free as pure feeling; that he warms by degrees, becomes animated by opposition, and finishes by polemics and strong invective. Such are the periods which may plainly be distinguished in the Koran. The order adopted, with an extremely fine tact, by the Synoptics supposes an analogous progress.

But before attempting to show how far M. Renan, in obedience to his theory, has misinterpreted historical facts, we will present some examples of the mode in which he dealt with evidence when the theory did not intervene, and it was open to him to state the facts just as they occurred. We think the reader will agree with us that, besides being influenced by certain erroneous views of the manner in which facts when obtained were to be used, M. Renan shows himself really incompetent to deduce facts from evidence.

In his introductory chapter, M. Renan, in accordance with his purpose to present a truthful history embodying facts related by contemporaneous writers, states that "a continuous system of notes enables the reader to verify from the authorities all the statements of the text" (p. 3). We will quote some statements, and discuss the authorities relied on as supporting them.

> The observance of the Sabbath was the principal point upon which was raised the whole edifice of Pharisaic scruples and subtleties. . . . This was the point upon which Jesus loved best to defy his adversaries. He openly violated the Sabbath, and only replied by subtle raillery to the reproaches that were heaped upon him (p. 171).

The notes give as authority for these statements, Matt. xii. 1–4; Mark ii. 23–28; Luke vi. 1–5; xiii. 14; xiv. 1 *et seq.*

Not one of these statements is supported by the authorities cited; on the contrary, the reverse is in each case true. Jesus never defied his adversaries; on the contrary, he sheltered himself under their precedents. He never did violate the Sabbath; on the contrary, he declared that what he did it was lawful to do on the Sabbath day, and no one ever undertook to maintain the contrary. He did not reply to reproaches with subtle irony, because no reproach was ever addressed to him. The man who took up his bed was reproached because to carry a burden was labor and violated the Sabbath. Those who came to be healed on the Sabbath were reproached, because making a journey was labor and violated the Sabbath. But no one, though the chal-

lenge was uttered more than once, ever ventured to say that Jesus violated the Sabbath by telling a man to stretch forth his withered hand, or loosing by laying his hands on the distorted frame of a woman. Jesus, indeed, took the broader ground that it was lawful even to labor in order to do good, as the Pharisees held in some cases; but it is enough that no one ever reproached him for healing on the Sabbath. It illustrates the carelessness of M. Renan that his references to Matthew and Mark concern not any act of Jesus, but acts of his disciples, who are not at all in question.

Jesus, says M. Renan, in suffering himself to be called the Son of David, "allowed a title to be given him without which he could not hope for success. He ended, it seems, by taking pleasure therein, for he performed most willingly the miracles which were asked of him by those who used this title in addressing him. Matt. ix. 27; xii. 23; xv. 22; xx. 30, 31; Mark x. 47, 52; Luke xviii. 38" (p. 178).

These statements, like those just discussed, are not only unsupported by the authorities cited, but the authorities prove just the contrary. In Matthew xii. he was not addressed as the Son of David, and he healed the sufferer at once without a moment's hesitation. In the other five cases he was so addressed, and in every case he gave no heed to the suppliants, until they followed him into the house where he was going, or set up a clamor which drew the interference of the disciples or the people. It is true that in *every* case where he was addressed as the Son of David he displayed more reluctance to relieve the applicant than he did in *any* case when he was not so addressed.

Returning to the subject later, M. Renan writes: "On leaving the town the beggar 'Bartimeus' pleased him very much by persisting in calling him the Son of David, although he was told to be silent. Matt. xx. 29; Mark x. 46; Luke xviii. 35" (p. 249). These three citations are the same referred to above, where they are given to prove that Jesus most willingly performed miracles for those who addressed him as the Son of David. It were tedious to transcribe the passages; but the reader will find on turning to them that there is not a word to indicate that Jesus was pleased, and that, on the contrary, as above observed, he persistently refused for some time to pay any attention to the sufferer who clamorously besought him.

The evidence of the gospels is that Jesus did not desire to be called the Son of David. He wished to be recognized as the Christ; the Pharisees held that the Christ must be the son of David; but in Matt. xxii., Jesus questioned this belief and suggested what he evidently thought a fatal objection to it; and, though challenged, no one could answer the objection.

In the other cases now to be mentioned, the authorities absolutely fail to support the statements in the text, but this can be seen only by comparing the statements with the authorities referred to. For this purpose we must ask the reader to turn to the gospels, as it would be useless to transcribe the passages here.

> Jesus, whose relations with the Essenes are difficult to determine (resemblances in history not always implying relations), was on this point [the use of property] certainly their brother. The community of goods was for some time the rule in the new community. Covetousness was the cardinal sin. . . . The first condition of becoming a disciple of Jesus was to sell one's property and to give the price of it to the poor. Those who recoiled from this extremity were not admitted into the community (p. 139).

The only authority cited by M. Renan for the enforcement of such a condition by Jesus is the story of the young man related by Matthew, Mark, and Luke, who, upon asking how he could obtain eternal life, was told by Jesus to keep the commandments; and when he wanted something more was told to sell all he had and give the proceeds to the poor, and come and follow him. But the young man had not asked how he could obtain a place among the disciples, nor did Jesus profess to tell him how he could be "admitted into the community," but how he could be perfect. "If thou wouldst be perfect, sell thy goods *and* come" — not sell thy goods *in order to* come. We have distinct accounts of the calling of seven apostles, and not in a single instance was one required to give his property to the poor. And we know that Peter had a house, and the sons of Zebedee boats and nets, which they continued to hold and use after their call.

In another case M. Renan has missed the point in a manner that is really ridiculous. In the chapter "On the Intercourse of Jesus with the pagans," he says, "That which struck him in the pagans was not their idolatry, but their servility" (p. 172). The authority for this is Matt. xx. 25; Mark x. 42; Luke xxii. 5; all which tell of the dispute among the disciples as to which should be greatest, and the rebuke of Jesus warning them not to be like the Gentiles whose rulers lorded it over their people. It was the arrogance of the rulers that struck him, not the servility of the people, and it was against the arrogance and not the servility that he warned his disciples; indeed, to them he recommended such servility as is implied in becoming the servants of their brethren. But this is not the worst. Our author is treating of the intercourse of Jesus with the pagans, and says that in the intercourse of Jesus with them their idolatry did not strike him, because, when his disciples disputed, he warned them

against the same spirit in the Gentiles and not against their idolatry. Does this reasoner understand the first principles of reasoning?

Another example of the maltreatment of evidence is in his account of Mary and Martha, where Mary is said to have "pleased [Jesus] by a sort of languor" (p. 239). The authority for this is John xi. 20, which tells that when Jesus approached Bethany Martha went to meet him, "but Mary sat still in the house." This is all, and there is nothing here to indicate that she remained in the house from languor, or that the manifestation of languor pleased Jesus.

We think these examples betray something more than even gross carelessness. To take a single instance as proof that Jesus always imposed the same condition is contrary to the first principles of inductive reasoning, contrary even to common sense. But there are other examples of still greater violence done to evidence, and in the most important matters.

> Many circumstances, moreover, seem to indicate that Jesus only became a thaumaturgus late in life and against his inclination. He often performs his miracles only after he has been besought to do so, and with a degree of reluctance, reproaching those who asked them with the grossness of their minds (p. 193).

Here are three distinct statements: that Jesus began to work miracles late in life; that he did so with reluctance and only after being besought; and that he reproached those who asked them with the grossness of their minds. Not one of these is true; of the "many circumstances" which M. Renan says indicate their truth, he does not mention one; we are unable to find one; and we venture to say that not one exists.

So far from beginning late in life to work miracles, Matthew and Luke tell us that Jesus immediately after his baptism went about all Galilee, teaching in the synagogues, and "healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people" (Matt. iv. 23). One of his very earliest recorded acts was a miracle at the marriage feast at Cana. This was not solicited but volunteered. Most of his miracles were of healing, and these were solicited at least by bringing the sick to him; but twelve of his thirty-six miracles were absolutely voluntary. The reader will look in vain for any symptom of reluctance on the part of Jesus to relieve any one who asked, except in three cases: his uniform practice, throughout his ministry, was to heal all who were brought to him. The three excepted cases were the two blind men at Capernaum, the one or two blind men at Jericho, and the Canaanitish woman near Tyre; and these are cited at p. 178 as cases in which Jesus most willingly performed miracles for those who addressed him as the Son of David, and to the

contrary of which, as we have said, they are the only cases in which he ever displayed any reluctance to help a sufferer.

Another statement in this connection is that Jesus, performing his miracles with reluctance, "reproached those who asked them with the grossness of their minds." To the contrary of this it will be found that Jesus never reproached any one for whom he performed a miracle — any one whom he relieved. As authority for his statement, M. Renan cites Matt. xii. 39; xvi. 4; xvii. 16; Mark viii. 17; ix. 18; Luke ix. 41. The first two citations relate to the requests of the Scribes, Pharisees, and Sadducees for, not necessarily a miracle, but a sign of his authority to teach, which he refused to give; not, we venture to say, because of his reluctance to exercise his miraculous powers, which is the point in issue, but because such signs could not prove his authority — could not be evidence of it, since even Satan in those days could work miracles; and Jesus had warned his disciples against false prophets who would show signs and wonders. The third, fifth, and sixth passages cited relate the case of the man who brought his afflicted son to the disciples, who could not cure him, and Jesus healed him, reproaching, not the father who asked the miracle, but his disciples who could not perform it. They were a faithless generation, he said, since it was for want of faith that they could not cure him. The remaining passage, Mark viii. 17, relates no miracle nor request for one, but reports some remarks respecting the feeding of the multitude by miracle, which it would seem the disciples had forgotten or failed to apply, and which are absolutely without any connection with the subject in hand.

The purpose of these misrepresentations is obvious. It is to make events conform to M. Renan's theory of the evolution of a religious teacher. Such a method is necessarily faulty. Facts should first be ascertained, and the theory deduced from them; but to arrange the facts in conformity with the theory, and then found the theory on the facts, is working in a vicious circle. Where distinct propositions are stated it is easy to expose the error, but where the whole course of the history is equally mistaken, it is much more difficult to demonstrate it. The reader, however, cannot fail to perceive that the historian who errs in so many particulars cannot be relied on to produce a correct general view. We will now endeavor to show that M. Renan has failed in generals as well as in particulars.

Galilee at that time is described as a beautiful country, a terrestrial paradise, the land of the Song of Songs. It was inhabited by a brave, open-hearted, simple-minded, gay, and joyous people. Jesus liked this cheerful life and encouraged his disciples to enjoy it.

Leave the austere Baptist in his desert to preach penitence, to inveigh without ceasing, and to live on locusts in the company of jackals. Why should the companions of the bridegroom fast while the bridegroom is with them? Joy will be a part of the kingdom of God. Is she not the daughter of the humble in heart; of the men of good will? The whole history of infant Christianity has become in this manner a delightful pastoral. A Messiah at the marriage festival — the courtesan and the good Zaccheus called to his feasts — the founders of the kingdom of heaven like a bridal procession — that is what Galilee has boldly offered, and what the world has accepted (p. 76).

It would be difficult to find in the gospels a single paragraph that would indicate that Jesus was of a festive disposition. In all their narrative he appears as a grave, earnest preacher of righteousness oppressed by a sense of the vice, misery, injustice, and wrong everywhere around him. That he ever gave a feast or called the guests is a pure invention. And still more of a fable is a long description of his life in Galilee, which must be read at length to be appreciated. A part of it is as follows:

He thus traversed Galilee in the midst of a continual feast. He rode on a mule. In the East this is a good and safe mode of travelling; the large black eyes of the animal, shaded by long eyelashes, give it an expression of gentleness. His disciples sometimes surrounded him with a kind of rustic pomp, at the expense of their garments, which they used as carpets. They placed them on the mule which carried him, or extended them on the earth in his path. His entering a house was considered a joy and a blessing. He stopped in the villages and large farms, where he received an eager hospitality. In the East the house which a stranger enters becomes at once a public place. All the village assembles there, the children invade it, and, though dispersed by the servants, always return. Jesus could not permit these simple auditors to be treated hardly; he caused them to be brought to him, and embraced them. The mothers, encouraged by such a reception, brought their children in order that he might touch them. Women came to pour oil on his head and perfume on his feet (p. 149).

For this Matt. xxi. 7, 8, is cited as authority and the only authority. Matthew does not say that any such journey ever took place. What he does say in the passage cited is that some two years later Jesus rode on an ass from Bethphage to Jerusalem (a distance of two miles), and that the disciples and others behaved on this occasion as they are said to have behaved in Galilee. But this was in Judea, and two years later than the time to which it is ascribed. It was a very short transit of perhaps half an hour, and not a tour through a country two thousand square miles in extent, which, interrupted as it is said to have been, by the eager hospitality of fruit farms and villages, must have occupied days, if not weeks. All the incidents, so far as they did occur, occurred in Judea — the ride and accompanying circumstances, the blessing of the children, the anointing of his head. Jesus was not received with favor, still less with extrava-

gant joy, in Galilee. Matthew and Mark both tell of the unbelief he there encountered, and his first discourse in the synagogue of Nazareth so excited the fury of the people that he had to escape for his life. And later he denounced woes upon the principal cities of Galilee where most of his mighty works were done, "because they repented not" — in other words, because they had rejected him; and among these was Capernaum, where he mostly resided when in Galilee.

The whole story of his ministry in Galilee is a fiction — a fiction contrived to support M. Renan's theory of the career of Jesus. As already said, M. Renan makes of his ministry two periods utterly unlike each other, indeed in violent contrast: in the first his life was calm and poetical, sweet and free from all controversy; in the second it was stormy, full of polemics and invective (pp. 33, 34). Galilee and Judea, where these periods, respectively, were passed, were likewise strongly contrasted; Galilee green, shady, carpeted with flowers; Judea arid, repulsive, the saddest country in the world (p. 73). The people were not less different; the Galileans, in harmony with the country, active, honest, and tender-hearted, welcoming Jesus with joy (p. 175); the Judeans dry, narrow, ferocious, fanatics who had lost all desire for life and rejected Jesus with contempt (pp. 71-74).

Viewing everything, then, in the light of a preconceived plan into which the facts must be made to fit, the triumphal journey, the public proclamation and recognition of his divine mission, if they occurred in Judea, presented an incongruity which could not be ignored and could be overcome only by heroic means. M. Renan, therefore, with the careless daring which never fails him, took the measure of the exigency and met it squarely. He transferred the incidents from Judea to Galilee, and set them two years back to make them suit the condition of things he imagined to be then and there prevailing. In the desire to make all harmonious, he has discarded the rugged ass on which Jesus actually rode, and mounted him on a mule with large, dark eyes and long eyelashes, giving it an aspect of gentleness. Why M. Renan made this change it is difficult to conjecture. It could not have been through inadvertence. The mention by Matthew of the creature's colt warned him that whatever she was, she was not a mule; and he must have understood this since he discarded the colt from the picture. It must be concluded that the mule was chosen to give ground for the description of her soft eye and gentle aspect, for which the light eyes and rugged aspect of the ass afforded no foundation. But in order to introduce this poetical description, the writer has violated not only truth but historical propriety. Princes and nobles rode on mules, humbler personages on asses; and such was the appro-

priate mount of him who in token of humility assumed the simple title of Son of man. And then Christians regard the ass as a link in the chain of proof of Jesus' divinity; it is surely unfair to misstate the evidence and then deny its effect. But it is clear that M. Renan is writing romance, not history.

But while joyous Galilee, as M. Renan will have it, was "celebrating in feasts the coming of the well beloved" (p. 152), Jesus was contemplating removal to a grander theatre; "for he felt already that, in order to play a leading part, he must go from Galilee and attack Judaism in its stronghold, which was Jerusalem" (p. 158). Here seems to be an anachronism; for we shall presently be told that it was after the visit now contemplated, and in consequence of the contempt and insult which he encountered in Judea, that Jesus conceived the idea of attacking Judaism.

So he went up with his disciples to one of the feasts and found the city "nearly what it is to-day, a city of pedantry, animosity, disputes, hatreds, and littleness of mind. Its fanaticism was extreme and religious seditions very frequent. The Pharisees were dominant; the study of the law, pushed to the most insignificant minutiæ, and reduced to questions of casuistry, was the only study. . . . This odious society could not fail to weigh heavily on the tender and susceptible minds of the north" (p. 159). But they were exposed, also, to contempt and insult as well. The proud priests laughed at their simple devotions and rude speech.

The parched appearance of nature in the neighborhood of Jerusalem must have added to the dislike Jesus had for the place. The valleys are without water; the soil arid and stony (p. 160). Jesus was lost in the crowd, and his poor Galileans, grouped around him, were of small account. He probably felt that he was in a hostile world which would receive him only with disdain. Everything he saw set him against it [the sale of beasts for sacrifice within the precincts of the temple, the tables of the money-changers, the shops, the profane way of handling sacred things] (p. 163). The pride of the Jews completed the discontent of Jesus and rendered his stay in Jerusalem painful (p. 164).

Nevertheless he endeavored to obtain a hearing. He preached; the people spoke of him and looked upon certain deeds of his as miraculous, but there resulted no established church nor group of Hierosolymite disciples, though he formed some valuable friendships which were of advantage to him afterwards (p. 68).

Jesus returned to Galilee, having completely lost his Jewish faith, and filled with revolutionary ardor. His ideas are now expressed with perfect clearness. The innocent aphorisms of the first part of his prophetic career, in part borrowed from the Jewish rabbis anterior to him, and the beautiful moral precepts of his second period, are exchanged for a decided policy. The law would be abolished, and it was to be abolished by him. The Messiah had come, and he was the Messiah.

The kingdom of God was about to be revealed, and it was he who would reveal it (p. 177).

We here reach a critical period in the career of Jesus. If he did at this point change his purpose and determine to destroy the religion which he had previously desired only to reform, it is obvious that mere personal considerations, resentment for neglect and insult, had a large share in causing the change, and must as largely detract from any estimate of a lofty character. This question M. Renan does not at all discuss in the text, and notices only slightly in a note to the passage just transcribed. We regard this statement as the most important in the whole Life, and must ask space to discuss it at some length. Our idea is that Jesus never changed his purposes or plans, and that the whole course of his ministry presented features very slightly varied by the character of the people among whom he wrought at the time.

In the note M. Renan says that, as regards the intention to destroy Judaism,

The hesitancy of the immediate disciples of Jesus, of whom a considerable portion remained attached to Judaism, might cause objection to be raised to this. But the trial of Jesus leaves no room for doubt. We shall see that he was there treated as a "corrupter!" The Talmud gives the procedure against him as an example of that which ought to be followed against corrupters who seek to overturn the Law of Moses.

The account of the trial to which M. Renan refers as showing that Jesus was treated as a corrupter, he extracts from the Talmud, which says that, in order to obtain competent evidence of the crime, two witnesses were concealed behind a screen, and the suspected person was induced "to repeat his blasphemy" in their hearing. The Talmud proceeds to say that such was the course pursued with Jesus, and that "he was condemned on the faith of two witnesses who had been suborned, and that the crime of 'corruption' is, moreover, the only one for which the witnesses are thus prepared" (p. 271). This is entirely at variance with the gospel account. Nothing is there said of any preparation of the witnesses; and that they failed to agree indicates that they were not prepared; and, finally, Jesus was condemned to death for blasphemy on his own avowal made by himself at his trial that he was the Christ, the Son of God, and would come again in the clouds of heaven.

The gospels report no specific accusation against him; the so-called trial was an attempt to find evidence of some offence — any offence — which would justify putting him to death, and he furnished it himself. He was condemned without the testimony of witnesses for blasphemy, which was a specific crime punishable with death under the law (Lev. xxiv. 16). To support the

charge that Jesus resolved to destroy the law, M. Renan adduces no authority but the Talmud, which cannot be reconciled with the gospels, and, moreover, is not at all conclusive or even persuasive. For it says only that Jesus was tried and convicted of the offence; which certainly would not be conclusive proof of his guilt in any case, and still less in view of much that is to the contrary. Nor would it prove that a change had taken place in the purposes of Jesus — that is to say, that he had not entertained the idea of destroying Judaism before he experienced the ill treatment of the Jews, which is the only point we care to consider at this time.

M. Renan tells us (Chap. 7) that Jesus at the first was possessed with the idea that he was "to establish the kingdom of God [and] regarded himself as the universal reformer." He must, then, have considered this enterprise consistent with the retention of Judaism, for he did not then contemplate its destruction. Nor does M. Renan refer to a single act or speech in furtherance of the new project, while there is evidence that no such project was entertained. The adhesion of the apostles to Judaism is not the strongest evidence of the purpose of Jesus. He himself declared that he was sent only to the Israelites; that he came not to destroy the law but to perfect it, and that "till heaven and earth pass away one jot or one tittle shall in nowise pass away from the law till all things be accomplished." And this is made the more significant by the corollary that his hearers should keep the commandments. The teaching of Jesus was in conformity with his expressed purpose. Moses allowed divorce at pleasure; Jesus confined it to the one cause which defeated the end of marriage. Moses forbade adultery; Jesus condemned as adultery the licentious desires which led to it. Moses forbade murder; Jesus warned against the angry passions which incited to murder. He would ensure the observance of the law by training the heart to desire nothing forbidden.

But the conduct of the apostles after the crucifixion is really hardly less significant. Not only did they take up their residence at Jerusalem, and frequent the temple, but for twelve years they admitted no Gentile to baptism, and when at length they did admit Gentiles it was on the condition that they should embrace Judaism and keep the law. Peter was the first who baptized a Gentile, and he was taken to task for it by the other apostles. And what was his defence?—that Jesus had authorized it while on earth, which the others must have known as well as he? Not at all: but that he had received directly from God enlightenment as to the fitness of the Gentiles for baptism.

For these reasons we are very sure that Jesus never conceived the purpose of destroying Judaism. He had no such purpose in

the earlier part of his ministry, when he had fully developed what M. Renan calls a "new religion." If he did so later it was from personal considerations, and this we decline, in the absence of all evidence, to credit. In stating what he preached at first, M. Renan says, "Jesus did not speak against the Mosaic law, but it is clear that he saw its inefficiency, and allowed it to be seen that he did so" (p. 87). Exactly so; and he determined to "fulfil" — to perfect it. And M. Renan does not say that he ever after spoke against the Mosaic law to any other effect. But M. Renan has determined that Jesus at this point resolved to destroy Judaism. It was, however, a greater enterprise than he was prepared to achieve. To effect such a revolution required an authority such as he had not yet attempted to assume. But the enthusiasm of his disciples bore him on. Peter saluted him as the Christ, and as a necessary consequence he was declared to be the Son of David.

> [He accepted the title] probably without being concerned in the innocent frauds by which it was sought to assure it to him. . . . He believed himself to be the Son of God, and not the Son of David. . . . But public opinion on the point made him do violence to himself. The immediate consequence of the proposition, "Jesus is the Messiah," was the other proposition, "Jesus is the Son of David." He allowed the title to be given him, without which he could not hope for success. He ended, it seems, by taking pleasure therein: for he performed most willingly the miracles which were asked of him by those who used this title in addressing him (p. 178). Did Jesus authorize by his silence the fictitious genealogies which his partisans invented in order to prove his royal descent? Did he know anything of the legends invented to prove that he was born at Bethlehem; and particularly of the attempt to connect his Bethlemite origin with the census which had taken place by order of the imperial legate Quirinus? We know not (p. 179). Miracles were regarded at this period as the indispensable mark of the divine, and as the sign of the prophetic vocation. . . . Jesus was, therefore, obliged to choose between these two alternatives — either to renounce his mission or to become a thaumaturgus (p. 189).
>
> It is impossible among the miraculous narratives so tediously enumerated in the gospels to distinguish the miracles attributed to Jesus by public opinion from those in which he consented to play an active part. It is especially impossible to ascertain whether the offensive circumstances attending them, the groanings, the strugglings, and other features savoring of jugglery are really historical, or whether they are the fruit of the belief of the compilers, strongly imbued with theurgy, and living in this respect in a world analogous to that of the spiritualists of our time. Almost all the miracles which Jesus thought he performed were miracles of healing (p. 190).

Scientific medicine was unknown in Palestine. The belief in miraculous cures was universal. In such a state of knowledge and belief "the presence of a superior man treating the diseased with gentleness, and giving him by some sensible signs the assurance of his recovery, is often a decisive remedy. . . . He

gives only a smile or a hope, but these are not in vain (pp. 190, 191).

No one at this day objects to the attempt to account for the miracles related in Scripture by any probable suggestion of natural causes; and had M. Renan been content with the explanation here given, and with explanations of the same kind in other cases, no one could justly blame him. But in the passage transcribed above he speaks of offensive circumstances attending the miracles, the groanings, the strugglings, and other features savoring of jugglery; and in the notes, as authority for the statement that there was such jugglery, he cites Luke viii. 45, 46, and John xi. 33, 38, which relate acts of Jesus only, and, therefore, charge on him, necessarily, such acts of jugglery as attended the incidents. Luke in the passage referred to tells of the woman who, having an issue of blood, touched him and was healed; and Jesus felt that he had been touched and so declared.

The passage in John's gospel relates the behavior of Jesus at the tomb of Lazarus. All that he did there was to groan, not audibly, but "in spirit," in "himself." A note to the passage in our Revised Version says the Greek word signifies inward emotion. If so, as there was nothing else, no struggling, there is no ground whatever for the gross charge here made. And it is certainly remarkable that M. Renan, having here made the charge so circumstantially, seems to have forgotten all about it; for when he comes in the course of his history to relate the incident he omits the suspicious features here mentioned, and says the emotion of Jesus was genuine, and that the people mistook its natural manifestations for "the agitation and trembling which accompanied miracles." Surely neither his perception of the touch nor his genuine emotion can properly be characterized as jugglery.

And here perhaps it may be as well to notice the explanation which M. Renan gives of the supposed raising of Lazarus from the dead — for he avows his disbelief in all miracles. The truth he says was probably this (pp. 250–52). Lazarus was sick and his sisters sent for Jesus, thinking "that the joy Lazarus would feel at his arrival might restore him to life." But just at this time,

> The friends of Jesus wished for a great miracle which should strike powerfully the incredulity of the Hierosolymites. The resurrection of a man known at Jerusalem appeared to them most likely to carry conviction. It may be that Lazarus, still pallid with disease, caused himself to be wrapped in bandages as if dead and shut up in the tomb of his family. . . . Martha and Mary went to meet Jesus and without allowing him to enter Bethany conducted him to the cave. The emotion which Jesus experienced at the tomb of his friend, whom he believed to be dead, might be taken by those present for the agitation and

trembling which accompanied miracles. . . . Jesus (if we follow the above hypothesis) desired to see once more him whom he had loved, and, the stone being removed, Lazarus came forth in his bandages, his head covered with a winding-sheet. This reappearance would naturally be regarded by every one as a resurrection (p. 251).

M. Renan thinks that on this occasion something really happened at Bethany which was looked upon as a resurrection, "a real event held to be publicly notorious," which irritated the enemies of Jesus, and contributed sensibly to hasten his death (p. 252). Does his suggested explanation sufficiently account for the sensation produced?

It must be borne in mind that, when the miracle was noised abroad, Lazarus was alive and in his home, and that the sole question was whether he had ever been dead. Undoubtedly in our day the burial of a man is evidence of his death, because ordinarily a man could live but a few moments in a grave or modern tomb. But it was not so with entombment in the East. One could live in a tomb, and demoniacs are said to have dwelt in tombs. Certainly the priests and Pharisees were not convinced of the death of Lazarus, as they are said to have been, by the simple fact that he was carried to the tomb. They were entitled to demand those accompaniments which always attended a death, and without such evidence they could not have credited the death of a man who was again walking among them. A marked degree of notoriety accompanied every death among the Hebrews. It drew the "crowd" who made the "tumult" which Jesus encountered at the house of Jairus, and "the flute players" who were part of the pageant. A company of public buriers prepared the body — washed it, wrapped it in spices, and exposed it to public view, then bore it with great parade to the tomb. A feast followed, and the family sat seven days on the floor weeping, without going to bed. To suppose all this could have been done while Lazarus was alive would be absurd. M. Renan does not suggest it. And his suggestion, that Lazarus caused himself to be bandaged and shut up in the tomb, and, "still pallid with disease," lay there four days awaiting the arrival of Jesus, is but one more example of his incompetence to judge of the probable, and thereby distinguish truth from error in historical narrative, by the test which he has himself proposed, a probable narrative, harmonious throughout.

At the point we have now reached it will facilitate the task in hand to transcribe certain detached passages to which we shall have occasion shortly to refer.

Jesus ought not to be judged by the laws of our petty conventionalities. The admiration of his disciples overwhelmed him and carried him away (p. 183).

Honesty and imposture are words which in our rigid consciences are opposed as irreconcilable terms. In the East they are connected by numberless links and windings (p. 186).

We will admit, then, without hesitation that acts which would now be considered as acts of illusion or folly held a large place in the life of Jesus (p. 195).

Contact with men degraded him to their level. The tone he had adopted could not be sustained for more than a few months; it was time that death came to liberate him from an endurance strained to the utmost, to remove him from the impossibilities of an interminable path, and, by delivering him from a trial in danger of being too prolonged, introduce him henceforth sinless into celestial peace (pp. 225, 226).

We must also remember that in this dull and impure City of Jerusalem Jesus was no longer himself. Not by any fault of his own, but by that of others, his conscience had lost something of its original purity. Desperate and driven to extremity he was no longer his own master. His mission overwhelmed him and he yielded to the torrent (p. 250).

As for Jesus, he was no more able than St. Bernard or St. Francis d'Assisi to moderate the avidity for the marvellous displayed by the multitude, or even by his own disciples. Death, moreover, in a few days would restore his divine liberty, and release him from the fatal necessities of a position which each day became more exacting and more difficult to sustain (p. 252).

If it were not contradicted by all we know of M. Renan's disposition, we should believe that the character of apologist and vindicator in which he appears throughout the work, and especially here, is assumed for the purpose of more readily destroying the reputation he undertakes to defend. By admitting the commission of many acts of illusion and folly, he dispenses with the production of evidence which he ought to have required. By asking us to remember that the conscience of Jesus had lost its purity and he had become degraded to the level of the inhabitants of the dull and impure city, he assumes that this has already been proved to our satisfaction and that it would be useless to call for proof. In protesting that Jesus should not be judged by our standard, he asserts that by that standard he would be condemned. In claiming that honesty and imposture are different in the East from what they are here, he admits that Jesus, though honest in the Eastern sense, was an impostor in ours. On this showing Jesus was what in Europe would be thought a disreputable character, a conscious impostor, a juggler and a charlatan. M. Renan finally seems to realize this, and breaks forth in a strain of indignant vindication, which, if it be in any sense necessary to its subject, must and should deprive him forever of the respect of all honest men.

History is impossible if we do not fully admit that there are many standards of sincerity. All great things are done through the people; now we can only lead the people by adapting ourselves to its ideas. The philosopher who, knowing this, isolates and fortifies himself in his integrity, is highly praiseworthy. But he who takes humanity with

its illusions, and seeks to act with it and upon it, cannot be blamed. Cæsar knew well that he was not the son of Venus; France would not be what it is if it had not for a thousand years believed in the Holy Ampulla of Rheims. It is easy for us, who are so powerless, to call this falsehood, and, proud of our timid honesty, to treat with contempt the heroes who have accepted the battle of life under other conditions. When we have effected by our scruples what they accomplished by their falsehoods, we shall have a right to be severe upon them. At least we must make a marked distinction between societies like our own, where everything takes place in the full light of reflection, and simple and credulous communities, in which the beliefs that have governed ages have been born. Nothing great has been established which does not rest on a legend. The only culprit in such cases is the humanity which is willing to be deceived (p. 187).

There are in this passage two leading ideas; first, the superiority of the heroic impostor who dares to lie and deceive for great ends, over the timid philosopher who fortifies himself in his helpless integrity and effects nothing; and, second, that fraud and falsehood are justifiable because humanity is so constituted that it must be deceived for its own good, and if there be anything wrong in this, the blame lies on Him who made humanity what it is.

It is truly shocking to reflect that this atrocious doctrine is upheld as justified by the example of Jesus, and, in a book delightful to read, scattered in cheap editions in hundreds of thousands of Christian homes. And the exalted terms in which he speaks of Jesus will have no tendency to counteract the poison, but, indeed, to increase its effect. It must destroy all our faith in goodness if we can believe that he who was "the common honor of all who share the common humanity," "the incomparable man to whom the universal conscience has decreed the title of the Son of God," who "was truly the Son of God" — that this exalted personage was a conscious impostor, who contorted his limbs in simulated struggles, and uttered feigned groans to impress the imagination of the vulgar; and that, though his conscience lost its purity and he became degraded to the level of the inhabitants of the dull and impure city, yet he accomplished his purpose: "He laid the eternal foundation stone of true religion. . . . He founded the worship of all ages, of all lands, that which all elevated souls will practise until the end of time."

Critics have said that M. Renan was given to paradox; but paradox is the theologian's logic, and M. Renan was educated a theologian. Many of the old fathers held, and Origen, the most eminent of them all, concisely declared that, "It is our bounden duty to lie and deceive if thereby we can gain souls." M. Renan had evidently lost all regard for truth, but retained a great admiration for religion; and to him it appeared perfectly proper

that Jesus, to establish a great religion, should resort to jugglery, lies, and deceit.

Jesus, in the supreme moment when he stood in the shadow of the cross, declared that he had come into the world for the one purpose of bearing witness to the truth. And to many readers it will seem that M. Renan, in representing all his life as one protracted falsehood, has violated that one of his own canons which requires a truthful narrative to be harmonious throughout. But had this been suggested to M. Renan, he would doubtless have answered that this final declaration of Jesus was also false, and that we should admire the heroism which inspired him at such a moment, thus to complete the lifelong falsehood which he had designed as the eternal foundation-stone of true religion.

A POET OF THE NORTHWEST.

BY JAMES REALF, JR.

It is a great pleasure to discover a new poet; almost as great, perhaps, as to be discovered. Let me be a literary Columbus and introduce to the readers of The Arena a new world in the great Northwest by a short sketch of its first authentic singer. Let us glance at his life so as to understand how it has colored his work.

Jonah Leroy Robinson, known over South Dakota as Doane Robinson, a nickname given him in childhood, and which he has naturally preferred to the christening title, was born on a farm at Sparta, Wis., Oct. 19, 1856. When twenty-one, like most adventurous Americans, he "moved" and located on a government homestead in Marshall, Minn. While there he began the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1882. Not quite satisfied with the amount of legal knowledge necessary for admission, the young lawyer took a year's course at the Wisconsin University in Madison, and then settled in Watertown, S. Dak. Here with his wife and one son, who was born on the fourth anniversary of his marriage, he has lived since, practising law and occasionally dipping into journalism. In 1889 he was appointed secretary of the state railway commission, which office he still holds. A little above the average height, but not over tall, with slender figure, regular features, bright hazel eyes, and a pleasant, rather musical voice, Doane Robinson is a familiar figure in many Dakotan towns, and personally is as popular as are his verses.

He admits that he has made rhymes and jingles all his life; but until induced by a friend to send to the *Century*, one of his dialect pieces, which was duly accepted and pigeonholed, he did not attach any value to the gift. My attention was attracted to his peculiar quality by a little book of ten pages, four inches long by three wide, which a friend put into my hands laughingly with some rather deprecatory remark to the effect that it was not "a boom," but a genuine Dakotan product. I read it, but with different and delighted eyes, for my sneering friend spoke better than he meant. It was a genuine product, for it smacked of the soil, and when I read it aloud to the friend who had but carelessly perused it, he became an instant convert to the opinion I now have the pleasure of advancing publicly.

Since then I have taken pains to acquaint myself with all of Robinson's verses, published and unpublished, and I now present a few for the delectation of those who enjoy nature, true feeling, and real humor. There is no following of old models in the productions of our poet. The informing touch is his own; the metrical forms, sometimes rude and crude, are generally his own and cunningly adapted to the themes; and the quiet humor, with its apparently unconscious pathos, is decidedly original. Listen to this and think how the genial mind that made the grave-digger in Hamlet toy with the figments of human law, as with Yorick's skull, would have enjoyed this modern exemplification of his saying: "But is this law?" "Ay, marry, is't — crowner's quest law!"

THE CROWNER'S QUEST.

I air a justice of the peace,
As knows the rules of law,
Likewise I air familiar
With the principles of draw.

'Twar the mornin' of the freshet,
The Gates an' Sam an' me,
War across the board discussin'
A pint in chancer-ee,
When a stranger from the mountain,
A mule a ridin' down,
Somehow got tangled in the ford,
Whar he fell off an' drown.

Wall, I summoned for a jury,
To set upon him thar,
The two Gates boys an' pardner Sam,
But fust I made 'em swar
Ter make a true invento-ry
Of all they heard an' saw,
An' then bring in a verdic'
Accordin' to the law.

Then we rolled in the defendant,
An' w'en the search wuz done,
We hadn't found a single thing,
But jest a leetle gun.

So that jury fixed a verdic'
That couldn't be appealed;
They found "the party guilty
Of carryin' concealed
A weapon that uz dangerous,
Contrairy to the law."
Said they: "A plainer case nor this
Nobody never saw."

Then I socked it to the prizner,
Accordin' to the rule:
I fined him fifty dollars,
An' levied on his mule.

Isn't this delicious? isn't it almost as profoundly absurd as many of the actual decisions of our statute-smothered and over-lawed country? I knew a judge down in Mississippi who would have regarded the statements in this poem as first-rate precedents for legal procedure; and there is no doubt that in many sections of the "rude, crude" West the principle of levying on a dead man's mule is recognized as the basic element of the social compact. Why, out in Colorado a whole county did better; they levied on a dead man's nephew, tried Mr. Hatch of the Travellers' Insurance Company for the murder of an uncle he was visiting, and made a totally absurd and groundless trial cost an innocent man thousands of dollars, besides the agreeable sensation of being tried for a capital crime. And yet we Americans fondly imagine we are civilized. How often must a philosopher suspect that our civilization is but gilded barbarism, with the gilding pretty badly worn!

Let us now examine one of Robinson's poems which is exactly the opposite of "The Crowner's Quest," being not rude and rollicky, but rude and subdued, something that needs a lingering look to get all of it. It is written in the Scandinavian dialect of these states, easy to understand when read aloud by one who comprehends something of this language, but perhaps difficult to the eye, on account of which a glossary of some words is appended.

TINA.

Dese haer Tina, shae mae vooman,
  Ve baen marriat tirty yaër;
Shae baen firs-tret vorker vooman;
  Cheap by leefin, ven price daër.*
Ay baen very gude boss-fellar,
  Mek mae vooman by mae scurse,†
Efery mornin, hardt,‡ ay tal her,
  Youst ven sun-set-up appurse,
    "Coom, Tina, op haer, vake op!"

Vooman — dose baen much quveer peoples;
  Mens shal keep her purty hardt,
Eider shae vil baen smuart peoples,
  Yoinin dose haer soufrage cradt.
Better den, ay tank, to mek her
  Valk op streit, ven shaerp I say,
Lak shae tank ay goin' to kek her,
  Ven ay call by breckin dey:
    "Coom, Tina, op haer, vake op!"

Voss ay haer dese tal me, doctor?
  Tina never vake no more?
Dese bae makin funny, doctor;
  Open mae dose baderoom door!

* Economical when times are hard.
† Scurse — scared.
‡ Hardt — loud and also strict or stern.

Tina, Tina, ay baen coomin;
  Sveet, gude Tina, haer mae quveek;
Ay not ogly, ay not bossin;
  Tina, gudevife, haer mae speak:
    "Coom, Tina, op haer, vake op!"

When a famous wit, whose name has slipped me, said that the Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity practice of the French Revolution might be summed up in the phrase, "Sois mon frère ou je vous tue," — "Be my brother or I'll kill you," — it was an epic condensed into an epigram. So we have here, packed in these twenty-seven lines, a world of work and hard living — of bodily and mental servitude — not alone on the part of the wife of this Scandinavian farmer, but of farmers' wives in general. One is tempted to suggest a Farmers' Wives' Alliance for the abolition of a slavery of drudgery, not so bad, perhaps, in the majority of cases as the kind etched here by Doane Robinson, but bad enough, God knows — and women know!

Yet in this poem, with the fidelity of the true soul to the redemptive possibilities of human nature, the poet has hinted, even in the final use of the identical words of the old habitual tyrannical call on the part of the husband, that repentance which becomes a long regret — that spiritual awakening, that awful dawn of the day of self-judgment, when we cry to our departed, so often only half-appreciated and perhaps harshly judged in life: "Come back, wake up! for just one little hour, that you may see, may know, how much I loved you." Happy they who never have to speak thus to their dead!

I have no hesitance in saying that the man who wrote the above epical epigram and the character study now following has a literary future before him, perhaps not commensurate with the future of his section, but, as her first authentic singer, his fame should be such as Dakota will not willingly let die. In this dialect "burying" is commonly so pronounced as to make it a perfect rhyme with worrying.

ONE OF THE PALLS.

I were a pall to the burryin';
  Joe's finally out o' the way;
Nothin' special ailin' o' him,
  Just ol' age and ginr'l decay.
Hope to the Lord 'at I'll never be
Ol' an' decrepit an' useless as he.
Cuss to his fambly the last five year —
Monstrous expensive with keep so dear —
'Sides all the fuss an' worryin'.
  Terribul trial to get so old —
  Cur'us a man'll continny to hold
On to life w'en it's easy to see
His chances for livin', though dreffelly slim,
Are better'n his fambly are lottin' for him.

Joe 'uz 'at kind o' a hanger on —
Hadn't no sense o' the time to quit;
Stunted discreeshun an' stall-fed grit
Helped him unbuckle many a cinch
Whar sensible men 'ud a died in the pinch.
So I'm kind o' tickled to hev him gone;
Bested for once and laid away —
Got him down whar he boun' to stay;
I were a pall to his burryin'.

Knowed him mor'n sixty year a-back —
Used to be sommat older 'an him —
Fought him one night to a huskin' bee,
Licked him in manner uncommon complete;
Every one said 't'uz a beautiful fight —
Joe, he wa'n't satisfied with it that way,
Kep' dingin' along, an' w'en he got through,
The wust lookin' critter 'at ever you see
Were stretched on a bed rigged up in the hay —
They carted me home the follerin' day.

Got me a sweetheart purty an' trim —
Tole me 'at I's a heap lik'ler'n Joe;
Mittened him twicet; Joe kep' on the track,
Follered her round ary place she 'ud go;
I offered to lick him. Says she: "It's a treat;
Le's watch an' fin' out what the poor critter'll do."
Watched him, believin' the thing 'uz all right —
That identical gal is Joe's widder to-night.

Run to be Jestice, then Joe he run, too;
Knowed I 'uz pop'lar, an' he hadn't a friend.
So thar wa'n't no use o' my hurryin'.
'Lection come off, we counted the votes,
I hadn't enough — Joe had 'em to lend.
And all the way through I been takin' notes
O' his low, disagreeable way,
So it tickles me now to be able to say
He's bested fer good in the end:
Got him down whar he boun' to stay,
And I were a pall to his burryin'.

The masters have left us some pictures of that worst disease of all, a mean or unwholesome old age. Do you remember in "Old Curiosity Shop" an aged sexton digging the grave of a man not as old as himself? The scene is worth restudying. Homer, too, is especially powerful in picturing age. Recall that marvellous passage where he suggests the blinding and bewildering beauty of Helen by showing its effect. He, the supreme poet, knew well how impotent was language — even his own Greek — to shadow forth the beauty of woman, and so he suggests it by showing its effect, not on youth in the flush of fancy, but on two sour old cronies who have outlived all of life except the doubtful gift of looking backward. The two ancients are sitting on the wall, sunning themselves "like locusts, and filling the air with

their thin chatter," when Helen, the torch of Troy, the curse of their country, goes by in her shameful pride, unconscious of their very existence. Deeply they hate her with a sense of impending doom. Yet one thus cackles to his nodding mate:

> "No wonder that for such a form and face
> Trojans and Greeks would die a dozen deaths:
> Truly, she seems like all the goddesses —
> All, put together — but oh! if she would leave us,
> Take to her ships and leave our land forever,
> Lest we bequeath but ruin to our children!"

Other potent presentations of old age might be instanced — the grandfather in "Les Miserables," a mere charcoal sketch by a master, and the grandfather in "Old Curiosity Shop," an elaborate picture; but instead let me point out to the literary student a few of the touches that conspire to make Robinson's "One of the Palls," in my humble judgment, a most pathetically funny sketch of what Lord Chesterfield called "poor human nature," and one of the most perfect sketches that has been produced in American literature.

How cunningly yet how naturally the exultation of the old man over the fact that his lifelong rival and superior is finally out of the way has been worked up to its climax through various reflections on what a curse an old man is to his family, and how curious that a man will hang on to life when it has ceased to be worth having! Note the expression of the hope that he, the survivor — poor, unconscious totterer on the brink of blankness — may never be "old and decrepit and useless" — like his rival; then the chuckling avowal at the close of the second stanza that he's "kinder tickled" to have Joe gone, kinder satisfied at the turn things have taken; and mark the intensification of his spiteful triumph in the fact that his rival is down at last "whar he boun' to stay." Then that magnificent Homericism, that homely picturesqueness of expression almost equal to John Hay's line about the fire that

> "Bust out, as she clared the bar,
> And *burnt a hole in the night*,"

that delightful antithesis, "stunted discreetion and stall-fed grit," with its following couplet! (Cinch, by the by, appears to be a derivative from the Mexican *cincha*, a saddle girth, and by metaphor means "a tight place.") Then in the third stanza, or strophe, the imbecile admission, "Used to be sommut older 'an him," as if Joe's death had actually rejuvenated the living wreck who is moralizing upon Joe's "contrariness and gener'l cussedness." Then the hazy impression as to the result of that fight at the huskin': it may have been a draw, though the old man seems

trying to convince himself that he temporarily triumphed over Joe, that bout. Then the catastrophe of the wooing — and, indeed, all "the notes o' Joe's low, disagreeable way"; for you will find the oftener you read this thing, the funnier it gets; it grows upon you like the growing West, and will finally haunt you, like Mark Twain's "Song of the Conductor," only with this difference, that "One of the Palls" is a sensible haunt, a ghost with a grin, and worthy of finding permanent lodgment in the curio chamber of memory.

Robinson evidently felt that he had struck a lead of humorous wealth in this creation, for he has followed it up by an exposition of the way Joe's widder treated the man who had been taking notes o' Joe's low, disagreeable way. The ancient blockhead invites us into his confidence with a childish belief, so it seems, that we will sympathize with the hard luck that pursues him even after he had got Joe down.

AN INDIAN SWEAT.

Been a takin' a Injun sweat;
  Ain't I a picter? See my clothes —
Plastered about me soppin' wet;
Up to my eyes in the crick I set,
  Till my old gizzard 's nearly froze.
Let him wait till I'm warm and dry;
  Teach him to tend his own affairs
And quit his sneaking round so sly,
Pertendin' he 's simply passing by,
  A-exercisin' that span of mares.
Blamed old toothless, meddlesome jay,
  Thirteen years in debt to the grave,
Better not get himself in my way
Ever agen like he did to-day,
  Or it'll go hard with the doted knave.
Jest come out for a little stroll,
  When, on turnin' along the ridge,
Listenin' for the funeral roll —
Allus hear when the work bells toll —
  Seen Joe's widder onto the bridge.
Somethin' drored me that way to go —
  She ain't over seventy-five —
Used to beau her long ago,
'Fore she took that wuthless Joe.
  I buried two wimmen while he 'uz alive,
But never shet off my fust love, you see;
  Kept kind a weakness for this widder Joe,
She ruther holdin' her old shine for me.
Stepped to the bridge sorter easy and free,
  Nothin' affected atween us, you know.
Talkin' confidin' of what we 'ud do
  When come the time that we 'ud be old.
Round the big knoll there driv onto view
Perkinses cart, only seated for two,
  An' him perchin' there so grinnin' and bold.

(Old idiot oughter certainly be —
  Instead of triflin' on in that way —
A-thinkin' hard of eternity;
He's turnin' close unto eighty-three —
  I know his aige clear down to a day,
Bein' brought up right long side of him,
  An' remember drivin' down his way,
Along with Pop an' a load o' corn,
The day this blamed old Perk 'uz born.)
  Wall, he driv' down a bowin' so slick,
I stepped clost up to the bridge's rim
To let him go past; footin' too slim —
  Couldn't quite keep the balancin' trick,
  So fell flounderin' into the crick;
Give a smothery kind of shout,
  Choked with the water in my nose;
'Fore I knew what they 'uz about
Them old fools had fished me out.
  Then's when my dignity up rose:
Says I to Perkins, "Do you think
  That I'll be holdin' unto you?
I'd rather let my carcass sink
  An' rot in this here dirty slough."
An' rollin to the water's brink
I plunked straight back in the chilly drink.
  Propped there I called to Mrs. Joe:
"Now, widder, 'twixt us you can choose."
Heard her simper, "I can't refuse,"
An' a minit later seen 'em start —
The widder ridin' in Perkinses cart.

No need to dilate on the delightful touches in this companion piece to "One of the Palls." After-works in the same vein are apt to be sadly lacking, but this, though not quite up to the other in the respect that the humor is not so quiet, has yet in its climax an unctuousness of ridiculousness which marks it as the next step of absurd senility. The uprising of his dignity and his "plunking" back into the slough to make his proposal without any help from Perkins is a conception of ludicrous situation worthy of any humorist. It just saves itself from being caricature because we have been led to evolve it, seemingly, from what we already know of the old blockhead's character.

Edward Eggleston, in one of his charming stories, "The Mystery of Metropolisville," perhaps, has a typical western landshark named Plausaby. The genus is still extant, and Robinson's eye for the humorous has caught and reflected in "The Dakotan's Yarn," a glimpse of a condition that is soon, of course, to go glimmering into the forgiving past. Any one who has ever been taken in tow by a Western land-agent will hug himself over the naive admission of "spending the whole day walking to some inside lots" in a prospective city, and the discovery by the Dakotan, who for his own amusement was playing "tenderfoot,"

that the central lot of one town, where the capitol would surely be built, was the identical spot they had been shown the day before as the centre of a rival town that was competing for the honor of being the state capital and the best place for Eastern investment.

THE DAKOTAN'S YARN.

This talk of a town that ye mean to survey
All over this country around about here
Makes me recollect what I seen one day,
When we struck the Big Muddy, at the village of Pierre;
Fer Johnny an' me, with a big lot of rockets —
That's what we boys called the bright nuggets an' knots —
Distributed 'bout in our pantaloons' pockets,
Had come down from the Hills to invest in town lots.

Big town out thar? Wall, now yer talkin';
Ye can doubt my word, but I hope to die
If we didn't spend all day a-walkin'
To some *inside lots* a fake hoped we'd buy;
An' we camped all night on a gumbo hill
Whar that boomer, who took us fer tenderfeet,
Said, "Fellers, next year this very spot will
Be the busiest pint on the principal street."

But Johnny nor me wa'nt nary spring chicken
To be ketched an' picked by a fakir like him,
So we tuck the fust train, an' next day was a-kickin'
'Round Huron, another boom town, on the Jim,
Whar a slick-muzzled covey soon got us in tow;
An' he puffed up the town with amazin' good skill
As the place to invest; then proposed we should go
To his West Side addition, on Capitol Hill.

Wall, we tramped off with him, while he kep' a-showin'
Us objects of interest that we couldn't see —
Of college an' factr'y (in his mind) a-growin',
An' broad-acred parks with nary a tree;
Till at last we climbed up on a big cradle knoll.
An' 'twas pleasin' enough to hear that chap tell
Ov the picteresk beauty an' magnificent roll
Ov them lots he so badly wanted to sell;

That the capitol house of the grandest young state
Would be built on that very identical spot;
That the chance fer investment wa'n't never so great;
An' he showed us all over the neighborin' lot.
Thar we found whar but lately had burned a camp fire,
An' the hull place to me looked familiarly queer,
Fer blast my tongue fer a cussed liar,
If it wa'nt the same spot we had camped on in Pierre.

Robinson has not yet confined himself to dialect but has essayed higher flights into the lyric realm; not yet, however, it seems to me, with the same success that crowns his other art work. Yet the conception, and sometimes the execution, of his

more ambitious attempts are often felicitous. Some paragraphs in his "Life and Love Song of the Wave" are suggestive of considerable lyric possibilities:

Plash!
In the morn,
Child-spurned, the pebbles dash
'Gainst my mother's smiling face;
Now her eyes in the sunlight flash;
Lines of care o'er her fair brow chase;
I am born.

Gently —
Now my tiny fingers reach
After yonder silvery shell.
Ah! too far. 'Tis quite as well.
Happily, I pluck this band
Graven in the golden sand
Curiously and quaintly!

So he carries the wave on in billowy verse from the time it began as a baby wave through childhood:

Dancing —
How my face breaks into smiles!
Hear my rippling laughter;
See me dash the shining spray
In the face of smiling day,
Where the sunlight's glancing.
See me gently rock yon boat,
Where those happy lovers float,
Careless of hereafter.
Childhood's hours are very sweet;
Time, restrain your tireless feet,
Why keep onward dancing?

Then the wave grows to manhood, has the sense of power and expatiates on its glory:

Strength —
I am strong.
See the angry storm-cloud burst in wrath —
I fling myself to dispute its path.
I grapple it close and scream for joy;
I sway it about as an idle toy;
And when it is spent I let it free,
For it has been food to strengthen me.
Over the sea sail mighty ships:
I toss them as bubbles from my lips,
And when I weary of careless play
I crush the shells in my awful grasp;
And the doomed sailors shriek and pray,
As I strangle them in a deadly clasp.

But the wave — lucky wave — falls in love, and its power becomes tinged with tenderness. Its very might and majesty of passion makes it timid:

Love —
Do I love?
From the south appears
A soft, voluptuous wave.
Delicious dreams my days delight,
Soft music falls upon my ears,
My boisterous moods are changed to grave,
My reckless daring tinged with fears,
My prowess shorn of might.
I vault ahead and longing crave
A loving glance from the southern wave;
But she deigns it not though we pass so near
I feel the touch of her soft, warm breath,
The sweep of her sea-blue eye,
And my pulses beat with a tempest's force
While love runs fierce and high;
Then chilling floods around me course,
The world grows dark, the wind blows hoarse,
And the death ship saileth nigh,
Nearer and nearer with each pulse beat.
This torture I'll not prolong —
So casting myself at her dimpled feet
Let love flow out in song.

* * * * *

My song is done.
The throbbing sea, with generous beat,
Has thrown us where our mantles meet.
How eagerly I gaze! nor miss
One impress of her love-limned face.
With rapturous, ecstatic bliss,
I gather her in close embrace;
Together by life's tempests tossed,
Each in the other wholly lost,
We are one.

* * * * *

Age —
We are old,
But a few days more
Ere we shall reach the further shore;
Already its lambent peaks are seen
Crowned with crystal and robed in green.
Yes, we're almost there, but feel no cold —
There is something of pleasure in growing old.
Nearer the coast we soon must reach,
Higher and higher the breakers roll,
Louder and louder the sea-bells toll,
But we enter the surf with trust serene
And break at last on the mystic beach.

So to old age and the end the allegory lures us on with many a graceful, now and then a potent, line, and the artistic feeling resultant from it all is that, with a little more art, a little more of the infinite capacity for taking pains, Doane Robinson might give the world, apart from his humorous concepts, some high lyric pleasures. But the present literary world, if it is rightly

represented by the magazines, has little use for a lyrist. An American Heine, singing from his heart, "as the bird sings, carelessly, impulsively, and for the mere joy of his own singing," would starve if he attempted to live by his verses. So it is probably a wise preservative instinct that keeps our successful singers apart from passion, and sways them steadily on the lines of humor and pathos, heightened, perhaps, by the quaintness of dialect.

One more specimen of Doane Robinson's work, full of homely pathos, in the last stanza throws an odd, tricksome sidelight on human nature in general, which is not of cynical intent, but which may rightly amuse the calm-contemplative as well as those who are always Argus-eyed to note the rifts in the human harmony:

THE OTHER ROOM.

The comfortablest place is our other room;
I 'low the kitching is comfortin' too
W'en a fellar is hungry an' dinner is due,
An' the brownin' beef gravy an' the coffee's perfume
Agervates me right down to the table.
But after I've et ever' bite I am able,
An' gin in at last exceedingly done,
The place sort of loses its purtiest flavor,
An' I gap an' stretcht back while I dillying waver
Twixt goin' to work in the hot August sun
Er shirk on the lounge in our cool other room.

But the cheerinest place is our other room,
Take it past chore-time a long winter night:
Can't anywhere be an agreeabler sight
W'en the curtains and pictures just bust into bloom
From the blaze of the logs in the fireplace red-hot —
I cut 'em myself from our own timber lot;
Man's got 'o chop his own firewood, I claim,
Ef he ever expect the hull good of the same;
An' I pity a man, be he rich as a king,
Ef he never hez learned an ax-helve to swing,
Fer he can't feel what I feel in our other room.

On them winter nights in our other room,
Pervidin' the fambly an' all is well,
After the fire hez been blazin' a spell,
An' the wind outside commences to boom,
With my eyes half shet, in the rockin' chair,
Seein' Kate an' the children settin' there,
A satisfaction steals over me
A knowin' fer certain I be what I be,
An' I feel kind of sorry fer all in the land,
The poor and the lowly, the rich and the grand,
That can't feel the blessin' ov our other room.

Seen lots of histry, hez our other room —
'Tuz thar I struck up a bargain with Kate,
'Tuz thar that the minister settled our fate —
Seen weddin's an' bornin's an' funerel gloom.

The place fell to Kate w'en the old people died—
To the lash of the Marster we bowed, satisfied
'At we's bein' chastened fer our tempral good—
So we moved back to this here neighborhood.
But we wuzn't so humble when Susie took sick,
An' we thought she must go, nor w'en poor baby Dick
Laid cold in his cof'n en our other room.

Having adduced this last poem in evidence, I respectfully submit that I have made out my case for my lawyer-poet client in South Dakota, Doane Robinson, as an authentic singer who deserves a welcome wide and warm, and deserves it now.

A PARTIAL SOLUTION OF THE RAILWAY PROBLEM.

BY C. J. BUELL.

All highways should be the common property of all the people, free and open to all carriers at all times. The carrying trade itself over these highways, like all other productive enterprises, should be kept entirely free from public interference or control. Most of our highways are now common and free, and much of our carrying trade is now in this ideal condition. The railway is about the only exception. There the highway is monopolized; hence the carrying trade is monopolized by the highway owners, and the people are robbed by unjust charges; while on the free oceans, lakes, rivers, canals, country roads, and city streets, competition keeps carriers' charges down to cost of service.

The final solution of the railway problem is how to make the railways free public highways, to which any carrier may adjust his engines and cars, and enter into competition with all other carriers unhindered by governmental interference or regulation. This solution is probably some distance in the future; but an immediate, practical, partial remedy for railway strikes and other present troubles lies close at hand and is easy of application.

Every railway corporation owes its existence to a public grant. It is a creature of the government — a public servant. The one reason for its existence is its obligation to run trains and serve the people. The moment trains cease to run regularly, that moment the company forfeits all claim upon government for protection to its property. It is not the business of government to regulate the relations between railway corporations and their hired men, any more than between merchants and their clerks, or between housewives and their hired girls; but it *is* as much the business of government to compel all railway corporations to perform their contracts with the people as to protect their property. Any government that fails to compel corporations to run their trains and serve the people fails in its duty, proves treacherous to its trust; and it should be promptly supplanted

by a government of the people, not one owned by the railway companies.

Enforce this principle. Let our present executives and courts do their plain duty; use soldiers and injunctions, if necessary, against the guilty managers, not against innocent employees, and no railway corporation would dare underpay or abuse its men. Enforce this principle, and railway workers will take care of themselves. The companies will be obliged to pay living wages and treat their men decently. They would not dare to let a strike occur. Their own personal, selfish interest would solve the problem of their relation to their employees.

Under the existing status of privately owned railroads, the whole problem sums itself up in this: Can we, the people, elect governors, presidents, and judges who will serve the people instead of the corporations to whom we have foolishly granted a large part of our sovereignty? And until the railways are made free and open to all carriers on equal terms, until the railways are made real public highways instead of private roads, this will be the practical problem: How to force the companies to run their trains regularly and serve the people, regardless of what wages they are obliged to pay their men.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that this principle applies only to such corporations as exercise public functions, as railway, street-car, gas, water, telegraph, telephone, and other corporations of like character, who enjoy a special grant of franchise. Of course such franchises should never be granted; but those to whom they have been granted should be held to the strictest performance of their duties to the public.*

* This article was in our hands in December last, some time previous to the decision of Judge Graynor in the Brooklyn street-railway mandamus case — a decision which sustains every essential point in Mr. Buell's brief article. — EDITOR ARENA.

THE WEALER: A STORY OF THE TIMES.

BY ADELINE KNAPP.

PETER HINSON was a millhand. He was a steady man, a good worker. He had been for twenty-two years in one situation and had always made good wages. He was married, and had a little home, rented, of course. There had been too many children to admit of his buying a house, but they had a very comfortable home. His wife was frugal and industrious. The children went to school. The pair had more than a hundred dollars in the bank.

One day the proprietor of the mill where Peter worked made a little speech to his men. He was a kind, just man. The men all liked and respected him. He had never cut wages, in all his business career; not even in slack times. He told the men the mill was to shut down. Work was not slack. They were running full time. He was very sorry to tell them this piece of bad news, but he could not help himself. It was this way: He had joined a milling trust. The manufacturers in his line had all combined, and he had combined with them. They had thought it would be a good thing to have a centralization of interests among mill owners. He had himself thought so. The trust had decided to concentrate their efforts, and limit the output of manufacture. They had voted to close his mill. He was very sorry. He was sorry for each one of his two hundred employees. He hoped they would soon find employment elsewhere. Fortunately it was the summer season. They would have several months, before winter set in, in which to look for work. But he was sorry to sever the relations that had so long existed between him and his men. He was sorry to say "Good-by." His voice faltered as he spoke the words. He had been proud of his business. He hated to see it closed up. The change meant no loss to him, financially. He was an officer in the trust and shared in the profits of the combine with the rest; but he was sorry for his men. He shook hands with each one of them as they filed to the cashier's desk to receive their pay.

The mill was shut down next day, and Peter started in to look for work. He had gone into the mill when he was eighteen years old. He was now forty. He tried to get a job in some

other mill, but there were no chances open to him. Then he tried in other directions. He was strong and willing, and he picked up a number of odd jobs, but nothing permanent. Finally even the odd jobs became few and far between. The city was full of idle men. One month he had but two days' work. The summer was gone; it was the middle of autumn; winter was near at hand.

Then Peter heard that mill men were wanted in a neighboring state. He and his wife divided what was left of their scanty capital. Peter took barely enough to pay his train fare. The family would find the balance little enough. When he arrived at his destination there was no work to be had. A detachment of the Industrial Army had passed through the section and a number of the "soldiers" had found employment.

As Peter passed through the streets of a town one street urchin called to another, —

"Hi, Jimmie! Git on ter de wealer!"

This decided him. He would push forward and join the Industrial Army. Who knew what good might not come of the march to Washington? He had no money for travelling. He had only a little silver in his pocket. He started out, however, and walked to the next town. There, too, no work was to be had. He was footsore and dusty from his journey, and he was a stranger. One man said to him: "We've had enough of the wealers here. What the country ought to do is to put you all in the workhouse. You'd get enough exercise then, without tramping the state this way." The next day he struck out into the country. He remembered, vaguely, having often read in the papers that there is always work for a man on the land. He inquired at every farmhouse for work, but the season was over. Farmers were letting men go instead of taking new ones on.

At the end of a week his money was gone and he had found no employment. One farmer gave him a job at wood cutting. He took it, gladly, but he was a miller, and city bred. He had never cut down a tree in his life. At the close of the day the farmer discharged him and told him that he had never yet seen a tramp who was worth his salt to work.

On Thanksgiving day he found himself on the outskirts of a small town. It was raining dismally. He had eaten nothing the day before. His bed that night had been the damp ground in the shelter of a strawstack. He was wet to the skin. He went to a farmhouse and asked for food. He was dirty and unkempt. His eyes were bloodshot from cold and weeping. Straws clung to his coat. He had a straggly stubble of unevenly growing beard. His features were sodden with the rain. The farmer's wife who opened the door to him shut it again and ran

back. Then a man came and ordered him off the premises. As he was leaving the man suddenly called out, —

"Did you sleep in my barn last night?"

"No," Peter said.

"Lucky for you," growled the man. "I'd have turned you over to the constable this morning if you had."

At the next house the door was not opened. A servant girl appeared at the upper window with a gun in her hands and threatened to shoot if he did not go away. The people of the house had all gone to church and she was afraid of him.

He went on, and presently sat down by the roadside. Some young men who drove by guyed him, sitting there in the rain. One of them asked him where he had left Coxey. Peter made no reply. He was lightheaded and dizzy from hunger. His hands trembled so from the cold, that he could hardly draw his coat together to shut out a little of the drenching rain. He rose to his feet and staggered a little further along the road. It was past noon. People were coming from the church where they had been returning thanks to God for the blessings of the year. Peter accosted a man who was walking.

"In the name of God," he said, "give me work or money, for I am starving!"

The man eyed him as he stood trembling in the road. "You look as if you wanted work, you do," he said. "What you want is whiskey. Come now, own up, isn't it? I don't mind standing a drink for you on Thanksgiving day."

Peter shook his head, "I've eaten nothing since the day before yesterday," he said.

The man drew back the hand he had put into his pocket. "That story won't wash in this country," he said. "You could get a meal at any house along the road. No, I've nothing for you. You'd have been more politic to tell the truth, my friend." And he went on.

Peter stumbled along towards the town. He met several other people, but they were all driving. They were all going to spend Thanksgiving with friends, or else hurrying home to receive guests. The rain was slackening some. As Peter shambled over the road his downcast eyes caught the gleam of something in the mud. It was a silver dime. He stooped and picked it up. He turned it over and over, gazing at it. He bit it to see if it was good, and finally, kissed the coin as it lay in his palm.

It was raining scarcely any, now, and he hurried forward with a light heart. In the town he would buy food. He reached the town and wandered down its one little street looking for a bakery. When he reached it it was closed; the baker had

gone home to eat his Thanksgiving dinner. He travelled the thoroughfare. A Sabbath stillness reigned. Every store and shop was closed. Here was a hotel on the street — a country tavern, with a barroom. Peter went in and demanded food. The proprietor was playing cards with some men. He asked Peter where his money was. Peter showed the dime. The men laughed, and without rising from his chair the landlord told him to get out.

He wandered back along the street, and at the end of it came to a place that was open. There was a card in the window that read,—

FREE TURKEY LUNCH
TO-DAY.

Peter went in.

"What'll you have?" the barkeeper asked.

Peter stared at him, stupidly, saying not a word. He put his dime down on the counter.

"Whiskey?" asked the barkeeper, and Peter nodded.

"Straight?" and Peter nodded again.

He gulped the whiskey down, raw and burning, and clutched eagerly at the big turkey sandwich the barkeeper put before him, on a wooden plate.

The place was very warm. The unwonted stimulant set his blood to tingling and filled his brain with bright fancies. He finished his sandwich.

"Have another," the barkeeper said, noting his famished look. While he stood eating it two men came in. They ordered brandy and the barkeeper set out a bottle for them. They stood chaffing with him, as they poured it into their glasses. One of them set the bottle down close at Peter's hand. As Peter saw it a mad desire seized upon him, for more of the cheering stuff. Unconsciously his hand stole nearer the bottle. The barkeeper turned to reach for a box of cigars. The two men were busy talking, seeing nothing but their glasses. With a quick movement he grasped the bottle and filled his glass to the brim. The barkeeper turned back just in time to see him drain it off. He set down the cigars and, rushing from behind his bar, seized Peter by the collar, dragged him to the door and kicked him into the street.

Peter picked himself up. The rain had ceased and the sun was shining. He felt like a different man. He did not mind that he had been kicked into the street. He did not care for his wet garments. He was no longer hungry; he was no longer cold; his heart was light as a feather. He could scarcely feel the ground beneath his feet. He snapped his fingers at the hotel as he passed it. He went through the little town and out again

into the country. His way skirted a wood. As he walked he picked up a stout oak cudgel and went on, twirling it joyously and striking it against the trunks of the trees he passed. He met no one, for all were within doors, celebrating Thanksgiving. His thoughts ran confusedly from one thing to another. He was growing drunk; he did not know this — he only knew he felt like a king.

He sat down by the roadside to think about it. When he arose, an hour later, the liquor was in his feet as well as in his head. He walked at random, and his thoughts were very thick. He left the main road and followed a footpath into the wood. A little distance along it he saw some one approaching — a little girl, about thirteen years old.

At sight of her the brute in Peter's body awoke. The liquor was burning in his brain. He was no longer a man, only a beast. He stepped across the child's path and stopped her progress. She was startled, but not frightened. She had never seen a drunken man before. Peter seized her by the shoulder and drew her from the pathway. At this she was filled with terror, and opened her mouth to scream, but he covered it with his hand. He was like a savage. His face was distorted out of all human semblance. He told her he would kill her if she made a sound. He dragged her swiftly after him, a little distance into the woods. Then he turned and released her for an instant.

Crazed with terror the child started and ran, shrieking like a wild creature as she did so. Instantly Peter rushed after her and caught her again. He struck her with the cudgel he still carried, and she fell forward, unconscious. To his brute passion was now added brute rage. He became a madman, and rained blow after blow upon her, until her skull was beaten in, and his hands and face were spattered with her blood.

Suddenly, in the midst of his fury, his ear caught the sound of a hallo. It was repeated, sounding nearer. Some one was answering the child's scream. He could hear footsteps breaking through the brush. For an instant his frenzied brain cleared. Horror-stricken at what he had done, he turned and fled into the depths of the forest. After running for a few minutes he plunged down a ravine and hid in a dense tangle of brakes. Far in the distance he could hear cries, and the noise of breaking branches. It grew dark, but the woods became alive with voices. He could distinguish the shouts and curses of angry men, the screams of excited women. The whole countryside was searching the woods. They were looking for him. Once or twice he saw lights gleam through the trees, but they always faded again. No one stumbled upon his hiding-place.

Then the brandy resumed control of his brain and he slept.

It was broad daylight when they found him and dragged him forth. He was covered with mud from the stream in the ravine. His face and hands were red, with blood, and he was still besotted with the brandy he had drunk.

"Send all the women home!" cried a voice from the crowd. In a moment every woman had disappeared.

He did not know what was being done to him. His brain had not yet recalled the incidents of the day before. He thought the farmer had had him arrested for sleeping in his barn.

From somewhere in the crowd a rope appeared. They had gathered under a tall sycamore tree.

One man remonstrated. "Let The Law deal with him," he said.

"No, no!" echoed a dozen voices. "We've had enough of The Law's dealings with tramps. We will take The Law in our own hands this time."

Presently they all went away and left him hanging under the sycamore tree.

THE CLAIRVOYANCE OF MOLLIE FANCHER.

BY T. E. ALLEN.

STARTING this series of articles, as we have done, with telepathy, logically the first letter of the alphabet of psychical science, we come next to the subject of clairvoyance. Since a precise and stable terminology can only be looked for in the case of a science which has attained a pronounced degree of maturity, it may not be possible to propose a definition of clairvoyance that shall be more than provisional. A new science can scarcely emerge otherwise than gradually from a pre-scientific chaos. Time is required, under the survival of the fittest, for the influence of one formulator to predominate over that of his rivals.

We can best form a clear idea of the term clairvoyance in the sense in which it is herein to be used, by tabulating the hypothetical relations in which the mind can stand to its environment. These are as follows:

1. Supernormal susceptibility of mind to embodied mind — TELEPATHY.

2. Supernormal susceptibility of mind to matter and to normal manifestations of embodied mind — CLAIRVOYANCE.

3. Susceptibility of mind to excarnate mind.

4. Susceptibility of mind to spiritual substance or conditions of matter finer than the known forms of solid, liquid, and gaseous.

There are a number of cautious and painstaking students who are not satisfied, apparently, that clairvoyance, in the stricter sense of the term, covers a kind of phenomena distinct from telepathy. Mr. Edmund Gurney says: *

> There are certain alleged facts of waking clairvoyance which, if true, would drive us to the conclusion that the percipient's powers of vision were independent of the thoughts, either actually passing or latent, in the minds of others. . . . But there remain facts which — if the testimony of Robert Houdin and other experts can be trusted — no possible extension of the theory of thought-transference will cover; and in which, though the particular result obtained depended in some manner on the particular person who sought to obtain it, the range of perception altogether transcended the past or present contents of that person's mind. Now with such cases as these we have nothing to do in the present work.

* "Phantasms of the Living," vol. I., pp. 368, 369.

Even should some of the examples to be adduced seem to take us beyond the confines of *thought-transference* in any literal sense, they will still not take us beyond the confines of *telepathy* — of a theory which implies *some* sort of influence of the mind of an agent on the mind of a percipient. The percipient may observe a scene, into the midst of which he finds himself mentally transported, with such completeness of detail, and for such a length of time, as at any rate to suggest some actual exercise on it of his own independent perceptional powers; but it will still be a scene with some principal actor in which he is in some way linked. He may see a death-bed and the surrounding mourners; but we have no sort of reason to suppose that he could similarly see *any* death-bed. There has, at any rate, been an *agent*, in the sense of a particular person whose *actual* presence in the scene has to be accepted as a condition of the percipient's *imagined* presence; and however novel and exceptional the way in which the percipient's range of knowledge may seem to be extended, these further glimpses still take place apparently not in any chance direction, but in a direction marked out by his previous affinities with other minds. But in fact the process need not seem so exceptional if we recall once more the right which experiment has given us to draw on parts of the agent's mind which are below the level of ostensible consciousness. For in none of the cases to be here cited do the percipient's impressions extend beyond what has been before the *mind* — though certainly beyond what has been before the *attention* — of persons actually present at the scene.

It has been the policy of the English psychical school, and, I believe, wisely and in harmony with approved scientific precedents, to make the telepathic explanation cover as wide a range of phenomena as possible. To the exigencies of this policy in its application to phenomena classified as telepathic — whether rightly or wrongly in all cases — and to other phenomena that gave birth to the term "multiplex personality," we largely (if not entirely) owe, I suppose, the theory of the "subliminal consciousness" expounded by Mr. Myers. Amending a definition given by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick,* I define clairvoyance as a "faculty of acquiring supernormally" a knowledge of facts concerning material things and the normal manifestations of embodied mind "such as we normally acquire by the use of our senses." This excludes telepathy, whether the agent be present or absent. If A perceives *directly* an action of B or an object of which our normal senses could give no report under the circumstances, we have to deal with clairvoyance; if *indirectly*, through C or C and others, then it is a case of telepathy. With Mrs. Sidgwick "I do not limit it, notwithstanding the derivation of the word, to knowledge which would normally be acquired by the sense of sight," but, provisionally at least, I prefer to limit it to a knowledge of present facts, herein dissenting from the lady mentioned.

Assuming the existence of a clairvoyant faculty, we may divide certain phenomena into three classes: 1. Purely telepathic, there being nothing that even remotely suggests clairvoyance; 2.

* "Proc. Soc. for Psych. Research, vol. VII., p. 30.

Purely clairvoyant, there being nothing that even remotely suggests telepathy; and 3. Mixed cases, where, *prima facie*, they appear to be explicable by the simultaneous operation of *both* telepathic and clairvoyant faculties, or where they might, with a show of reason, be explained by an appeal to either faculty. The writers of the English psychical school concede, of course, phenomena of the first class — that goes without saying. The weight of opinion amongst them may be said, roughly speaking, to deny the existence of cases of the second class. The attitude is not dogmatic but simply "unproved." The cases of the third class have been swept into telepathy, and then a part of them have been labelled "clairvoyance" and placed under suspicion with the interrogation, "Do these cases suggest that there may be a clairvoyant faculty coördinate with the telepathic?" If there were evidence to establish clairvoyance, it would be necessary to reconsider the mixed cases, and there is a strong probability that the classification of many of them would be changed.

In my judgment, there is strong evidence going to show that man does possess the clairvoyant faculty. Some of the best and most recently published is to be found in the biography of Miss Mollie Fancher, "the Brooklyn enigma," by Judge Abram H. Dailey.* It is to some of the testimony given in this volume that I shall now call the reader's attention. I regret that I must pass over entirely, or with the briefest mention, other remarkable features in Miss Fancher's case.

Miss Fancher was born in 1848. As a consequence of two bad accidents at the ages of fifteen and sixteen years, complicated by overstudy, she has now been a bedridden invalid for nearly thirty years. The history of her disease from the physical standpoint is very exceptional if not entirely unique. Yet, contrary to the general rule in the case of invalids who are afflicted with severe and continuous pain, she has the mind of a healthy, active, well-educated, thoroughly alert and alive woman, interested in the progress of events. She is a lady of high character, and possesses qualities that have endeared her to a very large circle of friends and acquaintances. For years trances have formed a regular part of her daily experience, not, however, with the aid of a hypnotist. She possesses remarkable clairvoyant power, though not continuously, and is also an example of what would be called "multiplex personality."

Miss Fancher is totally blind. Dr. S. Fleet Speir, who has attended her case from April, 1866, to the time of statement (July, 1893) says:

When I first attended Miss Fancher it seemed to me that her eyes were in such a condition that she could not see by the use of them.

* "Mollie Fancher. Who am I? An Enigma." The George F. Sargent Company, New York.

When I first saw her, her eyes were glaring open and did not close; did not close day or night, and there were no tears or secretion in them. I made the usual test for anæsthesia, even going to the extent of touching the ball of the eye with my finger, without receiving any response. During the first part of her troubles they were considerably dilated, and not changeable by impression of light. The pupils of her eyes are still considerably dilated, although not so much as formerly, and do not respond to light. The pupil of the eye does not change at the approach of light. We have caused a careful and critical examination to be made by a competent expert — an oculist — in whose skill we have great confidence, and agree with him that she cannot see by the use of her eyes — at least as a person ordinarily can see. She has the power of seeing with a great deal of distinctness, but how she does so I am unable to state. This condition as to her eyes has been substantially so since I first began to attend her. . . . At one time she did all her work, crocheting, etc., back of her head. When she selected worsted or color she put it behind her head to see it. For nine years her right arm was behind her head, where she did her work by bringing the left hand up to the right hand, which was back of her head. I recall one instance where, Dr. Ormiston and myself being present, Miss Crosby [an aunt who took care of Miss F.] received a letter from a postman. I took the letter in my hand; it was sealed, and Miss Fancher at the time, being unable to speak, took a slate and pencil and wrote out the contents of the letter, which on being opened and read was found to correspond exactly with the letter (pp. 213, 214).

Making the maximum claim for telepathy, this case, given here incidentally while the witness is on the stand, might not be conceded to be one of pure or independent clairvoyance. Returning to the question of eyesight, Miss Fancher's biographer says:

Competent persons from time to time, have made careful examinations into the condition of her eyes, and have become satisfied as the result, that her eyes are sightless. . . . The optic nerve is said to be grayish in appearance, indicating gray atrophy, which would render it incapable of transmitting the sense of sight to the brain itself (p.219).

A number of cases will now be given which, in my opinion, cannot be explained by telepathy, and which, therefore, must be held to supply evidence of the reality of clairvoyance. Prof. Charles E. West, principal and proprietor of the Brooklyn Heights Seminary (where Miss Fancher studied), and who is "widely known throughout the city as a scholar, a man of science, and a Christian gentleman," says:

I sat in the room another night . . . after it had become dark. Mollie had lost a pet bird . . . and a friend had sent the skin to be mounted by a taxidermist. The stuffed bird was on the mantelpiece. We opened the door of the cage in which was a live bird, and as Mollie called to it, it flew to her. She fondled with it for a few minutes, and then it flew from her. We paid no attention to it, but very soon the girl called out to us that the live bird was on the mantel, curiously inspecting the dead one. It was so dark that we could not see it at all, and Mollie's face was turned from the mantel. We made a light, and sure enough the canary was in a brown study over the bulfinch. The

girl was absolutely blind, you must remember. The light was extinguished — for light seems to make Mollie uneasy — and our conversation went on. After a half hour, I asked her what had become of the bird, and she answered, "Why, don't you see him there on the mantel, fast asleep?" We lighted up again, and there the bird was, its head under its wing (p. 207).

The following is reprinted from the New York *Sun* of Nov. 24, 1878. Judge Dailey assures us that the newspaper accounts reprinted in his book "are vouched for as being correct by persons familiar with the facts" (p. 65):

Miss Fancher's pet dog had contrived to find a warmer place in her heart than had her other pets. He rarely left her, and he was much of a companion in her long hours of wakefulness. But one day the dog disappeared from the house and was seen again no more for some time. Miss Fancher mourned for him, but she insisted that he would soon return again, and she seemed to be constantly looking for him. It was about two o'clock one rainy, tempestuous morning that she aroused Miss Crosby. "Get up, get up," she cried, "the dog is coming home; I see him way down the avenue. He is coming this way and he will soon be here." Miss Crosby did not hurry, and Miss Fancher broke out once more: "Here he comes, nearer. Go down and let him in; he'll be here by the time you get to the door; there he is across the street — now he's on the step." Miss Crosby went down and there was the lost dog, gaunt, hungry, but happy to get home (p. 200).

Prof. Henry M. Parkhurst, the astronomer, a near neighbor of Miss Fancher, made a test of her clairvoyant power which he designed should be conclusive. A letter stating the results was published in the *New York Herald*, Nov. 30, 1878. From this the following account was prepared:

To the Editor of the Herald:

In view of the recent publications with regard to the remarkable case of Miss Mollie Fancher, I think it is time for me to make a statement in detail of the test of clairvoyance which I made by means of a sealed envelope in June, 1867. . . . [This] demonstrates, as it seems to me, so far as it is possible for a single experiment to demonstrate a general principle, that there may be a clairvoyance independent of mind-reading. I have before me the contents of the original envelope and two statements, one of which was written at the time, and the other, containing more detail, prepared two years later at the request of her physicians. These have been returned to me for this purpose by Miss Fancher, who had possession of them; and as they will be much better evidence than my present recollection, I will give the two statements in full. They are as follows:

TESTS OF MIND READING.

The accompanying envelope and its contents were prepared to test the mode in which Miss Fancher reads unopened letters or sees, to learn whether it is through the mind of some other person or direct vision. The smaller envelope was first prepared, but not being entirely satisfactory was not inserted as a test. The printed slip was so selected that no living person could by any possibility have any conception of its contents. It is probable that no human being had ever read a word of it. I knew that it was taken from the bills of the Maryland Constitu-

tional Convention, and knew what subjects were treated of in that constitution. I have since ascertained that it was cut from the original Judiciary bill, being now section 7 of article 4.

After making several statements with regard to the contents of facts known to me, she stated that the printed slip was about "court" and "jurisdiction" (the words being there) and contained the figures, "6, 2, 3, 4." Subsequently she was reported to me to have said that it contained the words, "No judges can see it." The letter was returned to me with the seal intact, and was opened in my presence. These I still have. I regard the proof as complete that she read the printed slip so far as stated above, absolutely independent of all human knowledge of its contents.

HENRY M. PARKHURST.

New York, June 3, 1867.

P. S. — The words, "No judge shall sit," passed through two messengers before reaching me, and were changed on the way. I have good reason to believe they were accurately read at first.

[From statement prepared for physicians, April 24, 1869:]

. . . She then stated that the printed slip was about "court." I was not satisfied; for although I did not know it was there I might have guessed it, and by not a very remarkable coincidence the word might have been there. She next read the word "jurisdiction," stating positively that the word was there. I was still not completely satisfied, for the same reason as before. She then stated that the slip contained the figures "6, 2, 3, 4." This I regarded as decisive, for I had no idea that there were any figures upon the slip, and should have guessed that there were not. . . . The word "court" occurs four times, "jurisdiction" once, and the figures "6, 2, 3, 4, 5," and no other figures. . . . We were all satisfied, each by his own selected tests, that the seal was precisely as we left it. . . . While, therefore, I am rather strengthened in the belief that that clairvoyance which derives its knowledge from other minds is most common and most easy, I know beyond the possibility of doubt that independent clairvoyance is also possible. . . .

[From statement of Nov. 26, 1878:]

Nearly ten years have elapsed since this second statement was written, and I have not yet been able to conceive any respect in which any test could have been made more satisfactory. My former statements are so definite that I need add but little. At that time she could not speak, so that all that was expected or desired from her was so much of an indication of the contents of the printed slip as should be absolutely beyond guessing or chance. It was for this reason that she gave me the numbers in preference to words, because they could be easily indicated by raps. . . . I entered at the time upon my pocket memorandum-book at her house the contents of the envelope as she stated them to me. Then I took the envelope unopened to my office in New York, which the "friend" mentioned in the second statement occupied with me, and the envelope was carefully scrutinized by each of us, and by another gentleman whom we invited to be present. I then communicated to them the contents as stated to me, and immediately afterward opened the envelope in their presence with the result already given. This, therefore, was as much an independent test to my friend as to me, for he knew it was impossible that there could have been any collusion on my part. This friend was Dr. Edwin Leigh, well known to educators as the inventor of pronouncing orthography, which is now used in teaching children to read in all the public schools of St. Louis, Boston, Washington, and other cities.

DR. LEIGH'S STATEMENT.

. . . I have read the above statements, and they exactly accord with my recollection. . . . I may add that from the manner in which the paper was selected and inserted in the envelope I think it was absolutely impossible for any one to know or to find out by the ordinary use of his senses what paper was in the envelope without opening it. The opaque papers placed on each side of the contents were such as to render it impossible to read them by transmitted light. It seemed to me conclusive proof that if there be such a thing as mind-reading this could not be a case of it. EDWIN LEIGH (pp. 175–83).

Regarding Miss Fancher's power to read books and papers I now quote the words of two or three witnesses:

I used to take newspapers to her, and she would just lay her hand on them and tell me all the news they contained; then I would unfold them, read, and find her quite correct. [Mr. Herbert Blossom, p. 119.]

She read books whose covers were closed, and newspapers that were folded (p. 190). . . . Persons who have entered the room have found her apparently doing nothing, and have asked her why she was idle. "Oh, I am reading such and such a book." "Well, where is it?" "Under the bedclothes here," and she produces it and talks of its contents (p. 194). [New York *Sun*, Nov. 24, 1878.]

As for books and newspapers, she reads them readily, no matter what part of the room they are in. When first taken she seemed to read by sense of touch, which, by the way, was for many months the only sense she possessed. Drawing her thumb over the printed lines with great rapidity, she was able to tell for a long time thereafter just what the text was . . . She soon ascertained, however, that it was not necessary to touch the words to understand their meaning, but absorbed the contents of printed or written matter (Prof. Charles E. West, p. 208).

Miss Fancher's own statement to her biographer when asked to explain more fully her sensations of sight was as follows:

Well, as I have said, my vision is not always the same; much depends upon how I am feeling, and the weather conditions. Sometimes the whole top of my head seems on fire with the influx of light; my range of vision is very great, and my sight astonishingly clear. Then again it seems as if I was seeing through a smoked glass, and my vision or consciousness of things is dim and indistinct. Sometimes I can see all through the house (p. 230).

I am convinced . . . that it is not at all times necessary for her [Miss F.] to be in that [the trance] condition to exercise the phenomena of so-called second sight. I have seen it manifested on several occasions (George F. Sargent, p. 105).

While it is to be regretted that Judge Dailey was not able to give to the world a large number of records of observations and experiments equal in evidential value to Professor Parkhurst's experiment, nevertheless, taking all of the circumstances into account, I am led to conclude that Miss Fancher does possess a true, independent clairvoyant faculty. I trust, however, that it will be borne home to the consciousness of Miss Fancher and

her counsellors that the evidence before the world going to prove clairvoyance, in the sense I have defined it, is still far inferior to that upon which our present assured knowledge of telepathy rests. While, therefore, it would be out of place for me to go beyond the simple suggestion, and the expression of my profound conviction of her power to serve humanity, I sincerely wish that her own feelings and the labors of sympathetic and well-equipped investigators might conspire to give to the world, with her aid, further light upon those great problems of psychical science that stand in such close relations to the most vital interests of humanity.

WELLSPRINGS AND FEEDERS OF IMMORALITY.

IV.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

The Upas Tree of Injustice and Its Relation to Sound Morality.

While considering how far social conditions influence morality, it is important that we take cognizance of the demoralizing effects of great wealth and extreme poverty, especially in a state or society where enormous fortunes have been acquired within a few years, during which period tens of thousands of sober and industrious men and women have been pushed to the starvation line. For such conditions are invariably accompanied by a wanton recklessness on the one hand and a sullen desperation on the other, fatal to the restraining influence of self-respect and wholesome morality which prevails where life is more normal.

In precisely the proportion that society substitutes an unhealthy artificiality for sturdy simplicity in life, immorality increases. This was vividly illustrated in the history of Rome during her decay; it was again emphasized when the Roman church became more secular than religious, and the Reformation resulted as a tremendous protest against a wealth-polluted hierarchy; and it was yet again illustrated in France before the Revolution. Always and in all places where luxury and artificiality dominate life, immorality saps the vital forces of a society or a state, unless a reaction can be brought about which reverses the order and reëstablishes more normal and just conditions.

The melancholy fate of nations and civilizations which have surrendered the high ideals of right and justice to avarice and indulgence of sensual gratification ought to appeal to the intelligence of every thoughtful humanitarian, for the surrender of the higher to the lower, which has destroyed so many nations, menaces Western civilization to-day. Victor Hugo, with a keen, philosophic insight, utters a tremendous truth in these bold lines *: —

> The belly is to humanity a formidable weight; it breaks at every moment the equilibrium between the soul and the body. It fills history;

* "William Shakespeare," by Victor Hugo.

it is responsible for nearly all crimes; it is the matrix of all vices. It is the belly that by voluptuousness makes the sultan, and by drunkenness the czar; this it is that shows Tarquin to the bed of Lucrece; this it is that makes the senate which had awaited Brennus and dazzled Jugurtha, end by deliberating on the sauce of a turbot. It is the belly which counsels the ruined libertine, Cæsar, the passage of the Rubicon. To pass the Rubicon, how well that pays your debts! To pass the Rubicon, how readily that throws women into your arms! What good dinners afterward! The appetite debauches the intellect. Voluptuousness replaces will. At starting, as is always the case, there is some nobleness; this is the stage of the revel. There is a distinction between being fuddled and being dead drunk. Then the revel degenerates into guzzling. Man becomes a barrel; thought is drowned in an inner deluge of cloudy notions; conscience, submerged, cannot warn the drunken soul. Brutalization is consummated; it is not even any longer cynical, it is empty and sottish. Diogenes disappears; there remains but the tub. Beginning with Alcibiades, we end with Trimalchio, and the thing is complete; nothing is left, neither dignity nor shame nor honor nor virtue nor wit — crude animal gratification, thorough impurity. Thought is dissolved in satiety; carnal gorging absorbs everything; nothing survives of the grand sovereign creature inhabited by the soul; the belly (pass the expression) eats the man. Such is the final state of all societies where the ideal is eclipsed.

In another place this same philosopher and prophet of the people thus graphically diagnoses the disease of our civilization, and indicates the remedy in one of his comprehensive generalizations*: —

Man, at this day, tends to fall into the stomach; man must be replaced in the heart, man must be replaced in the brain. The brain — this is the bold sovereign that must be restored! The social question requires to-day, more than ever, to be examined on the side of human dignity. . . . There is something beyond satisfying one's appetite. The goal of man is not the goal of the animal. A moral lift is necessary. The life of nations, like the life of individuals, has its moments of depression; these moments pass, certainly, but no trace of them ought to remain. . . . To live is to have *justice*, *truth*, *reason*, *devotion*, *probity*, *sincerity*, *common sense*, *right and duty welded to the heart*. To live is to know what one is worth, what one can do and should do. *Life is conscience.*

Life is conscience: Burn these words into the mind of man, woman and child, and the pitiful age of brutal competition, of savage inhumanity and serpent-like cunning, will give place to a society based on justice and coöperation, a society wise enough to understand that the true key to genuine happiness, as well as to endless peace, prosperity and progress, lies in substituting "all for all" for "all for self" as a rule of life.

Unless early and radical social and economic reforms are brought about, all hopes for a moral reformation will be illusive, because present conditions are day by day deadening ethical sensibilities; moreover, he who knows anything about the power

* *Ibid.*

of wealth concentrated in the hands of a few individuals who have acquired it chiefly through inheritance, unearned increment, special privileges or gambling, knows full well that it will steadily encroach upon the earnings of industry until the wealth producers will be absolute serfs in all but name, while any hope for elevation of morals from those who have deadened their conscience in the mad struggle for gold, will be vain, because: (1) Those who have acquired enormous fortunes, have to a certain extent blunted their finer natures in the process of acquiring their millions. (2) The very atmosphere of the life they are compelled to lead develops the wolf, the tiger, the serpent and the hyena in their natures, for it is the commercial Machiavelli who becomes the greatest gold getter under present immoral social conditions. (3) The club life, the struggle for social recognition, the tension and excitement attending the hours given to business, too frequently followed by recreations in which stimulants fire the blood and enervate the moral impulses; (4) Moreover among a large proportion of the young raised under such influences we find excesses followed by *ennui*.

Social conditions which permit extreme wealth to be acquired while extreme poverty increases are fatal to moral elevation. Life in an artificial atmosphere will invariably become enervated. A society which pays more deference to wealth than virtue and merit is in imminent danger, to quote Hugo, "of falling into its stomach." Mr. Stead, in his memorable *Pall Mall Gazette* revelations, startled society into thinking, by exposing the corruption in high life, and the revolting crimes being carried on by conscienceless wealth in pursuit of carnal pleasure. Such facts had been long known to those familiar with club life and the escapades of the wealthy libertines; but he compelled the world to take note of the fact that the number of men of wealth who were possessed by a mania for despoiling innocent little girls of from thirteen to fifteen years old, was so great, that a systematic traffic in virgins was being carried on, to the immense profit of those engaged, who received from twenty-five to one hundred dollars for each virgin thus lured into the lair of wealthy "human gorillas."*

* In this exposure, Mr. Stead described an interview he had with a prominent London official, the significance of which is found in the fact that officials supposed to be appointed to ferret out such atrocious crimes are cognizant, but are so morally anæsthetized that they appear to regard the pollution of virginity by the rich, something against which it is useless or impolitic to lift their voice or hand. The horrible revelations of corruption in New York made during the police investigation of the Lexow Committee reveal the same moral inertia, to put it mildly, which exists in London. Below I give an extract from Mr. Stead's own account of his interview with the official:—

"Before beginning this inquiry I had a confidential interview with *one of the most experienced officers*, who for many years was in a position to possess an intimate acquaintance with all phases of London crime. I asked him, 'Is it or is it not a fact that, at this moment, if I were to go to the proper houses, well introduced, the keeper would, in return for money down, supply me in due time with a maid—a girl who had never been seduced?' 'Certainly,' he replied without a moment's hesitation. 'At what price?' I continued. 'That is a difficult question,' he said. 'I remember one

Later, the Cleveland Street scandal of London and several well known divorce suits in the British metropolis as well as in America have given emphasis to the extent of moral leprosy among the very rich, and yet the revelations of Mr. Stead are the only approach to an *exposé* of moral leprosy in high life which has been made for the purpose of awakening the conscience of civilization, and which was anything like authoritative in character. Even the police courts are very careful in protecting the names of the moral lepers who are arrested when houses of ill fame are raided, if the men belong to what is known in the conventional world as *good* society.

If the evil of immorality extended no farther than the libertines and their paramours, and if woman was financially independent, plain speaking along this line would not be so imperative; but when one remembers that for every one of the forty thousand prostitutes in New York there are at least two fallen men, and that a large proportion of these men are husbands and fathers who in thought and life are dragging down their wives and sowing the seed of ungovernable passions in their unborn children, even where they are not planting the taint of loathsome disease; when we remember that these wealthy libertines regard the poor girl as legitimate prey; when we remember that cunning and wealth are pitted against poverty adorned by beauty, and further, when we remember that licentiousness in many cases becomes a disease as marked as the opium habit or the drink habit, — I say when we take all these facts into consideration and remember how extended are the influences for misery and death which emanate from them, it becomes the duty of all thinkers who desire higher moral conditions to cry aloud and spare not.

As has already been observed that the awful effects of immorality in high life seldom come to the ear of the public. The spell of gold is such that crimes against innocence when committed by the rich are quickly silenced, and many people seem to regard the immorality of influential business men as something to be condoned rather than exposed. And yet who can contemplate the

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case which came under my official cognizance in Scotland Yard in which the price agreed upon was stated to be twenty pounds. Some parties in Lambeth undertook to deliver a maid for that sum to a house of ill fame, and I have no doubt it is frequently done all over London.' 'But,' I continued, 'are these maids willing or unwilling parties to the transaction?" He looked surprised at my question, and then replied emphatically, 'Of course they are rarely willing, and as a rule they do not know what they are coming for.' 'But,' I said in amazement, 'then do you mean to tell me that in very truth actual violation, in the legal sense of the word, is constantly being perpetrated in London on unwilling virgins, purveyed and procured to rich men at so much a head by keepers of brothels?" 'Certainly,' said he, 'there is not a doubt of it.' 'Why,' I exclaimed, 'the very thought is enough to raise hell.' 'It is true,' he said; 'and although it ought to raise hell, it does not even raise the neighbors.' 'But do the girls cry out?' 'Of course they do. But what avails screaming in a quiet bedroom? Remember, the utmost limit of howling or excessively violent screaming, such as a man or woman would make if actual murder was being attempted, is only two minutes, and the limit of screaming of any kind is only five.' 'But the policeman on the beat?' 'He has no right to interfere, even if he heard anything.'

fatal effect of uncontrolled lust upon posterity without appreciating the importance of even-handed justice being dealt out to all alike? Then, again, think of the horror experienced by a fine, pure-souled woman chained to a creature of lust, whose passion grows with his years until senile degeneracy of the nerve tissues sets in. The degradation of the libertine is progressive; the slave of lust is always the possible perpetrator of most monstrous crimes.

The traffic in little girls may well thrill us with horror, but there are other crimes even more revolting. A Messalina or a Borgia is a possibility in any community where high ideals are eclipsed by base imaginings. Here is a case in point taken from the New York *Daily Recorder* of Jan. 31, 1894: —

Two young and accomplished girls, well known in New York society, have sought asylum at the home of David Mayer, the millionnaire brewer, living at 1043 Fifth Avenue. They were there last night, and have been there since last Wednesday night, when they fled from their home. They do not dare to return, because they declare that they are in danger of criminal assault. Mr. Mayer has acted a very noble part in the affair, and his entire family have coöperated in the protection of the two worse than homeless sisters.

The elder of the two daughters had successfully made her *debut* in the circle of society to which her wealth and refinement entitle her, and the younger of the sisters was looking forward with joy to a like experience, when the blow fell that darkened both their lives. Their acquaintances noticed recently that the elder of the sisters was in great trouble. She was no longer the gay companion she had been, and her friends were nonplussed and worried at the change. One evening, upon returning to her home from a call, the oldest daughter was horrified at a revelation made by her younger sister. The elder daughter became frantic with grief and confided to the younger girl her own awful secret. The next day, after a night during which no sleep came to them, the sisters decided that they must consult some one about their awful positions at home. This they did. The shock that the revelation made by the two young women caused the friends of the family can hardly be imagined. The repulsive nature of the story told by the two sisters was such as to be incredible, had it not revealed unmistakable evidences of truth. And yet the kind-hearted people who had received the confidences of the two young women knew not what to do.

It would be impossible to print the story of these two girls' lives as it has been told the *Recorder*. Acting on the advice of friends, they returned to their home, only to encounter treatment quite as infamous as that with which they had been previously threatened. It is even asserted that attempts were made to starve the sisters into submission. The climax came on Wednesday night last, when the girls were compelled, as a last and only resort, to leave home and seek protection in the Mayer household. Their exodus at dead of night was thrilling in the highest degree. Locked in their rooms, the sisters waited until the house was silent. They had dressed themselves for the street, and as the night was cold they muffled themselves for the journey that they had decided to make to the Mayer homestead. Twice the poor girls began their descent of the stairs in their own home, but, frightened by sounds that they imagined were footfalls, they ran back to their apart-

ments and barricaded the door. About two o'clock, having collected a few of their trinkets, but utterly without money, the two sisters, aged respectively twenty-two and sixteen, made their way to the basement door and escaped into the street. The stages had ceased running. The young ladies hurried along Fifth Avenue to Mr. Mayer's house and were received, after considerable delay, at the door by Mrs. Mayer. She gave them asylum, because she knew them and had heard their pitiful story. Since that hour these two highly-cultured young ladies of Lenox Hill have had the tenderest care from the Mayer family. Good father that he is, Mr. Mayer defies all interference from the parents of the girls.

On Friday last a vague hint of this unpleasant affair came to the *Recorder*. A visit to the Mayer household last Friday afternoon resulted in the reporter seeing Mrs. Mayer, but she withheld all information. In the evening an effort was made to see Mr. Mayer, but it was unsuccessful. On Monday evening, however, the reporter succeeded in seeing one of Mr. Mayer's sons in the presence of his sister, and he then admitted that the young women had become members of the Mayer household.

"The story of these young women is almost too horrible for belief," said young Mr. Mayer. "They escaped from their own home by stealth. They were friends of my sister, and that is how we came to learn of the indignities to which they were being subjected in their own home. The course of humanity dictated that we should receive them here. Their condition when they came to us was pitiable, and doctors who have visited them say that their present physical relapse is due to the want of proper food, which has been withheld from them in order that they might be reduced to subjection. This story, if it ever comes to light, will shock the people of this city as they were never shocked before. We have consulted lawyers for the purpose of seeing what can be done to make those on whom the duty devolves provide in some manner for these girls without exposing them to the continued shameless indignities to which they have been subjected; but whether we shall succeed or not we cannot at present say. Those who have interested themselves in this remarkable case have done so out of pure humanity. The family to which these girls belong is a wealthy one. That these two pure and innocent young women should be driven to their present condition is one of the marvels of the time. No; I cannot tell you the Christian names of the girls; their surnames you already correctly know, and to mention them would blast their future. Therefore I beg you not to name them. The night clerk of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has knowledge of this affair, and he could tell you something if he would," young Mr. Mayer said in closing.

The reporter went to the office of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and saw the clerk on duty. He said he had heard the case spoken of by the officers, and referred the reporter to Superintendent Jenks. Maurice Mayer, another son of David Mayer, and treasurer of the David Mayer Brewing Company, was seen at his office yesterday. He told the reporter that neither he nor any of his family would violate the confidence that the young women had imposed in them. He admitted, however, that an attempt had been made to bring about submission on the part of the girls by practical starvation, and said that the indignities had been going on for six months.

Nothing is so fatal as silence in the presence of the infection of immorality, for the hope of redemption lies in awakening the conscience of the people. But so long as the pulpit, press and

rostrum avoid their discussion, so long as the facts are carefully smothered, there can be no moral reformation.

The ruin of poor girls by rich men is one of the aspects of this question which belongs especially to the discussion of social conditions, for until woman's financial independence is assured, this most revolting feature of industrial slavery will continue. Here is a typical case taken from scores which might be cited; it is furnished me by Dr. Sarah Dudley. The name of the girl given is fictitious; in other respects the story is a brief recital of the facts as they came under Dr. Dudley's personal attention: —

I received one day the following note from an old physician, whom I will call Dr. S. I knew him to be a high-minded gentleman and a learned physician.

"My dear Doctor: I feel that I am imposing on you a task I would be glad to do myself, but situated as I am, I cannot see my way clear to undertake the charge of the poor girl who will bring you this note; she has been betrayed by her employer and will in about four months become a mother. She has no home, no friends, no money, and she feels great humiliation over her condition; it is her first mistake, and I know that she is more sinned against than sinning. What I can and will do is to see the scoundrel who brought her to this pass, and compel him to pay her necessary expenses, and to try also to secure money enough to enable her to begin the world again. I will see you to-morrow during your office hours."

"What is your name?" I asked; "Dr. S. has forgotten to mention it."

"Jessie R."

I, like the doctor, felt a great interest in her, as some questioning on my part revealed to me the full history of her betrayal. She declared that she had been given wine that had been drugged by her employer, when she had gone out with him to a suburban resort, where she had expected to meet his wife; he had made some excuse for her absence and had insisted on Jessie taking lunch, to which the wine was added.

"I shall take care of the child," she said, "if it lives; I have made up my mind to devote my whole life to taking care of it, since it will have no father, not even a name but mine; I do not care what sacrifice I will have to make so I can raise it right."

Dr. S. secured me some money from the seducer. He proved to be a wealthy man, who would have done nothing for the girl, as he arrogantly told the doctor, but that his wife might discover his villany through the girl if, as he expressed it, "he did not shell out." He laughed Dr. S. to scorn when the latter endeavored to show him, in very emphatic and literal language, the meanness of his conduct.

"Why, the girl's a blanked green idiot," he remarked, "if it hadn't been me, it would have been some other fellow."

I found Jessie comfortable quarters with some friends of mine, and although the money gave out long before the baby came, I managed to carry her through. The man who had seduced her stopped payments because he had sent his wife to Europe and felt safe in that direction.

I have selected this case because it is typical in so many different ways. A man who procures money under false pretences is punished as a criminal; but the man who flatters a poor girl unacquainted with the world, who makes her believe he has in-

terested his wife in her and that he will thus enlarge the horizon of her life, who obligates the girl while apparently unconsciously he manifests the masterful spirit of a master over a slave, and who step by step ensnares and seduces her and then, when he finds her to be the mother of his child, deserts her, remains a pillar of society, and if the facts are known, his crime is apologized for. On the other hand the poor girl, branded with shame, sees everywhere the sneers of society or the sexual leer of debauched men. Oh! the shame of it all! and yet he who studies this problem is as much appalled at the multitude of such cases as he is amazed at the indifference of society.

But there is another phase of this question; we have not looked into the pit. While Yerkes was acquiring millions of the people's money in Chicago; while Gould was wrecking railroads, gambling in Wall Street with loaded dice and incidentally making a fortune for New York's thief catcher, Inspector Byrnes, whose friendship Mr. Gould doubtless felt it was wise to cultivate, as does his son, George Gould, at the present time; while Havemeyer was contributing princely sums to the campaign funds of both Republican and Democratic parties; while Rockefeller and his associates were coining millions in the Standard Oil Trust; while the Whiskey Trust was being so effectually served by the gentleman whom the president of the United States was to select to enforce the Anti-Trust Law; while millions upon millions were being acquired through special privileges, class laws and gambling, hundreds of thousands of our people were being remorselessly pushed nearer and nearer to the starvation line.

They were being thrown under the wheel, although in a large proportion of cases they were toiling incessantly; but no matter how hard they worked, each year's earnings or receipts grew less, because behind the scenes were agencies which were drawing off the wealth created by honest industry; and, in addition to the influences of class legislation with its natural products — trusts, monoplies and syndicates, which in turn further influenced legislation in the interest of the few — in addition to the plundering of the people by an unjust system of taxation, by which a few individuals or a syndicate paid only nominal taxes for vacant land around the great centres of human life while society increased the value of the lands which were being held from the poor man; while the gamblers of Wall Street were making "corners" in life's necessities to the injury of the masses, the poor man was confronted by still another baleful influence — the constant arrival of multitudes of half-starved Europeans who savagely competed with the Americans for work, to the immense gain of the Carnegies and other multi-millionnaire philanthropists (?) who represent "*triumphant democracy*" (?).

No such conditions could have arisen in a true republic. If justice and the rights of man, woman and the child instead of sordid self-interest had influenced government, the appalling misery of to-day would have been impossible, and no man would have been compelled to ask in vain for work. There would have been fewer Carnegies and Havemeyers to contribute to the campaign funds of corrupt political parties. We would also have had a vast diminution in vice and crime and poverty. Some day it will be found that nothing is so expensive to the state in the long run as multi-millionnaires who have acquired the bulk of their fortunes by indirection; and when the people come to appreciate this, a new order will be ushered in — an order based on justice, and therefore guaranteeing the rights of each individual instead of bolstering up a venal aristocracy whose acquired possessions are being used to subvert liberty and enslave industry.

Castelar has observed that "The fifth, the tenth, the fifteenth and the nineteenth centuries are four great periods of transition." Each of these memorable days in the history of our civilization which have passed has had a positive message, and the century in which we live bears the most momentous of all messages to the brain and heart of civilization. It demands the elevation of the unit, and the readjustment of social conditions to meet the demands of justice. Feudalism was overthrown in the last great struggle. The fiction of the divine right of kings has followed the fallacy that "might made right." The present struggle is for the overthrow of the despotism of the dollar. The opposing forces in the present conflict are plutocracy and social democracy; the former is as arrogant as was the throne of France prior to the revolution, as determined as were the Moors when they made the last stand at Grenada, and as remorseless and unscrupulous as was Cesare Borgia at Sinigaglia; but they have one fatal obstacle to confront them, as did those powers I have just mentioned — the current of civilization is against them; and as the throne of France was overthrown, as Grenada fell, as the dream of Cesare Borgia vanished, so will the mechanisms of plutocracy come to naught, for the spirit of the age is with the cause of social democracy.

It is useless, however, to attempt to minimize the power of an arrogant and unscrupulous plutocracy which confronts industry to-day, when the head of a great trust can calmly state before a legislative committee that his unlawful combines contribute to one party in one state and another in another state, and this declaration of the giving of money for favors to come causes scarcely a ripple of indignation throughout the great daily press of America; it is idle to expect a reformation without a struggle, or the triumph of a higher morality without a conflict, which will

be determined and prolonged, if won as all great battles should be won at this stage of civilization — without bloodshed. During the past generation, which may be justly denominated *the era of the plunderer*, we have allowed ourselves to be hypnotized by gold. This spell, with its false standard of worth, must be broken. We must return to the simplicity of pure democracy, to the integrity of incorruptible justice. We must demand that social, legal and economic questions be judged by the standard of right and wrong, and not decided by prejudice, precedent or through the influence of dollars as is too generally done to-day.

If justice had prevailed during the past thirty years, instead of the lawless insolence of capital and the savage discontent now prevailing throughout the republic, we should have had a higher morality pervading society, general contentment, relative happiness and far-reaching prosperity. Had our law makers been faithful to their pledges and loyal to the wealth creators, industrious Americans would to-day be in comfortable circumstances instead of facing bankruptcy or begging for bread; and hope, the sunshine of the soul, would be flooding the farm and city, as it did during the golden days immediately after the war, before the usurer, the monopolist and the creatures of special privileges began their fatal work. Moreover, had our law makers placed the demands of justice and civilization, the happiness of the people to-day and the prosperity of the coming generation before personal greed, the strangers who flocked to our shores would have found plenty to do and ample opportunity to obtain a firm foothold in the opulent republic.

But instead of her servants being true to the traditions of the founders of the republic; instead of the spirit displayed by Washington and Jefferson dominating them after the close of the war, our legislators betrayed their trust, some through incompetence and others for gain, as the Credit Mobilier, the Whiskey Ring, the Star Route and other investigations proved. And, saddest of all, the mania for money getting at length poisoned both the great parties, until the high ideals of Washington and Lincoln on the one hand and Jefferson and Jackson on the other were brushed aside as "iridescent dreams." The people were flattered only to be betrayed, and politicians grovelled in the gutter of base selfishness. Wall Street, America's Monte Carlo and sympathetic reflector of Threadneedle Street, became more and more influential in politics. The railroad king, the coal baron, the landlord, and lastly, that devil in Heaven's garb, the *trust*, became potent influences in government; and during all this time the people were being pushed nearer and nearer to the confines of serfdom. The farmer beheld prosperity change into adversity; the laborer beheld the employer becoming a million-

naire while he was compelled to abandon forever the dream of owning a little cottage. And with every year a greater and greater number of families were swept toward the poverty line; a few years later and a large number of these families were in sight of starvation wages; the slums of all our great cities enlarged their borders with each winter, and the standard of morals was lowered, as hopes and happiness disappeared from the commonwealth of the social cellar.

These are the grim facts of history which he who would find the wellsprings of immorality must take into consideration. I have seen the condition of honest industry in the slums of Boston, and I know how hopeless is the outlook and how heavy is the downward pressure from every side. I have seen in Boston a man and his sister, both, I should judge, over thirty-five years of age, compelled to occupy one wretched room, and what was worse, provided with but one bed. I have seen one room in a cellar tenement where seven persons slept; boys and girls ten, twelve and fourteen huddled together. Ah! what harvests have we to expect from life born and reared in such quarters; surrounded from infancy by degradation, hearing profane and obscene language long before they know the meaning of the repulsive expressions they learn to use habitually. The brightest spot, the saloon; the most dismal quarter, the cellar called home. Denied a generous share of sunshine, hungering for beauty but seeing it not, and condemned to pass the formative years among people who are wellnigh hopeless when not depraved — such is child life in the slums; and be it remembered that children swarm in the slums, often dowered with disease, lacking in moral sensibilities, and frequently the offspring of lust which has been stimulated by rum. The civilization of to-morrow must face and deal with these children of the slums of to-day — a part of the evil legacy which the insane greed and political injustice of our time is bequeathing to the coming generation.

And what a strain such conditions place upon opening womanhood! Helen Campbell, whose noble work in behalf of the struggling bread winners among women, entitles her to the love and respect of every true man and woman, gives this case, which illustrates the gloomy struggle of virginity in this *stratum* of society more vividly than the most graphic generalization. Rose Haggerty was the daughter of a longshoreman, born in a Cherry Street tenement house. "She had refused to be killed by dirt and starvation, and even the fever which carried off her father and mother and a little brother failed to mercifully take Rose and little Norah, who was hopelessly ill with spinal disease, and three other little ones" of this poverty-stricken family.

Rose was the only prop upon which the invalid sister and the three little children could rely for bread. She entered a bag factory a block away; the first month she earned ten dollars, or two and a half dollars a week, but being exceptionally quick was promoted in the second to four dollars weekly *: —

The rent was six dollars a month; and during the first one the old shoemaker came to the rescue, had an occasional eye to the children, and himself paid the rent, telling Rose to return it when she could. When the ten hours' labor ended, the child, barely fourteen, rushed home to cook something warm for supper, and when the children were comforted and tucked away in the wretched old bed, that still was clean and decent, washed and mended their rags of clothes, and brought such order as she could into the forlorn room.

It was the old shoemaker, a patient, sad-eyed old Scotchman, who also had his story, who settled for her at last that a machine must be had in order that she might work at home. The woman in the room back of his took in shirts from a manufacturer on Division Street, and made often seven and eight dollars a week. She was ready to teach, and in two or three evenings Rose had practically mastered details, and settled that, as she was so young, she would not apply for work in person, but take it through Mrs. Maloney, who would be supposed to have gone into business on her own account as a "sweater." Whatever temptations Mrs. Maloney may have had to make a little profit as "middleman," she resisted, and herself saw that the machine selected was a good one; that no advantage was taken of Rose's inexperience; and that the agent had no opportunity to follow out what had now and then been his method, and hint to the girl that her pretty face entitled her to concessions that would be best made in a private interview. Shame in every possible form and phase had been part of the girl's knowledge since babyhood, but it had slipped away from her, as a foul garment might fall from the fair statue over which it had chanced to be thrown. It was not the innocence of ignorance — a poor possession at best; it was an ingrained repulsion, born Heaven knows how, and growing as mysteriously with her growth, an invisible yet most potent armor, recognized by every dweller in the swarming tenement. She had her father's quick tongue and laughing eyes, but they could flash as well, and the few who tried a coarse jest shrunk back from both look and scorching word.

Thus far all went well with the poor little fortunes. She worked always ten and twelve, sometimes fourteen, hours a day, yet her strength did not fail, and there was no dearth of work. It was 1880, and the prices were nearly double the present rates. To-day work from the same establishment is as low as $3.50 per week. In 1880 the shirts were given out by the dozen as at present, going back to the factory to pass through the hands of the finisher and buttonhole maker. The machine operator could make nine of the best class of shirts in a day of ten hours, being paid for them at the rate of $1.75 per dozen. Four spools of cotton, two hundred yards each, were required for a dozen, the price of which must be deducted from the receipts; but the firm preferred to supply twenty-four-hundred-yard spools, at fifty cents for six-cord cotton used for the upper thread, and thirty cents for the three-cord cotton used as under thread, the present prices for same quality and size being respectively forty-five and twenty-five cents. Making nine a day the week's wages would be for the four dozen and a half

* "Prisoners of Poverty."

$7.87, or $7.50 deducting the thread; but Rose averaged five dozen weekly, and for nearly two years counted herself as certain of not less than thirty dollars per month and often thirty-five. The machine had been paid for. The room took on as comfortable a look as its dingy walls and narrow windows would allow.

At length, however, there were signs well known to the old hands of a probable reduction, weeks before the first cut came. More fault was found. A slipped stitch or a break in the thread was pounced upon with even more promptness than had been their usual portion. Some hands were discharged, and at last came the general cut, resented by some, wailed over by all, but accepted as inevitable. *Another* and *another* and *another* followed. Too much production was the cry. Questioners of all orders were told that if they did not like it they had nothing to do but to leave and allow a crowd of waiting substitutes to take their places at half rates. The shirts that had sold for seventy-five cents and one dollar had gone down to forty-five and sixty cents respectively, and as cottons and linens had fallen in the same proportion, there was still profit for all *but the worker*. Here and there were places on Grand or Division Streets where they might even be bought for thirty and forty cents, the price per dozen to the worker being at last from fifty to sixty cents. In the factories it was still possible to earn some approximation to the old rate, but employers had found that it was far cheaper to give out the work; some choosing to give out the entire shirt at so much per dozen; others preferring to send out what is known as "team work," flaps being done by one, bosoms by another, and so on.

For a time Rose hemmed shirt-flaps at four cents a dozen, then took first one form and then another of underclothing, the rates on which had fallen in the same proportion, to find each as sure a means of starvation as the last. She had no knowledge of ordinary family sewing, and no means of obtaining such work had any training fitted her for it; domestic service was equally impossible for the same reason, and the added one that the children must not be left, and she struggled on, growing a little more haggard and worn with every week, but the pretty eyes still holding a gleam of the old merriment. Even that went at last. It was a hard winter. The steadiest work could not give them food enough or warmth enough. The children cried with hunger and shivered with cold. There was no refuge save in Norah's bed, under the ragged quilts; and they cowered there until late in the day, watching Rose as she sat silent at the sewing machine. There was small help for them in the house. The workers were all in like case, and for the most part drowned their troubles in stale beer from the saloon below.

There came a Saturday night when she took her bundle of work, shirts again, and now eighty-five cents a dozen. There were five dozen, and when the $1.50 was laid aside for rent it was easy to see what remained for food, coal and light. Clothing had ceased to be part of the question. The children were barefoot. They had a bit of meat on Sundays, but for the rest, bread, potatoes and tea were the diet, with a cabbage and bit of pork now and then for luxuries. Norah had been failing, and to-night Rose planned to buy her "something with a taste to it," and looked at the sausages hanging in long links with a sudden reckless determination to get enough for all. She was faint with hunger, and staggered as she passed a basement restaurant, from which came savory smells, snuffed longingly by some half-starved children. Her turn was long in coming, and as she laid her bundle on the counter she saw suddenly that her needle had "jumped," and that half an inch or so of a band required resewing. As she looked the foreman's knife

slipped under the place, and in a moment half the band had been ripped.

"That's no good," he said. "You're getting botchier all the time."

"Give it to me," Rose pleaded. "I'll do it over."

"Take it if you like," he said indifferently, "but there's no pay for that kind o' work."

He had counted her money as he spoke, and Rose cried out as she saw the sum. "Do you mean you'll cheat me out of the whole dozen because half an inch on one is gone wrong?"

"Call it what you like," he said. "R. and Co. ain't going to send out anything but first-class work. Stand out of the way and let the next have a chance. There's your three dollars and forty cents."

Rose went out silently, choking down rash words that would have lost her work altogether; but as she left the dark stairs and felt again the cutting wind from the river, she stood still, something more than despair on her face. The children could hardly fare worse without her than with her. The river could not be colder than this cold world that gave her no chance, and that had no place for anything but rascals. She turned toward it as the thought came, but some one had her arm, and she cried out suddenly and tried to wrench away.

"Easy now," a voice said. "You're breaking your heart for trouble, an' here I am in the nick o' time. Come with me and you'll have no more of it, for my pocket's full to-night, an' that's more'n it'll be in the mornin' if you don't take me in tow."

It was a sailor from a merchantman just in, and Rose looked at him for a moment. Then she took his arm and walked with him toward Roosevelt Street. It might be dishonor, but it was certainly food and warmth for the children, and what did it matter? She had fought her fight for many years, and it had been a vain struggle. She took his money when morning came, and went home with the look that is on her face to-day.

The conditions I have noted in this chapter as exhibited at the social zenith and nadir are fatal to the healthy development of sound morality. They are by no means the only source of impurity, but other major causes, such as prostitution within the marriage relation, hereditary, prenatal and postnatal influences, and the appetite for drink are so intertwined with social conditions that he who would intelligently and effectually combat immorality, must make just social conditions a fundamental demand. The reader doubtless remembers the story in Pilgrim's Progress of the man who constantly poured water upon a fire, but, notwithstanding, the flames rose higher and higher. The guide explained the mystery by showing that behind the furnace a man was feeding the flames with oil. And it is precisely so with the fires of lust — unjust social conditions are feeding this flame by creating an artificial life which calls for constant stimulation and is characterized by a blunted moral sensibility, which scruples not at transferring the earnings of honest toil from the pockets of the creators of wealth to those of favored classes and which exalts base cunning over sterling integrity, which is yearly increasing the army of dependents, widening the borders of the social cellar, making virginity the slave of masculine lust,

and fostering conditions which poison life at its fountain head as well as during the formative period after birth.

The social and economic remedies which must be insisted upon are by no means utopian; indeed for the most part they have been tried with marked success among foreign peoples who though boasting less than we of liberty are far less the slaves of class interests than are our countrymen. It is not my purpose in a discussion of this nature to enter into the minutiæ of methods by which morality can be raised along this line of reformative work. Broadly speaking it must be brought about by substituting just and equitable conditions for the present unjust conditions, always keeping in view the fact that the rights of the poor must be as sacredly guarded as those of the rich. Perhaps I may be pardoned if I indicate some of the great progressive steps which are in alignment with the demands of justice and which appear to me to be essential to sound morality no less than to the maintenance of republican institutions.

(1) We must demand the financial independence of woman and bend every energy toward helping her reach this goal; for this reason friends of social purity should be a unit in demanding the full enfranchisement of women. Laws should be so framed that the wife becomes the possessor of half the property of the husband at the marriage altar; this would secure for women within the marriage relation a much needed protection. They would be treated with far more respect, and there would be less of that most odious form of immorality, prostitution within the marriage relation, with children of lust and hate as issue of sexual crime.

(2) The land should be recognized as the property of the people, and, while each man's property should be protected, the ground rent should be sufficiently great to bring into the public treasury the increase in the value of the land which society and not the individual creates.

(3) The government should become its own banker instead of the tool of a class who are preying on industry to the injury and ruin of millions.

(4) Towns, cities, states and the nation should be wrested from conscienceless plunderers by immediate municipalization and nationalization of the natural monopolies.

(5) Electoral reform by the introduction of proportional representation, the referendum and the initiative, which have proved so effectual and practicable in the republic of Switzerland.

These steps would enormously lower the taxes borne by the people and greatly reduce the cost of those things which a community, state or nation enjoys as a whole. The saving by the municipal counci of London of more than $20,000 on a contract,

on which the lowest outside bid was $58,000, illustrates how much the people will gain when our cities grow wise enough to turn the millions which go into the pockets of the Yerkes, the Whitneys and the Addicks into the public treasury. These reformative steps are among the great fundamentals of a rational, liberty-preserving and justice-establishing social democracy. Against these measures greed, class interests, corruption and an anarchical plutocracy are arrayed, but the hope of republican institutions and the elevation of morals demand this new social reformation, and its advent is at hand. Plutocracy may triumph for an hour, but unless our present civilization goes down social democracy will be victorious.

SHOULD WAR BE ABOLISHED?

BY E. P. POWELL.

You have asked me to express my views on the abolition of war. But do we desire that war shall be entirely abrogated? Is it that, or do we need to have war subjected wholly to high purposes? Who is willing to go back to 1860 and join the peace party in America? We were soldiers then, every man and woman of us. I suspect Whittier had the battle rage when he wrote Barbara Frietchie. War was then the stout, straight-out blow to defend the right and destroy wrong. Quaker non-combativeness covered only field work. Quaker poets sung life into the war, and the women knit and sewed and prayed for the boys in blue. The real place of war from the outset may be easily misunderstood. The lowest races fought for wives, and for food; and later races fought for pasturage for their flocks. Somebody was wrong, but somebody was also always right. On the whole, in the great struggle of clans and tribes and races, the fittest has survived.

Nature has provided every creature, man included, with weapons of offense and defense; and I do not see that Christians have either been deprived of these, or discarded them. On the contrary, the most Christian races have devised the most tremendous weapons of war. Gladstone, our ideal statesman, has been almost continuously carrying on war. Washington and Lincoln, preëminently our best presidents and most loved Americans, fought great wars. Are we prepared to say that England has on the whole done evil in Egypt, or in South Africa? Or that our war for independence, and that for the Union, were criminal? The present war in the far East compels us to ask ourselves if the incubus of a vast Turanian survival can be broken up except by war? One third of Asia is dominated by the fifteenth century before Jesus; by the ideas, superstitions, cruelties, of savage antiquity. Li Hung Chang does not hesitate to cut off the heads of his prisoners. What but war can break up torpid superstition, masterful tyrannies, slavery — or, possibly, saloon power? The ballot is powerful; it is not as powerful for good as we hoped. Does it not sometimes cause as much suffering as the bullet? Preëminently the peace monarch of Europe is the Czar. He declares it to be his chief desire to have it said when

he dies that he never conducted a war. Will he thereby be nobler than Garibaldi or Cavour? His peace covers an infernal barbarism. What else but war will puncture that Tartar ulcer? Russia and China are our peace-loving empires. With peace such survivals create anarchists; in war they cause patriots and philanthropists. Only by peace can the Tartar dynasty hold China in subjection. It has been a necessary policy to keep the provinces unarmed and untrained for war.

On the other hand it must not be overlooked in our anxiety for more peaceful conditions of society, that the lowest races are exterminated faster in peace than in war; and that degenerating conditions increase with a lessening of strife. Red Jacket was right when he said: "Our only salvation is in war. With peace the white man will destroy the courage of our young men, and the chastity of our young women. We cannot live together; we shall be destroyed." The recent history of Africa is of the same sort. Peace has its weapons of annihilation; the rum bottle, debauchery, luxury, are more dangerous to low-living races than the rifle.

Until we can say and demonstrate that a simple individual blow is always criminal, we cannot demonstrate that a compound social blow is a necessary crime. Not till we refuse to permit an officer of order to strike a burglar, or a householder to protect his children with bludgeon or pistol, can we believe that a state or people can never rightfully fight for its rights and its liberties. In fact, we are always in a state of internecine war, a struggle of law and order with disorder and lawlessness. American society to-day suffers chiefly from lack of pluck and organization against the three great foes, the saloon, the gambler, the briber. Effeteness and rottenness in the order of nature do not stand as fittest. If the American race loses its manhood worshipping political fetishes, who can say he wishes it slowly to rot through centuries, because war is terrible? I wish the more honest, more honorable, more wholesome, saloon-hating, tobacco-hating, gambling-hating race to rise by sharp, quick strokes. Mere survival is not desirable, but the survival of the fittest.

The real problem, as I take it, is how can we subject war to rightness, and how can we remove most completely the causes of war? I notice that some of the strongest advocates of peace in England have been the stoutest in their Anglicanism. They were busy building barriers about England and English commerce; building English trade and English production at the cost of the productive enterprises and commerce of other peoples. It needs no argument to show that if we build in that manner we provoke antagonism; and peaceful measures will not be always sufficient. The war of Napoleon with Russia was a tariff war.

The war of the colonies with England was to secure freedom of trade. If we destroy the tin plate works of Wales, the weaving of Lancashire, the silk industry of Lyons, by laws, and starve the people we affect, are we more righteous than the man of blood and thunder, who marches an army over the same districts, and burns as he plunders and destroys? Recent wars, no less than those of the last century, were the necessary result of national prodding. The votes of our great philanthropists on the war question were so unphilanthropic otherwise as to provoke hate and strife.

I mean that our real problem is one of enlarged human sympathies. Some one whom we call Master said 1900 years ago, "The field is the world." The field of what? Of missionaries, or of honest commerce and of just laws? Patriotism must in due time take a subordinate position, as clan alliance enlarged into tribal allegiance, and tribal allegiance widened into nationalism. Internationalism is the only virtue that comports with peace; it will come about by the great alliances of steam and electricity that never can be made national in spirit.

The two collateral divisions of the original human family have come down the ages as state and church; politics and religion. State and church alike must learn what it is to have a world for the field. Nothing ever hated like religion. "Your nasty bigotry is war-seed," said a statesman to an English dean; but in 1893 we had the world mustered at Chicago for a non-sectarian alliance of religions. The grandest stride toward the abolition of war ever yet made was when Franklin, Jefferson and Washington, either by wit or inspiration, devised federal unionism. By one stroke of the pen conflicting colonies were turned into federated friends. Now, over a whole continent, nearly fifty empires coöperate, without conflict. Only once has the peace been broken; and that because there was one subject on which our fathers did not federate, but compromised. We have gained this much, that we have demonstrated that federalism can practically dispense with standing armies. Maine does not fear Massachusetts, nor does Ohio need to ward against New York.

Mr. Kidd, in his stirring book on "Social Evolution," fails wholly to grasp this marvellous evolution of statehood. There is no reason why federal unionism shall not cover other continents, and ultimately include the world. Hosmer and Carnegie and Sir Gregg follow each other in advocating a union of all English-speaking races. But even this is not the common-sense limit of fellowship. Why cannot races coöperate and collaborate as well as tribes and states? Why not peoples with differentiated language? The first English Parliament was a direct peace organization for arbitration between counties. The

American Congress is a larger effort on the same line. A congress of the world is not a vain dream. We are on the road. Our statesmen, like our churchmen, are slowly rising to a grip of that humanity which is larger than race love or patriotism. War is the coulter of the plough that preceded such peace; ploughing out the savagery, the degeneracy, the Apache implacables.

The drift of the age is toward the still farther reduction of the appeal to brute force. What we need to see is always progress, and that is being made in spite of the immense armaments of Europe, and the billion a year wasted by civilization on its cowardice. There are other forces besides federalism making for peace. The rise of the third estate in social life has been accompanied with a determined declaration for a peace footing of the nations. Arbitrament is also demanded by the vastly growing commerce of the world. We can no longer afford to allow nations to block the highways and high seas for selfish ends. International law has grown into as substantial proportions as national constitutions. Europe justly declines to allow Japan to do as she may choose with the industries of China. We cannot afford to have vast industries obliterated, or the productive power of a whole people exhausted in blood letting.

The closer alliance of altruism with commerce will in time compel us to adopt larger, broader, more humane legislation. Our tariffs will follow passports into oblivion. The great cause of equality of trade privileges, adopted by Pitt under protest, will be cordially accepted by all civilization. We shall legislate not for counties as against states, for states as against nations, for nations as against the world; but we shall learn the great lesson that of one blood and one family and one interest are all the races of the earth. As God is found in the beggar so is man found in all that is human. The wretched Nihilist's pains in a Siberian prison are my pains. War if waged will be more and more waged in the interests of humanity.

Indeed, apart from material interests, pure altruism is gaining ground. The advance of a moderate socialism is acceptable to all right thinkers, to this degree, that it demands and insists on planning for the greater equalization of human conditions everywhere. Mr. Spencer foresees the time when individualism will have reached that stage that it can coöperate for the good of the whole; when, voluntarily, each one will make such personal sacrifice as is essential to commonweal. The rise of millionnaires does not militate against this hopeful view; for there clearly is growing a general conviction that no man is more than a trustee of what he possesses. No one can say he owns a million dollars' worth of earthly goods for his own ends solely. The Gospel of Wealth is the fifth gospel in the New Testament of the nine-

teenth century. Millionnaires will learn that they are endowed as genius is endowed — for the good of the race. No one can fail to see this rise in altruistic power who has lived through the latter half of our century. Like a new revelation came the doctrine of total abstinence in 1823 to 1830. America abolished her sideboards, and only for foreign immigration would have abolished the saloon. A little later began the crusade against slavery in the name of God and human brotherhood. Now the world is stirred to the periphery of its emotion and thought with a social demand for the abolition of poverty. These forward strides may involve conflict, but their essential nature is peace. They are the working out of the law not of battle but of love.

Mr. Charles H. Pearson, in his "National Life and Character," makes a uselessly labored argument to show that, though the world may become more and more industrial, the most powerful states must continue to keep up invincible armaments. To show this he proves at much length that a small army of tried soldiers is more than equivalent to any mass of raw levies. Napoleon said, "It takes six years to make a soldier." But it must not be understood that the advocates of peace expect anything less than universal disarmament. It is not supposable that if one nation remains on a war footing the rest will dare to disarm. Professor Geffcken, in the *Nineteenth Century*, adds that the proposed disarmament by international agreement is not practicable, at least at present. The emphasis in his case must simply be placed on "at once." What we wish to see and what we can see unmistakably is the rise of great peace forces.

The new danger will be peace rot. We shall find that worse than rifles is ruffianism, and more destructive than cannon are license and licentiousness. The chief curse of war is not slaughter, but the exhaustion of social, moral and industrial energies, the waste of the most vital blood of the people, and the enfeeblement of the poorer classes. Are our sweating system, and our tenement system, and our congested cities, and our selfish monopolies likely to prove more humane or regenerative? Are we quite certain that Italy and Germany could have been freed from the petty tyrannies, the religious idiocies and social abuses of the mid-century without Garibaldi and William the First? Are we quite sure that the shamelessness of American political and social corruption will be outgrown by purely peaceful evolution?

HUMAN EVOLUTION AND "THE FALL."

BY HENRY WOOD.

In the world's comparative chronology it was but yesterday that the evolutionary philosophy was itself evolved in the human consciousness. Only its lower and materialistic aspects have yet been recognized by science, the grander and higher visions being still in reserve. But even the limited progress already made marks the most stupendous new departure of all the ages. We have discovered a set of successive keys, so that doors hitherto impenetrable now swing open and reveal endless vistas. Innumerable facts, manifestations, and principles that have seemed disjointed and meaningless are now smoothly gliding into their well-fitting niches. A wilderness of heterogeneity by a dissolving view is transformed into homogenetic and living beauty. A chaos of antagonisms and evils, through the new lens of progressive unfoldment is found to comprise one great Unity which is perfectly adjusted in all its relations.

To properly discuss a subject of such magnitude within the limits of a magazine article in any technical manner is obviously impossible. But often a synthetic and suggestive presentation of cardinal principles is more profitable — especially to the average reader — than an array of scholastic detail. We often lose or distort the normal perspective by wandering in an analytic maze, and so fail to grasp interrelation and proportion.

What are the prevailing impressions of evolution as viewed by different schools of thought? Beginning with materialistic science, it has made an effort to eliminate Divinity from nature and man, or, at least, to crowd it back to the most remote protoplasmic energy. Secondary gods have been set up and labelled "natural selection," "chemical affinity," "inherent energy," and "resident forces," in the attempt to make God unnecessary. It may be termed scientific polytheism; its homage is subtle, and is paid to forces rather than objects. But general unity, intelligence, and beneficence are wanting. It is assumed that matter, through some mysterious inherent quality, virtually grows. In its conflict with theology science has almost out-dogmatized the dogmatists by teaching a practical though unadmitted atheism.

The ranks of so-called orthodoxy are shaded, from those who still hold that a Deific fiat suddenly created all things from noth-

ing, up to those — like Doctor Abbott and Professor Drummond — who in general accept the evolutionary process of creation, especially in the lower grades of life. Even the liberals, however, find much difficulty in reconciling certain theological necessities — so supposed — with evolutionary facts in the domain of humanity. They are willing to indefinitely extend the creative period backward, and to concede the development theory as applied to organic life below man, but when he is reached, and the dogmas of original holiness, "the fall," and the substitutionary atonement are disturbed, there is but a faint or lame attempt at adjustment.

There is an impassable gulf between evolution and all special dispensations. If the established order has ever been abruptly broken into from without, upon any plane whatsoever, then evolution is a myth. God reigns in and through law, and is never self-contradictory.

There are other evolutionists who logically avoid both of the extremes already noted. They see the Deity immanent in all His works, man included, moving in and through them towards a supreme and beautiful consummation. As Tennyson exquisitely puts it, —

> "One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off, divine event
> To which the whole creation moves."

The idolized forces of science are only differentiated forms of One Infinite Energy that is supremely intelligent and beneficent. Is it personal? Yes and no. How many swords have been crossed for lack of clear definitions! How vain to try to exactly fit weak, finite terms upon the Infinite! "Personal," to most minds is unconsciously linked to changeableness, moods, states of mind, and limitations of locality, time, and space. All persons make plans and change them. The Unchangeable — "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever" — makes no plans and changes none. He is not less but incomparably more than personal. Infinite Mind, Love, and Law are terms which doubtless carry to the average mind a more correct concept of the Supreme Being than personality. But there is no objection to any term if it have no false interpretation; names are only labels, but ideas are vital. Finite judgment can only be made through attributes and manifestations.

This is not pantheism, neither does it remove God or make Him a mental abstraction. On the contrary, as we accustom ourselves to this larger idea, He becomes incomparably nearer and dearer. We then first really begin to feel the force of Paul's metaphysical declaration that "In Him we live and move and have our being." The traditional view is anthropomorphic,

unscientific, and in reality irreligious. A natural reaction from such a narrow and irrational concept has produced many atheists and materialists.

When reverently followed, a true evolutionary philosophy leads up to the conclusion that all phenomena are the manifestations of one Infinite Mind. The Hebraic concept which pictured the Deity as a capricious Force, who from the outside occasionally interfered with the cosmic economy, belongs to the evolutionary past. The divine methods are orderly. Pantheism is blind, cold, and fatalistic, while spiritual unfoldment is a vital inspiration.

But although evolution as a process has been widely recognized, its supreme coronation is yet to take place. The materialism of Darwin still subtly lingers and colors the researches and conclusions of a McCosh, Le Conte, Abbott, and even Professor Drummond. It would ill become the author of this paper to criticise these eminent and able exponents of philosophical development, for they have all done a grand work for science, religion, and the world. But with great deference we shall try to show that the supreme recognition of applied evolution has not yet been generally made.

Darwinian evolution is deficient, in that it deals with forms and results rather than their immaterial causation. It is a progressive materialism. But it is indispensable as a stepping-stone to what is above it. Darwin and his colaborers are entitled to the gratitude of the world for their great achievements and elaborations. Only through such untiring efforts could the lower processes of the grand upward trend have been demonstrated.

Stripped of all technicality and in the most concise general terms, the Darwinian philosophy may be stated substantially as follows: The first and lowest, or elemental, plane contains inherent protoplasmic energy, diffused and unorganized, but potent in possibility. Here is resident vitality, but in a primal stage. The second grand plane is that of chemical compounds — a great step higher in quality, affinity, and determinateness, but organization is yet wanting. The next and third grand subdivision includes the vegetal kingdom. Energy has been gathered, organized, classified, and individuated, as shown in a centered, manifested life. The fourth general plane of manifestation composes the kingdom of animal life. Locomotion, sensation, instinct, and will have been further added. Wonderful variety in comprehensive unity is displayed. Advancing another great step humanity is reached, with additional powers and capabilities. Reason, self-consciousness, and ethical discernment have come to the front, though they are still colored and swayed by a great

residuum of passion, appetite, and self-seeking which have come over from below.

Progress is always from the lower towards the higher, from the simple towards the more complex, and from the inorganic towards the organic. Each of the grand subdivisions, while possessing unmistakable unity and relation, shades almost imperceptibly into those adjoining it. The seeming exception to this is in the "missing link" between the animal and man. Progress is through "natural selection" and the "survival of the fittest." Environment and the consequent use and disuse of organs, together with sexual selection, are also important factors. The weaker perish, while the stronger propagate their kind. Such is conventional evolution stated in its briefest general terms.

But all this is only a moving succession of *visible forms*. It is everywhere assumed that these are the basic reality, while the life, mind, or soul manifested in them is only a property or function. If this be true the immaterial part is clearly a dependent. Just here is the rank though subtle materialism which distinctly though often unconsciously permeates conventional science, philosophy, *materia medica*, and the organized church. By logical and fair inference from such a philosophy man inherently belongs to the animal kingdom. But even in that kingdom he has no exclusive department of his own, being a vertebrate. In this more limited subdivision he still has no class of his own. He is simply a mammal. To be sure he is a primate among mammals, but that distinction he also shares with the apes. His structural differences from them are comparatively slight. Thus man, if *he* be the *form*, is only an animal of a high order; or, more correctly, neither he nor the animal is more than a well-shaped mass of matter having an attenuated dependent *property* called life or soul. But it could not be expected that Darwin would find everything. As a stepping-stone he was good in his order.

But though Spencer and others, including the four gentlemen before named, have greatly extended the Darwinian domain, refined it and traced it upward, yet the essentially materialistic *basis* seems to be retained. Physical causation, or in other words life and mind as the *result* rather than the *creator* of structural organism, is everywhere more or less distinctly assumed. While the high character of man as compared with his evolutionary brethren is admitted, he is yet regarded as a material rather than an immaterial entity. All would not insist that chemical changes in the brain are the cause of thoughts, or that that organ secretes consciousness and emotion as the liver secretes bile; yet, practically, such a philosophy, in various shades and degrees, is everywhere present.

Having thus briefly outlined "scientific" (materialistic) evolu-

tion, as at present accepted, let us sketch what we believe to be the truer and only logical view. It solves many problems and dissipates numerous difficulties.

Evolution, in its essence and basis, is immaterial on the lower planes as well as the higher. The life, mind, or soul is always the cause and not the result of organization. In every case the unseen is the intrinsic entity. It follows that the real progression is in the ascending quality and complexity of mind or life, and not of matter. All of the advancing steps are successive states of internal character, and its visible form is only its outer resultant translation.

Matter, *per se*, never progresses. It is only an external, temporary banner or sign-board. Identical physical material appears, disappears, and reappears in higher or lower shapes, as the case may be, and therefore can have no character of its own. It is clay grasped by the hand of a moulder. The elements which to-day make up the body of a dog or tree may have figured long ago in the material structure of a saint or philosopher. Assuredly there was no ascent or descent in the material but only in its user. All the progress is in the unseen. Reader, your body is not you, but only your outpicturing index. The embodiment is not the progressive part, but just the well-fitting clothing which shows the quality and taste of its present owner. The human ego picks up material and erects it into an animated statue, and never makes a deviation in its shaping. If he drop the material and it be utilized by a tiger-life or mind, it at once assumes the corresponding feline expression in every detail. There is no exception to this rule. In the deepest analysis the *real tree* is the tree-life, and not the temporary material which it has picked up for outward expression. True, we may study and admire the latter, but it is unprofitable to mistake the picture for the substance.

Everything has a soul of some grade and that includes all its present and future potentiality. Whether more or less advanced along the highway of individuation, all minds are, substantially, parts of the one divine, omnipresent Mind, which is the basis of all manifestation. Thus Pope's familiar lines were prophetic of the larger knowledge of to-day and have scientific exactitude:

> "All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

A piece of marble or even a clod of earth has a kind of life. Even were we to adopt the monistic theory and infer that matter is solidified spirit — perhaps its outermost and ultimate rim — the order of expression is unchanged.

It will be evident, then, that all true evolution is *metaphysi-*

cal. On the human plane it is also idealistic. This idealism is not of the Berkelian variety, which denies the existence of all objectivity, but of that practical quality which draws men forward. Upon all the subordinate planes progress seems to be from an unconscious pushing from behind, which is accompanied by friction. When the higher human department of spiritual intuition is reached, man begins intelligently to coöperate with law and gains its leverage. By learning to hold ideals before himself he powerfully contributes to his own unfoldment, and thus the "pushing" is supplemented. He divines how to "hitch his wagon to a star," and thus paves his onward path and accelerates his progress Godward.

> "From Thee, Great God, we spring, to Thee we tend,
> Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End."

In the great cycle of creative development the divine life and energy which God first *in*volved into the lowest conditions, is at length, through a series of grand steps, gathered, organized, individuated, and *e*volved into "sons of God," in which form, with reciprocal affection, the return is made to the "Father's house."

Let us now attempt the interpretation of what is known as "the fall of man," in the light of metaphysical evolution. A vital part of dogmatic theology is contained in the assumption that man was created pure and holy, and that through disobedience he fell. A substitutionary atonement was therefore legally necessary. The so-called "plan of salvation" is based upon the ruin which was caused by the single historic mistake. The remedial "scheme" consisted of a purchased release. Soften it as we may, it really amounts to a technical makeshift which God contrived after the defeat of His original plans. Practically the Church is quietly slipping away from such a logic, but yet its authoritative doctrinal formulas remain unchanged. Though generally toned down in men's minds, it remains of life-size in the creeds. Salvation has been something done for and outside of one, on the condition of yielded assent to "the plan." It has been objective and historic, rather than subjective and present. A penalty has been *paid*, or rather, in effect, a link severed between cause and effect. This concept carries the inference that penalty is vindictive instead of corrective — antagonistic rather than beneficial.

Some of the visible branches of the great evolutionary tree seem to droop downward and others entirely to drop off, as externally observed. But all life and mind are conserved, however much outward forms may change or disintegrate. Occasional eddies or ebb-tides on the surface cannot invalidate the great universal upward trend.

How can the allegory of "the fall" be accounted for without any strained interpretation? Let us try to find a scientific, religious, and spiritual solution of this great tradition which will accord with reason and harmonize difficulties.

An allegory always has a meaning deeper than itself. The story of Adam and Eve portrays that period of transition when primeval man — the animal — evolved some moral character, and when reason measurably displaced instinct as the controlling force. The so-called first pair are types of the racial crossing of a great boundary line. Pre-Adamic man, being an animal, was not ashamed of his nakedness, and in common with his kingdom was governed by brutish instincts and appetites. He lived in dens and caves, and possessed only those faint foreshadowings of reason which we now behold in the highest animal intelligence.

But instinct, though low, is exact. In its wild native perfection it makes neither mistakes nor improvements. The bee of to-day, as of a thousand years ago, always forms the honey-cell in perfect geometrical proportion; and the web of the spider was ever, as now, a marvel of regularity and proportion. The bird makes no mistake in singing its song or in building its nest; and the beaver even adapts his dam, in advance, to the clemency or inclemency of the coming season. The all-pervading divine life and wisdom resident in the animal shines through, reflecting its uniformity and perfection, though in actual expression it cannot rise higher than its low plane and crude medium.

Bearing in mind the definition of instinct, we pass to note that Eden does not represent spiritual or even intellectual satisfaction, but only that which is sensuous. Primeval man at length reached the climax of his physical development. To his consciousness there was nothing higher. Every known want was satisfied. There was neither moral nor spiritual law to be observed or violated. He had no unsatisfied longing or aspiration. A great evolutionary epoch was completed, and the cup of sensory enjoyment was full. There were no mistakes to be rectified, and no sins to bring disquietude. THAT WAS EDEN. It represents the ripeness and perfection of a great kingdom.

But at length the God-voice in man became audible, and the throes and birth-pangs of a new kingdom began. Reason — now infantile and tottering — came upon the stage, and stumblings and mistakes became the rule. The gestatory period of the higher selfhood had passed, and the moral freedom of choice and of possible voluntary character came to light. Man forever lost his sense of completeness in animal development, and a rational and spiritual restlessness possessed him. There was no more Eden. The "flaming sword which turned every way" was the evolutionary bar which unceasingly interdicted a return to per-

fect sensuous repose and satisfaction. The rational and moral nature passed from latency to activity. Gestation was ended, the umbilic cord severed, and man was cast out to begin at the very foundation to build a new consciousness and project a higher kingdom.

The mistakes connected with infantile and ignorant choosing are typified by thorns and thistles, toil and sweat. The perfect delight of Eden was missing. This, to the childish stage of human consciousness, seemed like a great loss — a "fall." What a natural and reasonable basis for the great tradition!

Although the story of Adam and Eve apparently refers to a brief episode, the actual transition covers an evolutionary epoch, not yet completed. Eden has gone beyond repair, but the succeeding kingdom, even at the present time, is only in its childish stage.

"The fall," though from perfect material satisfaction to constant restlessness, is *upward*. The attainments of voluntary moral and spiritual character are only possible within the limits of their own kingdom, and must begin with the stumblings, educational mistakes (sins), and discipline of an experience outside of Eden. A child does not learn to walk without a few falls, but as soon as he understands the law of walking he need not continue falling. Eden means ignorance as well as innocence. Man must partake of the fruit of the tree of the "knowledge of good and evil," in order to discover the beauty and goodness of the good, and the value of its cultivation. Character, like thorns and thistles, only grows beyond the boundaries of Edenic beguilement. There must be a free choice of good from the midst of the abundance of its opposite, for even virtue involuntarily imposed is slavish and stale.

But the thorns and thistles beyond Eden are transformable by the "fallen" or rather the new man into blooming and fruitful bowers. Having developed the power to re-form, he becomes — by virtue of the divinity within him — a secondary creator. The thorns and thistles are found to be not "evil," but only unripened and undeveloped good. Edenic products come spontaneously, but after falling upward man — real man — forms for himself. He has become as "a god," but even down to the close of the nineteenth century is still largely unconscious of it. Potentially he can take of the endless abundance of unmanifest good and organize and manifest the same.

It is by the higher development of the intuitional and spiritual faculties — the divinity within — that man comes into conformity to the established order, blesses the ground that was "cursed," and introduces a new paradise infinitely superior to the old Eden. The toil and sweat now come only in an effort to go backward.

They are the "flaming sword" which is more kindly to men than they are to themselves, because it forever bars them out of the captivating though deadly anæsthesia of the Edenic paradise. The "fall of man" was a leap upward and onward. It was not only necessary, but good. Only by some experimental infraction of the higher law could it be discovered and at length interpreted. But having learned it man need not longer "kick against the pricks" in order to find that they are sharp.

Things are lower or higher in their progressive relation, but there is no "evil" as an objective force or principle. The condition, so termed, is an inversion or attempted going back. Any plane viewed from the altitude of a higher one seems evil from relativity rather than opposing abstract quality. Evolution is a ladder with many rounds. The lower ones, as steps, are useful in their time and places, but if lingered upon, a growth of thorns twines about them to urge us onward. The vital energy which men thoughtlessly squander, when turned higher is of supreme value as a motor. The animal in man — and every man has one — is not an enemy to be extirpated, but an able-bodied servant to be trained, controlled, and made an efficient helper.

In the human domain evolution starts with the Adam, and has the Christ for its ideal and ultimate climax. The transition must be subjectively actualized in every human being. Adam is the concept of self as a physical body. Christ is the *knowledge* of self, as mind, soul, spirit — divinity within. To wait for the evolution of the spiritual consciousness until after the event called death, is to squander the divine birthright and heritage.

The supreme feature in the brilliant after-glow of the nineteenth century is the discovery that man does not need to wait to be pushed from behind and torn by evolutionary friction, but that he can voluntarily unfold himself and escape it. Displacing a material with the spiritual consciousness lawfully assures progress. It is practically the "Christ-mind" in humanity, or the general incarnation. The single historic ideal is only a life-size picture of man. The present universal gestation will end in a new evolutionary nativity.

The great upward trend, with its all-inclusive scope, brushes away all pessimism and its numerous brood of uncanny shadows and spectres. When rightly interpreted these and all other human woes are but wayside prods, to hurry us along to higher and more beautiful outlooks. To turn back is to invite friction. To drop down in conditions is to make them more binding; but partnership with law recreates them. We must focus our vision upon the expanding divinity within, which has long ago been involved, and is now pressing for expressive evolvement.

"WE WEEP WITH THEE."

BY HELEN E. STARRETT.

Dear Lord, when on these bitter, wintry nights,
  Thy houseless, hungry, suffering poor we see,
Touched by a love and pity like to Thine,
  We weep o'er them with Thee.

We hear the orphan's cry, the widow's moan,
  The strong man's groan of bitter agony,
Who hears his shivering children cry for bread:
  We weep o'er them with Thee.

No close-drawn shades, no sounds of household mirth,
  Can drown the tones that, like the moaning sea,
Sound in our ears; oh! help us, Lord, to help
  And succor them for Thee.

Though sin and folly all too oft have brought
  Their wayward feet to such dread misery,
A deeper pity stirs our hearts, and still
  We weep for them with Thee.

Thou, who didst weep over Jerusalem,
  Whose love the thief, the leper, tenderly
Forgave and healed — we, too, dear Lord, forgive,
  And weep for them with Thee.

And, 'mid our tears, we know this joy divine:
  To feel that our heart's pain and sympathy
And sorrow for Thy weak and suffering poor
  Makes us at one with Thee.

Oh! never, while Thy children suffer need,
  Never, while sin brings its dread penalty,
Can hearts that love and serve Thee cease to bleed,
  And weep for them with Thee.

And still, when come the bitter, wintry nights,
  And hungry, houseless, suffering men we see,
Stirred with a love and pity like to Thine,
  We weep, dear Lord, with Thee.

ARMENIA MUST HAVE A EUROPEAN GOVERNOR.

BY ROBERT STEIN.

A man is killed in Paris; it is a murder. The throats of fifty thousand people are cut in the East; it is a question. — VICTOR HUGO.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 1, 1895.

When I was in Armenia six years ago, a certain pasha being insolent to me, I threatened to bring this fact to the knowledge of the sultan. "There is no sultan but me here," he replied. "I do as I choose. You shall not leave this province without having complied with my wish, and if you attempt to do so, I will stop you by main force." The last words were a plain allusion to an attack made a short time previous upon the Russian consul in the mountains, by Kurds in the pay of the pasha.

This reply explains the whole situation in Turkey. There is practically no law but the arbitrary power of the governors. If, therefore, any improvement is to be effected in Armenia, it must be by having an honest and efficient governor. No such man is to be found in the Turkish official class. I fully concur, therefore, with the author of the present article in affirming that, whatever else may be done, a European governor *must* be appointed, or else the whole agitation in behalf of the Armenian Christians will come to naught.

H. HYVERNAT, D. D.,
Professor of Biblical Archæology and Oriental Languages.

LEXINGTON, MASS., March 12, 1895.

I approve entirely the general tone of the article by Mr. Stein. This, of course, does not imply that I am willing to subscribe to all the ideas advanced by him. One thing is clear, there must be a Christian governor of that region. A Turkish governor will only allow the work of destruction to go on. Second, he must have very strong foreign support, such that the Turkish government will fear it. As to recommending any particular individual, or any other particular thing, the time has not come. There must be a union of some of the great powers, or nothing will be done. I trust Mr. Greene's book, which is worthy of universal attention, will contribute to form a public sentiment of the civilized world sufficiently strong to overcome the resistance of the Turkish official class and the Mohammedan fanaticism against which the sultan himself, with the best of intentions, is almost powerless.

CYRUS HAMLIN.

NEW YORK CITY, March 18, 1895.

Permit me to express my entire sympathy with your paper. I believe the only practicable remedy is that which you suggest. Mr. Greene's book is, of course, a much fuller presentation of the case than is possible within the limits which you have allowed yourself, though

J. S. DIONIAN, BANKER.

B. TASHJIAN, SALESMAN,
NEW YORK CITY.

selves. Their hands and tongues are both tied.

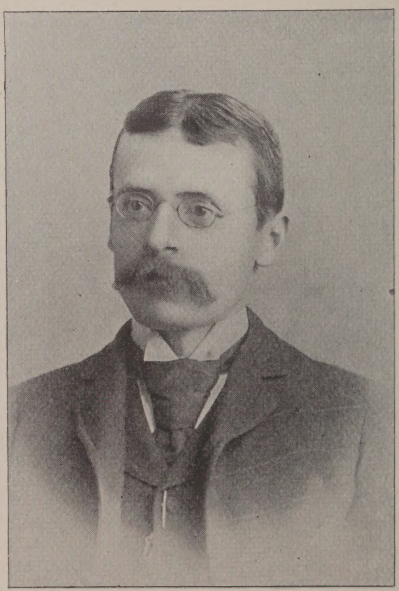
D. J. O'CONNELL,
Rector of the American College.

WHAT would the world be without its heroes? To be sure, we were all horror-stricken at the news from Armenia. Perhaps we held up our hands and said, "Lord, I thank Thee that I am not like unto these Turks!" Perhaps we have lifted up our voice at a public meeting or published an article or two. That done, we have thought to ourselves: "Certainly no one can say that I am unsympathetic! But really, I cannot afford to do more than this; *it is not my business.*" And when everybody in the civilized world says, "It is not my business," the chances are that Armenia does not make the definite suggestions which constitute the special value of your paper. The project which you suggest is a large one, which would cost much effort and money. If it could be successfully pushed through, it might accomplish much, for public opinion is next to omnipotent.

JOSIAH STRONG.

AMERICAN COLLEGE,
ROME, ITALY,
March 14, 1895.

Until a Christian governor is appointed, I see no guarantee for the security of Christians in Armenia, and from what I know of the condition of those poor people, I do not think it is in their own power to help them-



AN ARMENIAN PHYSICIAN,
NOW PRACTISING IN TURKEY.

BEATRICE AND ZABELLE DIONIAN.

nia's wrong will remain unredressed — unless, indeed, a hero should come.

The great powers are the ones that must act, we are told. The great powers, forsooth! When the great powers are content to leave their own citizens — women as well as men — in the vilest slavery in the hands of the Mahdists; when great, proud Germany, in particular, looks on with perfect composure while one of her sons, Karl Neufeld, a Prussian, educated at the University of Leipzig, lies in chains at Omdurman, treated as a beast of burden, occasionally writhing under the lash wielded by the foulest of savages, — what prospect is there that these great powers will from motives of pure humanity and without a strong public demand trouble themselves about the Armenians, who are subjects (cursed technicality!) of none but the very power which seems bent on their extermination?

Thank God, the hero has come! A noble young man, highly gifted and cultured, Mr. Frederick Davis Greene, has thrown everything else aside and made the cause of Armenia his exclusive occupation for the last five months. Born in Turkey, having spent most of his life there, and speaking the Turkish and Armenian languages fluently, he had long been struggling with his pent-up indignation at scenes of lawlessness which he was powerless to check. Hardly had he come to America after three and a half years' residence in Armenia, when the news of the Sassoun massacre reached him. In feeble health (having left Armenia by order of his physician), with slender means, without friends, he spent the ensuing months in travelling to and fro between Boston, New York, and Washington, gathering information, interviewing congressmen, diplomats, and publishers, and in his spare moments writing his notes. Having finally obtained incontestable proofs of the massacres, he laid them before the

ARMENIAN CHILDREN OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

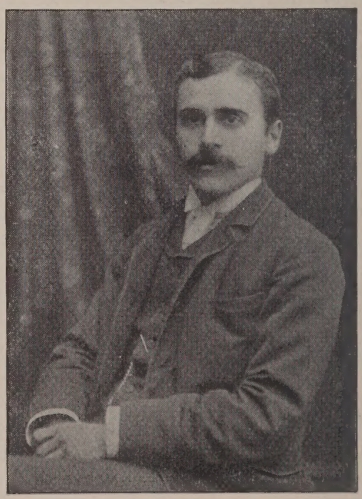
world in a book, "The Armenian Crisis," published (mainly at Mr. Greene's expense) by G. P. Putnam's Sons in their "Questions of the Day." The array of proof will convince every candid reader.

Thus the first part of the problem has been accomplished; the truth of the massacre is established beyond doubt; and it is entirely probable that, but for the energy and devotion of a single brave man, this result would never have been attained. The question now arises, How can the recurrence of such atrocities be prevented?

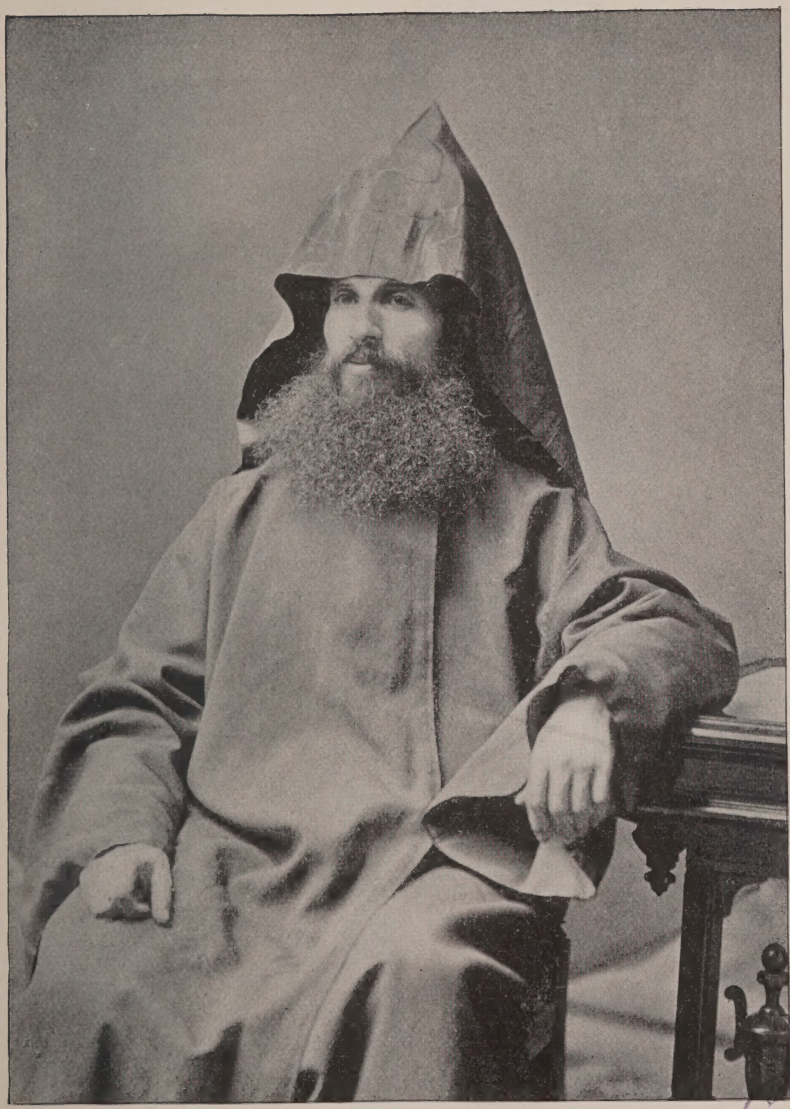
To make a correct forecast of the future, and to shape one's plans to the requirements, nothing is more useful than a glimpse into the past.

"There is a history in all men's lives
The which observed, a man may prophesy
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time."

But before we look into the past, let us see what the Turks promise to do now. Various reports of projected reforms have appeared in the press. One dispatch announces that the council of ministers at Constantinople has decided to introduce the following reforms in Armenia:



BENJAMIN ISKYAN.



REV. H. V. SARAJIAN.

FORMERLY RECTOR OF THE ARMENIAN CHURCH AT WORCESTER, MASS.

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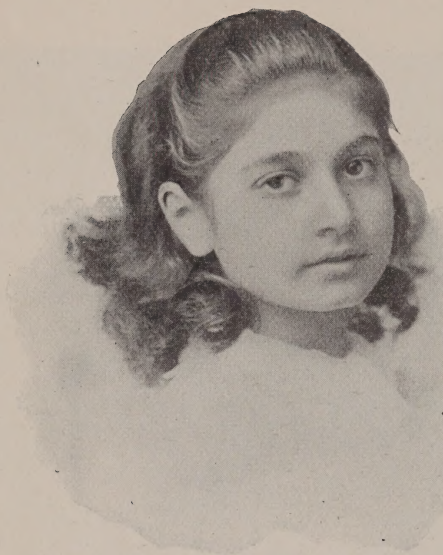
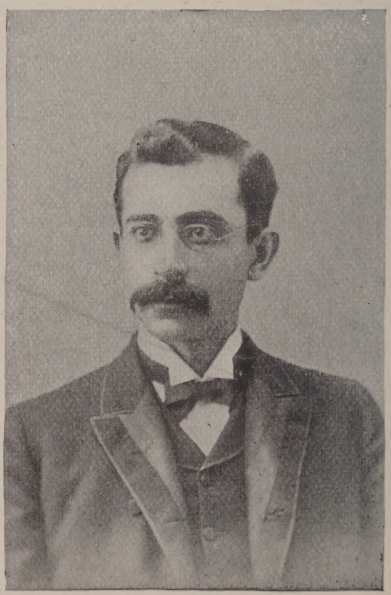


ZABEL AYVAZIAN, NEW YORK CITY.

The provinces of Erzerum, Van, Bitlis, and Mush are to be made a single province. The governors are to be nominated by the sultan *for five years. The first governor is to be a Mussulman*, and his successors are to be Christians but not Armenians. The *gendarmerie*, or military police, are to be a local body under command of a general of division to be nominated by the sultan. The taxes collected within the new province are to be expended within its boundaries, the public debt and tobacco *regie* receiving a fixed annual sum. The judges are to be elected, but the president of the judges is to be nominated under the present system. Finally, two government departments are to be created, namely, a department of public works and a department of public instruction.

The dispatch savors enough of Turkish statecraft to be genuine. The various reservations made convey the impression that the concessions are made reluctantly, and that, therefore, they must be real concessions and made in good faith. The cloven foot, however, peeps out in the proviso that the first governor, appointed for five years, is to be a Mussulman; while his successors are to be Christians.



ARMENIAN PHYSICIAN, GRADUATE OF AN AMERICAN MEDICAL COLLEGE, NOW IN PRISON IN TURKEY.

Let us anticipate our conclusion. Five years from

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DIKRAN KRIKOR VARZHABEDIAN, MERCHANT, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.
BORN AT YOZGAT, ASIA MINOR.

now the agitation aroused by the recent atrocities will have died out. Who will then insist on the fulfilment of the promise that a Christian governor will be appointed? And if anybody is found who does insist, how will he be able to rouse enough public sentiment to back him? The only way would be to provoke a new massacre — to sprinkle more blood in the face of the civilized world. Ever since 1878 England has reminded Turkey nearly every year of the clause of the Berlin Treaty which required reforms in Armenia; but of what avail are reminders unaccompanied by cannon? And the Turks know well enough that England cannot send cannon, because that would call out Russia's cannon also. If, then, the Sublime Porte has disregarded a solemn treaty, signed by the great powers, will it think itself bound by a resolution passed by its council of ministers?

ARMENIAN LADY.
FROM NEAR CONSTANTINOPLE.

Missionaries, consuls, travellers of all nations unanimously declare that no Mohammedan country, under present circumstances, can be regenerated except under European superintendence. A brief geographic survey will show this. Algeria and Tunis have been regenerated; but by whom? By the French. Marocco, still independent, remains sunk in unspeakable barbarity. Egypt is prosperous and tranquil; why? Because she is under British administration. The Lebanon is at peace from end to end; why? Because it has a Christian governor appointed with the consent of the powers. Transcaucasia, Merv, Khiva, Bokhara, Samarkand, enjoy security under Russian rule. Greece, Samos, Bulgaria, Roumania, Servia, are happy under their native governments. Bosnia and Herzegovina,

under the sway of Austria-Hungary, have been lifted, in the space of sixteen years, from utter barbarism to the dignity of civilized countries. Wherever Mohammedan governments are still in power, anarchy continues to prevail.

It is certain, then, that if Armenia is ever to be redeemed, it must be through the appointment of a European governor. Then why prolong her martyrdom for five years, when, moreover, it is certain that even then Turkey will not appoint a European governor if she can help it? Now is the time to act. Strike the iron while it is hot. While the civilized world is still throbbing with horror at the Sassoun atrocities let its immense strength be directed to the one essential point — the immediate appointment of a European governor for Armenia.

And now let us cast a glimpse at the past, to see if its lessons will bear out the conclusion we have anticipated.

Those who have looked into Turkish history will know that the promises above quoted are no better than those which have been made time and again during the past fifty-five years. A more far-reaching scheme was put forward in July, 1880, promising among other things a Christian governor. What has become of this magnanimous promise made fourteen years ago?

Then there is the Treaty of Berlin (1878), which says (article 62):

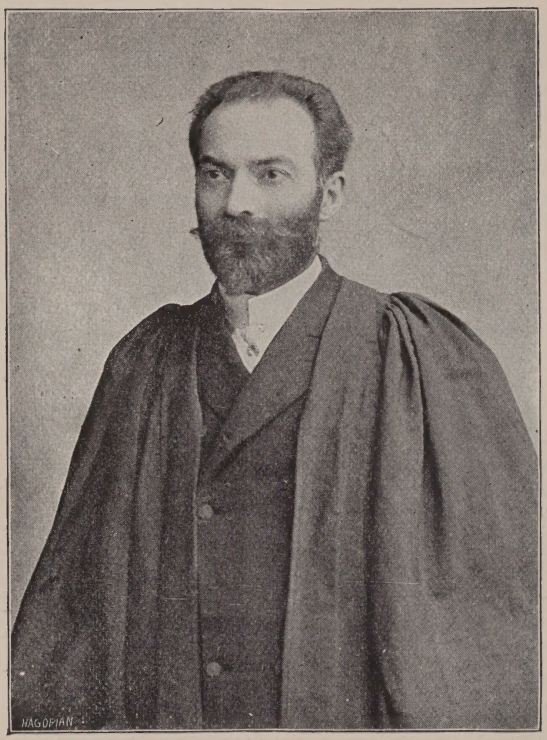
> In every part of the Ottoman empire . . . all should be admitted, without distinction of religion, to give evidence before the tribunals, the exercise and external practice of all religions should be entirely free, and no impediment should be offered either to the hierarchical organization of the different communions or their spiritual chiefs.

In regard to Armenia in particular, that treaty says (article 61):

> The Sublime Porte engages to realize *without delay* those ameliorations and reforms which local needs require in the provinces inhabited by the Armenians, and guarantees their security against the Circassians and the Kurds. It undertakes to make known, from time to time, the measures taken with this object to the powers, who will watch over their application.

Again, there is the Ottoman Constitution, adopted Dec. 22, 1876, which guarantees the free exercise of all recognized creeds and the religious privileges of the communities, establishes liberty of the press, the right of petition, liberty of education, and the equality of all Ottoman subjects before the law, together with a number of other fine things which, *if carried out*, would make Turkey as free as any constitutional monarchy of Europe.

In the light of subsequent events, it is particularly interesting to read the following passage from the speech from the throne to the Turkish parliament (for be it known that once in their his-



From Greene's "Armenian Crisis," by permission Geo. Putnam's Sons.
PROF. MINAS TCHERAZ, EDITOR OF "ARMENIA."
ONE OF THE ARMENIAN DELEGATES AT THE BERLIN CONGRESS IN 1878.

tory, from Mar. 19, 1877, to Feb. 20, 1878, the Turks did have a parliament!) at the second session, Dec. 13, 1877:

> The calamities of the war have exceeded all limits; a numerous population, non-combatant and inoffensive women and children, whose life and honor ought according to the usage of war to have been respected, have been subjected to cruel treatment, revolting to humanity. I am pleased to hope that in the future nothing will prevent the truth in that respect from coming to light. It is by means of complete *liberty of discussion* that one can arrive at the truth in legislative and political questions, and thus protect the public interest.

Liberty of discussion, save the mark! And that second session of the Turkish parliament was its last. The sound of the Russian cannon having died away, the government saw no reason for calling another.

> "When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
> When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he."

But the era of promises dates much farther back. On Feb. 18, 1856, Sultan Abdul Medjid published the Hatti-Humayun, a kind of constitution, giving the Christians perfect equality with Mohammedans. Even this was merely a reiteration of the Hatti-Sherif, promulgated on Nov. 3, 1839, which, after

promising reforms in taxation and judicial proceedings, and *restrictions on the arbitrary power of governors*, adds: "These imperial concessions extend to all our subjects, whatever religion or sect they may belong to, and they will enjoy them without any exception."

Thus during the last fifty-five years there has been no lack of promises and excellent laws. Yet these did not prevent the massacres of 1843, when 10,000 Nestorian Christians were slain or sold into slavery, nor the Lebanon massacres of 1860, nor the Cretan massacre of 1866, nor the Bulgarian atrocities of 1876; they did not prevent the tax-gatherers of Bosnia and Herzegovina from roasting defaulting tax-payers over slow fires, as related by Emile de Laveleye, nor the young Turkish beys in Bulgaria from considering the kidnapping of Christian girls as one of their immutable privileges. The remark made on this subject by a Turkish agha to an Austrian officer speaks volumes. "I do not see," said he, "why the rayas complain. Are not their daughters better off in our harems than in their hovels?"

How these periodical promises of reform were regarded by the Turks is shown by an example related by the Russian traveller Tchihatcheff, perhaps the best authority on Asiatic Turkey. When, in 1856, the Hatti-Humayun was sent to Armenia for publication, the pasha

From Greene's "Armenian Crisis," by permission Geo. Putnam's Sons.

H. I. M. ABD-UL-HAMID KHAN, THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

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of Erzerum called together the Armenian archbishops and handed them the document with the remark that, if they published it,they might look out for their heads.

If ever there was reason to think that Turkey was sincere, it was in 1878. Her armies had been destroyed, her treasury was empty, the Russians were encamped in sight of Constantinople, the British ironclads commanded the city, the subject populations were rising everywhere. It was under such pressure that the Porte bound itself to protect the Armenians "against the Circassians and Kurds." How was that promise kept? The very name Armenia was abolished and the name Kurdistan substituted! The Armenians have been forbidden the use of arms, while improved firearms have been distributed among the Kurds! If, therefore, Turkey was not sincere when her power was completely crushed, will she now be sincere when she has once more an army of 700,000 men?

Thus, if the past has any lesson to teach, it is this, that, if the civilized public is content to act in the same way on the present as on former occasions, merely extorting new promises, things will remain as they are, and we shall have to prepare for new atrocities. This does not mean in the least that the Turks are selected specimens of total depravity; human beings are pretty much the same the world over. Nor would it be reasonable to assert that the Turks could not in the course of centuries rise into civilization unaided and uncompelled, just as the Western nations have risen. It merely means that, as has often happened in history, the reins of government have fallen into the hands of a ring, whose interest it is to keep things as they are, and whose promises of reform, like those of American rings, are merely intended "to pander to the moral sense of the community." Imagine Tammany transferred to Constantinople, multiplied ten or twenty-fold, having at its disposal an army of 700,000 men armed with Mauser rifles and Krupp cannon. Imagine this ring lording it over a population totally defenceless, having neither ballots nor bullets, no education and no press, save the censor-ridden press of three or four seaports. Imagine, furthermore, this ring imbued with the idea that that population is its *property*, by the right of conquest and by the gift of Allah; that the only purpose of the existence of that population is to glut the lust and greed of their rulers, for such is the belief in which the members of the Turkish ruling class have been brought up during the past five hundred years. If it is ridiculous to imagine that the Tammany leaders might of their own accord have inaugurated an era of reform, can it be supposed that the far more irresponsible Turkish governing class will do so? And what would have been the fate of Dr. Park-

hurst if Tammany's power had been as absolute as that of the Turkish government!

The comparison illustrates another feature which is very instructive. Tammany doubtless included not a few well-meaning men, but they were powerless against the depravity of the machine. Similarly, common sense must lead one to assume that some of the ruling men of Turkey, including most probably the sultan himself, are sincerely anxious to reform their government, but find their strength too feeble against that ponderous fly-wheel, custom.

From Greene's "Armenian Crisis," by permission Geo. Putnam's Sons.

HIS HOLINESS, MUGERDITCH KHRIMIAN, SUPREME PATRIARCH (CATHOLICOS) OF THE ARMENIAN CHURCH.

Now imagine that the people of New York, having determined to reform their government, should entrust that task to the very persons who had corrupted the government! Could there be a greater absurdity? No less absurd is it to think that the reform of Armenia can be effected by a man selected out of the very class which produced the corruption. It is evident, then, that a new man must be in charge. If, therefore, the present agitation is to result in any good, it must be directed to this one point. Nothing will be effected if we merely stand aghast, and fume and rage and threaten, and in vague terms demand reforms. If the single demand for the appointment of a European governor is put forward, the whole strength of the civilized world can be concentrated to enforce it; if demands are multiplied, the force

will be scattered and therefore wasted. Of course the pressure on the Turkish government must be exerted by the great powers; but they will not act without a strong and concentrated public demand. How shall that demand be expressed?

Let a blank petition be prepared, praying that a European governor be appointed in Armenia; let this petition be sent to every church in Europe and America for signatures; and when signed, let these petitions be forwarded in each country to the proper persons or organized bodies, requesting their influence with the great European powers in behalf of this measure. Can anyone imagine that the unanimous voice of civilization, demanding this one reform *and nothing else* — a reform already twice promised by the Turks themselves — can remain unheeded?

One need only get acquainted with the Armenians as represented by those resident in New York (about one thousand) to convince himself that they, if anybody, deserve to have a civilized government. First of all he will find them to be a remarkably handsome race, at least the dominant type. Their complexion is generally that of Italians. The lips, though full and red, are apt to show a curve that is not always pleasing to the American eye; but a pair of jet-black eyebrows, seeming all the blacker by the sharp contrast with the white forehead, surmount in magnificent arches a pair of lustrous, soft brown eyes, which might cause the most fanatical worshipper of blond beauty to waver in his faith. Not that blonds are lacking among them; there is one in particular, whose blue eyes, delicate features, fair complexion, and refined manners might easily cause him to be mistaken for an English nobleman. They are not generally found in the lower walks of life; if not merchants or bankers (their favorite occupations), they are doctors, artists, engravers, silk-weavers — professions requiring alertness of mind and deftness of hand. They have an extraordinary capacity for learning foreign languages. It is downright amazing to see an Armenian merchant take his reed pen, and with the utmost rapidity and without the least hesitation write a letter in Turkish to Constantinople; then a letter in good English and in a good American business hand to some American firm; next a letter in equally good French to some French firm; to notice on his desk letters in Greek and Italian; then to be allowed to look in his note-book and find that he writes all the notes therein in Armenian. They have poems and songs of startling originality and beauty, and if they could but bring themselves to discard their forbidding alphabet and adopt the Roman alphabet, there is little doubt that the study of their beautiful language and literature would quickly become fashionable in Europe and America.

And these people, so gifted, so peaceful, so industrious, so

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moral, what do they ask? Listen to their demands as put forward by their foremost society in America on the occasion of the Parliament of Religions at Chicago in 1893, and see how pitifully moderate they are:

> Surely what we ask is very little. We do not wish to be independent of Turkey; nay, we affirm that our nation, if granted her rights, will be the safeguard of Turkish independence, and enable that empire (which is three times as large as Germany) to become once more a great power. Our demands are mainly three: (1) That we may organize our own police and our own courts of justice, *where Christians shall be on an equal footing with Mohammedans;* (2) that we may control a part of the revenue of our country, to be spent in internal improvements, so that the taxes wrung from our poverty may not all be spent in building palaces for pashas and in buying cannon and erecting fortifications wherewith to keep us in subjection; (3) that our governor shall not be a Turk, but, if not an Armenian, let him be a European or an American.

It is almost needless to say that the first and second demands are implied in the third.

These utterances are entirely in harmony with the attitude taken by the foremost Armenian reform paper, *Armenia*, edited by Minas Tcheraz of London. It is all the more important to emphasize this, because the Turkish government, knowing how odious is the name anarchist in Europe and America, is trying to create the impression that the Armenian reformers belong to the class of desperadoes whose bombs and daggers render the lives of European rulers insecure.

This cunning insinuation has aroused the indignation of that veteran apostle of the Armenians, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, for many years a resident of Turkey and the founder of Robert College at Constantinople, who hitherto has steadily opposed the Armenian national aspirations, fearing on the one hand that they might lead to bloodshed, and, on the other hand, hoping to the last that the Turks would redeem their promises. But even he is forced to say, "It may be that the time has passed when such deeds of blood and torture committed upon unarmed men, women, and children, can be condoned by the civilized world." As regards the alleged conspirators, he says, "The Turkish government has never had the least fear of any such movement; it knows well that there is no place in the empire where one thousand or even one hundred Armenians could assemble with hostile intent; and besides, they have no arms, and are not accustomed to their use."

But surely if they could take up arms, no nation would have a better motive for doing so. In 1878 Bismarck told the Armenian delegates at the Berlin Congress, "You will never get your rights until you demand them sword in hand." Is not this proved by the experience of every Christian nation in Turkey? Greece

got no aid from Europe till she rose in arms; Rumania got no aid from Europe till she rose in arms; Servia got no aid from Europe till she rose in arms; Bulgaria got no aid from Europe till she rose in arms. All these countries are free and prosperous now, with real estate rapidly enhancing, universal security, and the means of education at the disposal of the humblest. Armenia, which forbore the use of arms, trusting in the treaty stipulations signed by the great powers — Armenia, which pines for civilization, is forcibly kept in barbarism. Is not this putting a premium on insurrection? Will the Christian nations always wait till blood has flowed? And if the American heart warms at the names of Putnam, Paul Revere, and Ethan Allen, who objected to paying threepence on a pound of tea to the British, shall we blame "a certain Hampartzoom," who is trying to point out to his Armenian countrymen that double or triple taxation, periodical spoliation by bandits, and the dishonor of their wives and daughters are things not to be borne patiently by those who wish to call themselves men?

Another impression which the Turkish government is trying to create is that more than half the population of Armenia are Mohammedans, evidently with a desire to lead the unsuspecting Western mind to draw the conclusion that it would be unjust to place these Mohammedans under a Christian governor. Let it be understood once for all that this appointment is here advocated solely in the interest of civilization, not from any desire to advance the interests of one religion or another. Can there be any doubt that these very Mohammedans will get far more justice from a European governor than they now get? In point of fact the Turkish population suffers from misgovernment nearly as much as the Christians. This was strikingly shown by the proceedings of the short-lived Turkish parliament, and it was precisely because the complaints uttered in that parliament were too many and too loud that it was dissolved. It suffices to read C. B. Norman's "Armenia and the Campaign of 1877" to become convinced that the Turks will welcome a European governor as much as the Christians. Moreover, it is only by classing Turks and Kurds together that the "Mohammedan majority" is manufactured; the Armenians certainly outnumber either of the other elements, and possibly both together.

A European governor will of necessity demand the fulfilment of one condition indispensable to Armenia's redemption — the control of her port. Commerce is a nation's life-blood. Armenia's commerce is essentially dependent on her single port, the city of Trebizond. A railway between that city and Erzerum is a prime necessity for the resurrection of the country's industries. Though at first perhaps unremunerative, it would quickly quad-

ruple the wealth of the country; it would monopolize the trade of Persia; it would redeem Trebizond itself from decadence. The caprice of a Turkish governor at Trebizond, however, might at any moment paralyze this commerce. Hence that city must be included in the new province of Armenia, and with it, as a necessary consequence, Lazistan, the strip of coast from Trebizond to the Russian frontier. The population of that district consists for the most part of Greeks and Lazes, the latter belonging to the beautiful Georgian race. Both Lazes and Greeks regard the Turks as their enemies, and by making their country share the civilized government of the future province of Armenia, it may be prevented from becoming the scene of atrocities like those of Sassoun. Or must Lazistan, too, wait for the regeneration by blood?

The incorporation of Lazistan with Armenia, moreover, will establish a check on a traffic which might make one who knows of its existence howl with rage — the traffic in Circassian slaves, the highway of which lies through Lazistan. In November, 1889, at the Brussels anti-slavery conference, Turkey had the hardihood to declare that "as regards white Circassian females and even males, it would be impossible, short of a radical social revolution, to prevent the existing traffic or exchange in them, which is quite an ordinary thing, forming a part of the domestic institutions of the country and having, moreover, a close connection with its religious tenets and usages." There can be little doubt that after every Kurdish raid, the Armenian girls carried off by the robbers and never again heard of, are similarly devoted to these Mohammedan "domestic institutions and religious usages." Oh, the callousness of Europe that can stand by and look on!

Who will undertake the herculean task of regenerating this country? There is one man in Europe whom destiny seems to have specially prepared for this very emergency, and if he will accept the governorship of Armenia, no one else ought to be thought of. That man is Count Benjamin de Kallay, the Hungarian governor of Bosnia-Herzegovina. He has just completed precisely such a task as is presented in Armenia — the regeneration of a ruined country inhabited by hostile Christians and Mohammedans; and he has accomplished it with such success that his government is one of the marvels of modern times. It makes one's heart leap with joy to read the account given of it by M. de Blowitz in the *Nineteenth Century*, and one feels grateful to M. de Blowitz for recording Count de Kallay's motto, "The work which I have undertaken must be done not only with devotion, but also with pleasure and enthusiasm." A country which before 1878 was the scene of universal brigandage and almost

inaccessible, has become as secure as any other part of Europe. The railways, telegraphs, bridges, hotels, and the numerous schools have all been built out of the revenue of the country itself, now amounting to $4,200,000, about one-third that of Switzerland.

And how do the Mohammedans like this new government? It sounds almost like a tale of enchantment to learn that one of the Mohammedan chiefs who in 1878 offered the most desperate resistance to the Austro-Hungarian army, is now mayor of Sarajevo, the capital. The wonder ceases when it is found that the government extends its protection and financial aid *to the Christian and Mohammedan religions alike.* The fine tact and scrupulous delicacy which Count de Kallay has shown toward religious susceptibilities are a guarantee that no friction would arise between him and the Mohammedans of Armenia, nor between him and the sultan.

No fear need be entertained that he will democratize Armenia; like every man of action he is an autocrat whose power is almost unlimited in his province; but an autocrat of the stamp of Frederick the Great, who said, "I am the first servant of the state." Of course this reconstruction has not been accomplished without ceaseless hard work on the part of the governor and his associates. Prodigious capacity for work will also be required of him who would reconstruct Armenia. Then think of entrusting this heroic, this sacred task to a fat pasha, whose motto is "Yavash, dostlar!" (Slowly, friends!). Think of such a creature working "not only with devotion, but also with pleasure and enthusiasm"!

Being a Hungarian, Count de Kallay is singularly well adapted to conciliate the Turks, and especially the sultan, for the Hungarians are the nearest kin, and about the only real friends, that the Turks have in Europe, and the two nations are in fact well aware of this. Self-interest and gratitude for the protection afforded by the sultan to Kossuth and the other Hungarian refugees in 1849 impel the Hungarians to befriend Turkey, and they have often declared that the Turks will not be driven out of Europe if Hungary can prevent it. The appointment of Count de Kallay as governor of Armenia will draw the two nations still closer together, and as each is in sore need of the other's friendship, this may give rise to an exchange of good offices which may in time produce remarkable results. Stimulated by the example of Armenia, Turkey may at last undertake the work of her own reform, and develop the resources of her magnificent domain. If she does this, she cannot fail to regain a position in which she will be very well able to take care of herself against any foe, and need not listen to foreign dictation.

Of course this is possible only if she becomes so civilized that foreign dictation will not be necessary.

Then Hungary may discover that she did well to cast her bread upon the waters. In 1896 the Hungarians will celebrate the one-thousandth anniversary of the founding of their kingdom. Strive as they may, it will be a sad spectacle — the five millions of Magyars isolated in the midst of angry enemies, with not a friend near by save Poland, which is in bonds. How long can they continue to fan the flame of patriotism when there is so little fuel? But should the Sick Man on the Bosporus regain his health by the aid of a Hungarian doctor, Hungary will have a stanch friend, who will confirm her renewed lease of life with the signet of his sword-hilt; and her second millennium may be more glorious than the first.

A Hungarian, installed as governor of Armenia, would seem to be least likely to arouse the jealousies of other nations. Germany will favor such a solution, as tending greatly to increase the prestige of her closest ally, giving to Austria-Hungary, among other things, a large share in the commerce of Armenia. The same is true of Italy. The support of France may be counted on, because she has always been anxious to gain the good-will of Hungary, besides being always the foremost champion of humanity. England will be glad to be relieved, without detriment, of the responsibility incurred in 1878 and of the reproach of unfulfilled duty. The pacification of Armenia might, indeed, seem to deprive Russia of the only pretext for interference in Turkish affairs; but if Russia had been really planning to annex Armenia, she might have done so at any time during the last ten years. Tsar Nicholas and his two successors said repeatedly: "Our country is large enough. We do not desire to add to it, but to develop what we have." If such an utterance is believed when coming from the lips of an American, why should its sincerity be doubted when coming from a Russian?

It is doubtful whether Count de Kallay would be disposed to give up his labor of love in Bosnia-Herzegovina, or even whether Austria-Hungary could dispense with his services as minister of finance. Yet the work that beckons in Armenia might well tempt the most brilliant genius. Bosnia and Herzegovina have hardly had a history, and in all probability never will have any, because they lie apart from the world's highways. Armenia, on the other hand, appears as an important factor at the very dawn of history, contemporary with Egypt and Babylon. What treasures in monuments and historic records may yet lie hidden in her mountains! And what a future lies before this gifted race, if it be given a chance to develop its powers! What contributions to human progress may yet be expected from the intellect

that could not be bound down even by the most grinding tyranny! No doubt the gratitude of the poor Bosnians must be a precious treasure to Count de Kallay and to the noble wife who shares his labors; but this gratitude will not be diminished if the work is now committed to other trusty hands. At Sarajevo, after all, the noble pair stand in a niche; at Erzerum they will stand on a pedestal. To seize on that strategic point of commerce, the crossing of two of the most famous among historic highways; to wield the magic wand which is to resuscitate that commerce after its sleep of centuries; to watch the smile of peace and contentment spread over the face of that martyred country; to inscribe the name De Kallay at the beginning of an era of happiness and progress; to engrave it on the heart of a great historic people as that of their Restorer — what prospect could be more entrancing?

But if Count de Kallay cannot accept this task, let him nominate five of his subordinates, trained in his school of reconciliation and reconstruction, and out of these five let the sultan select one to be governor of Armenia.

To sum up. Certain journals tell us that the sultan is a most humane and well-meaning man, who is perhaps more grieved and shocked than anybody else at the Armenian atrocities. This is excellent news, for if such is the case, he will not hesitate a moment to employ the only means to prevent the recurrence of such atrocities, by appointing a European governor. We are also told, in illustration of Turkish toleration, that numerous Christians are employed by the Turkish government. We were indeed aware that this has been the case for the last four hundred years; we knew that while thousands of Christians were being impaled, roasted, flayed, ravished, enslaved, all over the empire, there were plenty of Christians in government employ. But if the Turkish government employs so many Christians, there can certainly be no good objection to employing one more — as governor of Armenia. Moreover the Turkish government has twice of its own accord promised to do this; hence it cannot be incompatible with its policy. The rule of the Christian governor in the Lebanon and of the Christian prince in Samos has proved not detrimental but beneficial to the empire. Nay more, without pretending to understand the tortuous ways of Turkish statecraft, one may fancy that the sultan, supposing that he is personally anxious to undertake this one attempt at honest reform, will be glad to find it demanded and supported by the unanimous voice of the civilized world.

Let it be clearly understood what is proposed. No harm is intended to Turkey or to the sultan. Armenia is to remain a Turkish province as before. The Mohammedan religion is not

to be interfered with any more than in Bosnia-Herzegovina, nor is any special favor to be shown to any Christian sect, beyond giving to all perfect liberty of belief and worship, and equal political rights. The Mohammedans of Armenia are to be benefited just as much as the Christians. The new governor is not to have more power than previous governors. The military organization is to remain entirely under the control of the authorities at Constantinople. There can be no doubt that, when life, honor, and property are safe, and when the revenue is applied to its proper purpose, wealth will rapidly accumulate and population increase, resulting in an immense accession of strength to the Turkish empire, perhaps saving it from destruction. Thus Turkey *as a nation* has everything to gain and nothing to lose by having a European governor in Armenia. The only objection will be that a number of hungry officials will be prevented from lining their pockets with the spoils wrung from Armenia's poverty.

In nearly every decade of this century a wave of indignation at some Turkish atrocity has swept over civilization. Each time threats were made and reforms promised. The agitation died away, till presently the world was horror-stricken at new atrocities. Perhaps no agitation ever reached such dimensions as that which has been aroused by the Sassoun massacres. Millions of hearts beat with shame and anger that such things should happen in the very face of civilization. But what will be the result? If there is no united action, all this tremendous force, this tempest of indignation, will come to nought. The Turks will hereafter be all the more careful to allow no news to leak out. The heart of humanity will be haunted by the question, "What is going on in Armenia?" and no answer will come, till after a while a cry of horror, louder than usual, will once more break forth from the silent prison. Let not such an ignominious failure be recorded to the eternal shame of humanity. *The next five years* must be years of resurrection, not of relapse. Let the united voice of the civilized world insist, not on new promises, but on the immediate adoption of the one indispensable and all-sufficient measure, the simple and palpably evident solution, the twice-promised reform — the appointment of a European governor for Armenia.

OLD GLORY.*

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

THOU art Freedom's child, Old Glory,
Born of Freedom's high desire,
Nursed amid the battle's ire,
Tried by thunderbolt and fire,
On the field and on the tide
Where our heroes, side by side,
Followed thee and fought and died
Gazing on thy stars, Old Glory.

We will stand by thee, Old Glory,
On the lands and on the waves,
For our babes and for our graves,
Though we stand or fall as slaves;
For thy stars are not to blame
For the treason, fraud, and shame
That pollute thy holy name
In our halls of state, Old Glory.

Knaves have stolen thee, Old Glory,
For their Babylonian bowers;
From their festal walls and towers
Droops the flag that once was ours;
O'er their crimes thy beauty trails,
And the old-time answer fails
When from chain-gangs, courts, and jails
Men appeal to thee, Old Glory.

Be our shield once more, Old Glory!
Lo! the world in travail pain
Turns and pleads to thee in vain
While through plundered vale and plain,
Stripped and bruised by licensed thieves,
Starving, begging for her sheaves,
Outcast Labor tramps and grieves,
With no help from thee, Old Glory.

We will rescue thee, Old Glory!
Bloodless may the process be,
Peaceful as the yearning sea
Anchored to the windless lee,—

* Dedicated to Eugene V. Debs and his fellow prisoners.

But if peace cannot avail,
Welcome tidal wave and gale,
Welcome lightning flame and hail
Till thy very stars turn pale
In the grander light, Old Glory.

If it must be so, Old Glory —
If blind error smite with force
Truth and justice at their source,
Suns and planets in their course —
Let the earthquake lift the deep,
Let the wild floods wake from sleep,
Let the crouching Terrors leap,
And where God's own toilers reap
We will carry thee, Old Glory.

THE PEOPLE'S HIGHWAYS.

BY PROF. FRANK PARSONS.

II.

Municipal Highways — Street-Car Lines, Telephones, etc.

What would you think of a 2-cent fare on the street cars of our cities? Would it not help the crowded cities to expand, and enable the smothered thousands of the poorer quarters to get out where they might breathe some air that has not been cooked? Would it not lower rents in the city, and the price of goods? Would it not save to the people millions of dollars a year that now go to build up the fortunes of a few monopolists?

Certainly it would do all this; but is it possible? Let us see.

We found in the first of these papers, that in an ordinary railway train — i. e., a train of reasonable length, and without parlor or Pullman cars — the cost of conveying a passenger one mile was less than $\frac{1}{5}$ of a cent with the cars well filled, and might be reduced to $\frac{1}{10}$ of a cent under the economies of public ownership. We saw that the German State Elevated Railway of Berlin actually makes a rate of $\frac{1}{10}$ of a cent a mile upon yearly tickets. It is even found that some of the private companies in the better settled districts of the United States make a season ticket rate of about $\frac{1}{2}$ a cent a mile, which under public ownership would fall to $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cent, even with the cars no fuller than at present. As the average distance travelled per passenger on the street cars of cities like Boston and New York is less than three miles (a transfer that would cost $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents, at the usual railway rates of $\frac{1}{2}$ cent a mile), it is clear that a 2-cent fare could be made to pay even under private ownership, unless it costs a good deal more to carry a passenger on a street car than on a railway. Let us examine this point.

The fact that the Pennsylvania Railroad, the New York, New Haven & Hartford, and the Reading are replacing steam with the trolley on some of their lines would indicate a belief on their part that the electric system of the tramways is a cheaper means of transportation than that in use on the railroads; which would lead to the conclusion that if steam railways can make a rate of $\frac{1}{2}$ a cent to $\frac{1}{10}$ of a cent a mile, then electric railways in equally populous districts can afford to make similar rates.

Fortunately we are not left in doubt — there is expert testimony in the case. Works of the highest authority * on the construction and operation of electric railways tell us that the average cost of running a standard car 1 mile is $11\frac{1}{3}$ cents, and give rules for correction in case of "long" cars, and to allow for differences in the price of coal, labor, etc., and for the addition of interest and depreciation. For Boston conditions, with a plant the size of the West End, these rules disclose a cost of $10\frac{1}{2}$ cents a car-mile, with good management, or $12\frac{1}{4}$ cents, including interest. At the very utmost, allowing all claims of the West End that cannot be shown beyond possibility of doubt to be faulty, and figuring interest at 8 per cent, even then the cost per car-mile would be only 14 cents.

Turning to page 19 of this West End report for 1894, we find that the total number of car-miles run during the year was 19,240,486, and the total receipts, $6,734,311. This gives an average of 35 cents received for each car-mile, and, as the total cost per car-mile, under Boston conditions and good management, is less than 14 cents, or $\frac{2}{5}$ of the receipts, we see that fares could be reduced from 5 cents to 2, and still allow at least 8 per cent profit on the investment required to secure existing facilities.

If the city had borrowed money at 3 or 4 per cent, and built the tramways, and the gas and electric light systems, and run them all in conjunction with one another, and with the police and fire departments, under a good civil service, the cost of moving a car would be less than 10 cents a mile, and 2-cent fares would yield a handsome profit of 28 per cent, without taking into account the increased traffic sure to result from low fares, which would further reduce the cost per passenger, and swell the profit. Even now, if the city would borrow money, and buy the trolley lines at a fair valuation, it could put the fares down to 2 cents, and save to the people 4 millions of the $6\frac{3}{4}$ millions they pay the monopoly every year, or $50 a voter and $10 a head. In New York City, 2-cent fares would save the people 12 millions of the 20 they yearly pay to the street cars and elevated roads. In Brooklyn they would soon save the people $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions, and in Philadelphia 5 millions at least.†

More than this, the increase of traffic consequent on the low rates would yield a margin that would permit the use of a sufficient number of cars to seat the travelling public, and justify the adoption of grooved rails, underground or storage power in place of the dangerous and detestably ugly overhead wires, and other improvements well known to science, but ignored or

* See full details and proof of the statements of this paragraph in Notes 1 and 2 at the end of the text of this article.

† For the situation in Philadelphia see Note 2 at the close of the text of this article.

rejected by the private companies because their beauty and safety require a little additional expense.

Numerous facts attest the justness of these conclusions. The Massachusetts Rapid Transit Commission found in *Budapest*, a city of 500,000 inhabitants, the capital of Hungary, a private electric-railway system, with underground power, and a fare of 2½ cents, on which a good profit was realized. The company pays a heavy tax to the city, puts aside a good reserve fund and a fund for the care of employees, and then pays 8 per cent dividends on its capital. Its accounts are open to the public. In *Berlin* the private street-car companies show 75 per cent of the fares 2½ cents, and an average fare on the total traffic of 3 cents per passenger. The operating expenses were a little more than half the company's income. Wherefore the average cost per passenger is only a little more than half of three cents, or about 1 cent and a half. And this is horse-car travel, which experts universally declare to be considerably more expensive than electric, a fact which even the West End reports correctly. Moreover, the Berlin company is at a further disadvantage in that it has 12 per cent fewer passengers to carry than the West End, and is subject to the orders of the city authorities, who show a most disagreeable tendency to serve the people's interests instead of the company's, even going so far as to compel it to run enough cars to supply all its patrons with seats. In *Great Britain* the average fare for every passenger who rides on the cars of the large city companies does not exceed three c nts, and the companies make a good profit. In Liverpool th e omnibus fare is 2 cents, and it is the same on the Birmingham street cars; and it is the duty of the police to see that seats are furnished for all who ride. In Liverpool, at places where numbers of passengers take the cars, the track is deflected so as to bring the car to the sidewalk. This enables a traveller to board a car without stepping into the muddy, team-crowded street. The rails are laid so that no part of them rises above the level of the street, the car-wheel flange running in a groove in the middle of the rail, which groove is so narrow that even the most delicate buggy-wheel is in no danger of being caught in it. A similar plan is used in laying the new roads in Budapest. It is a most admirable system, as it leaves the road from curb to curb as smooth as an asphalt pavement. In *Antwerp*, according to the United States consul's report (April, 1892, Publications of the Economic Assoc., Vol. 6, p. 611), there is a public cab-service, and a citizen who lives in the central region of the city can buy a commutation ticket for $2 a year that will enable him to go into the street any time of the day or night, and call a small cab or herdic, and go anywhere he chooses, and as many times a day as he chooses, all for $2 a

year; from that to $30 a year, if he lives in the outskirts of the city. In Boston such privileges with the herdics would cost you $150 to $200, and you would run the risk of having your neck broken, too. The *Berlin state roads* will give you one ride of 5 miles for 2½ cents; one month's commutation for 75 cents; two months for $1.25, or 5 miles for a cent; three months for $1.65; a whole year for $4.50, to go in and out, 5 miles, as often as you please, each day, or an average of over 10 miles for a cent. If you are out of town for two weeks or more, you can have your ticket extended for a corresponding time. You're a fine old gentleman, Uncle Sam, but Neighbor Fritz has one or two notions which you might adopt without injury to your reputation for common sense. In New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, it costs a man from $30 to $100 a year for the transportation he gets in Berlin for $4.50; and yet the German roads are making a profit of over 40 per cent on their passenger traffic.

Let us return from our trip to Europe. Between New York and Brooklyn we shall find the Bridge Car Line, owned by the two cities, and operated by faithful trustees. The structure was a very expensive one, costing 15 millions. The car line is not only paying interest but is liquidating the construction cost, yet the fare is only 2 cents. In Detroit the regular fare is 5 cents, 6 tickets for a quarter, and workingmen's tickets, good for morning and night, 8 for a quarter; and a new company is going to run with a 3-cent regular fare at retail. In Toledo, also, there is a low fare during certain hours. But *Toronto* is the city that excels all others in America in its treatment of the tramways. In 1891, the city bought its street-car system, and operated it at a profit of $25,000 a month, for 6 months. Then influence was brought to bear on the officers of the city, and the plant was sold to a private company with a 30 years' franchise. I hold in my hand a copy of the contract. The conditions of purchase are very remarkable. The company agreed to pay the city each year $800 per mile of track; 8 per cent on all gross receipts up to 1 million per annum; between 1 and 1½ millions, 10 per cent; between 1½ and 2 millions, 12 per cent; between 2 and 3 millions, 15 per cent; and on all over 3 millions, 20 per cent — on the principle of progressive taxation. The fares are to be 5 cents a single cash fare; 25 tickets for $1 or 6 for 25 cents; workingmen's tickets, good night and morning, 8 for 25 cents; school children's tickets, good from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M., 10 for 25 cents; children under 9, half fare; infants in arms, free.

The city engineer has full control over the company in respect to many vital matters. He is to see that a sufficient number of cars are run (no conductor shouting to a crowded aisle, as one did in Boston not long ago, "Move up there, move up! plenty

room! I had 90 on the other day, and there's only 80 on now; move up!"). The speed, as well as the service, on every part of the line is determinable by the city engineer with the council's approval. The company must introduce any improvement which the engineer and council order. It must keep the streets in repair, remove snow, etc. Its method of keeping its books and accounts is subject to the approval of the city engineer and auditors. The conductors are to announce clearly the names of all streets as the cars come to them. No employee can be required to work over 10 hours a day, nor more than 60 hours a week, nor more than 6 days in the week, etc.

This is, beyond comparison, the best agreement for the public ever made between a city and a street-car company; and yet the facts show that public ownership was better even than this, for while the city netted $25,000 a month when it operated the roads, it received only $200,000 a year from the company, or $17,000 a month; i. e., public ownership was more profitable by $8,000 a month, or 50 per cent better for the city, than private ownership, even with the finest contract ever known. Moreover, a great deal of time and energy has been spent in disputes between the company and the city officers as to the precise meaning of the contract. It is as plain as words can make it, but the company's reports state that its officers were "almost continually engaged in settling and trying to arrange disputed questions." The antagonism of interest is still there, and the company will fight every inch. Public ownership avoids this inharmony and the expense it entails, and instead of having a president and board of directors managing the road as nearly in the direction of the private interests of themselves and their stockholders as their ingenuity and influence enable them to do, while the city employs an engineer to watch the roads and its president and directors, and with infinite trouble compel them to do as they agreed, — instead of this complex and inharmonious system, with scheming, evasion, and rebellion in its heart, how much more sensible it would be to place the city engineer in immediate control of the roads.

Yet, imperfect as the present Toronto system is when compared with public ownership, it nevertheless puts to the blush our methods of dealing with the tramways. If Boston had such a contract as Toronto, it would not only enjoy low fares and good service, but would receive $1,300,000 a year from the West End (probably more, for the low fares would increase travel so much that the total receipts might be more than at present — more than we find reported at any rate); and this is but $\frac{1}{3}$ of the 4 millions benefit the city would receive, if it *owned* the roads.

Under a Toronto contract, New York City would receive

nearly 4 million dollars a year from her street-car and elevated roads, and the companies would even then retain 8 millions of profit beyond 10 per cent interest on the real investment — 8 millions which with public ownership would go with the 4 million to the people either in profits or lower fares, so that in Boston and New York public ownership would be 3 times as profitable to the people as the best sort of contract yet devised. Philadelphia, with a Toronto agreement, would receive not quite 2 millions a year from her street railways. And all with 4-cent, 3-cent, and 2½-cent tickets, and a seat for every traveller.

Neither would the private companies be left without a profit. In Toronto we have seen that the company realized $8,000 a month at the start, and the report for 1894 shows a net profit for the company of over $20,000 a month. I have in my hand a letter from Mayor Kennedy, enclosing statistics from the city engineer. The points especially worthy of note are the relation of operating expenses to earnings, and the movement of that relation:

Years.	Gross Earnings.	Operating Expenses.
1892	$820,098	$590,333
1893	900,232	537,597
1894	958,570	517,707

First, as the business has grown, the operating expenses have decreased, not merely in relation to receipts, but absolutely. Second, in 1892 the cost of operation was 71 per cent of the earnings at the low fares in force and the high relative expense of a small system. In 1894 the cost of operation was only 54 per cent — a little more than half the receipts, with the same low fares, and a plant still very diminutive compared to those in our large cities. Toronto has only 80 miles of track; Boston has 273, New York 375, Philadelphia 455. Boston car lines do 6 times the business of the Toronto system, Philadelphia 8 times, and New York 20 times. The conductors and motormen in Toronto get $16\frac{2}{10}$ cents an hour; correcting to Boston wages, the expenses would have been 60 per cent of the earnings. Applying the law of relative diminution of expense with increase of business ($\frac{1}{5}$ off, according to Massachusetts Rapid Transit Engineers, p. 90 of report, when the business doubles in volume per given area of plant; nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ off, according to the actually observed facts in Austro-Hungary when business is thus doubled), there can be no doubt that even with Toronto rates in Boston and Philadelphia the expenses would be less than 40 per cent of the earnings, and in New York below 30 per cent. The average fare on the Toronto system would be between 3 and 4 cents. Suppose it were 4 cents; 40 per cent of this would be 1.6 cents — in other words, the experience of Toronto indicates an oper-

ating cost of 1½ cents per passenger in Boston and Philadelphia and still less in New York. So again we come to the conclusion that 2-cent fares would pay a good margin in our largest cities now, even without the increase of business sure to be developed by lower rates. This conclusion is again confirmed by the estimates of the engineers employed by the Massachusetts Rapid Transit Commission. The figures will be found in foot note.*

Looking back over the whole argument we find that analogy with steam roads, expert testimony, and recorded facts unite in making it evident that a 2-cent charge is sufficient. If Toronto owned her roads, she could pay her way and more, considering the increased traffic, on a uniform 2-cent fare, even with a little plant in a city of 150,000 people. In Berlin, Budapest, and the large English cities, a 2-cent charge leaves a handsome margin for profit and improvement. If the transfer companies in any of our large cities *cannot* give the people a 2-cent rate, it is because they are not so well managed as foreign companies, or have more water in their constitution, or more legislation to buy, or a combination of these evils; in which predicament it is the duty of the city to take the roads, squeeze the fraud and water out of them, and see that they are wisely managed in the public interest. If the companies *can* give the people a 2-cent fare, and will not, then equally it is the city's duty to take the roads and save the people's money from the grasp of monopoly.

I have dwelt thus fully upon the financial aspects of public ownership of street-car systems, because it is the argument most likely to move the people to action. As the little boy said in his "Essay on Man," "Man is a small animal that walks on his hind legs, feeds in the daytime, sleeps at night, and is very tame — you can put your hand on him anywhere and he won't kick, unless you touch him on the pocket-book." I want to touch the pocket nerve. Yet, intrinsically, although beyond a doubt cheap transportation will be of vast importance to the industrial, moral, sanitary, and artistic welfare of the city, there are other considerations that seem to me more weighty than any reduction of rates.

* The Massachusetts Rapid Transit Commission, p. 90, *et. seq.*, give the result of estimates by their Board of Engineers to the effect that an elevated road could be built in Boston, 13½ miles double track, for $12,000,000, and operated with 200,000 passengers a day at less than 2 cents a passenger trip. The Manhattan Elevated of New York, 32.4 miles double track, with 500,000 passengers a day, showed a cost of about 2½ cents a trip for one passenger, but the Boston engineers found that the New Yorkers had charged up new construction to operating expenses, so that their accounts are not to be relied upon — they show a cost much higher than the reality. Even the estimates of the Boston engineers are probably too high, as they are confessedly based on the units of expense reported by private roads under the pressure and wastes of competition and having only 85,000 passengers a day. The West End has 400,000 passengers a day instead of the 200,000 in the above estimate, the average length of haul per passenger is less than ½ what it would be on the elevated, and electricity is cheaper than steam; if the elevated could carry its passengers at 2 cents cost per trip, it is clear that the West End can carry its patrons at a still lower cost — so that the estimates of the Transit Commission and its engineers confirm the conclusion arrived at in the text from so many different lines of evidence.

Political purity demands the public ownership of these great monopolies. Here is a legislative investigation of the West End in 1890 (House Document 585). The committee found that the West End had, in one year, paid or promised the following sums to influence legislation:

To lobbyists	$22,000
To an attorney, for services, influence, etc., in procuring legislation	10,000
To another, ditto	500
For dinners to members of legislature, at the Algonquin Club	1,922
For carriages for said members	584
To newspapers for printing speeches, arguments, etc., gotten up by West End	7,500
	$42,506

Besides this the committee found that "large sums" had been paid to other petitioners to withdraw. It is altogether improbable that the committee came within hailing distance of all the expenditures in the case, and perhaps the most vicious of them escaped the light; but enough was discovered to give us a clew to some of the items in the West End's overgrown expense account.

Some years ago in New York the aldermen were bribed to give a tramway franchise through the middle of Broadway. A few of the malefactors were convicted, and a law was passed requiring that city franchises should be sold to the highest bidder. But the established tramway and elevated systems continue to take great interest in the city officers. Their immunity from proper regulation or any necessity to regard the public welfare depends upon this interest.

Twenty years ago it was largely the control of the principal street-car line and the votes and political services of its employees that enabled "Boss" McManes and his ring to rule the Quaker City. And to-day it is matter of common knowledge in Philadelphia, assumed by the entire press of the city as an established and undisputed major premise, that the traction companies control the councils and aim to dominate the city elections and even the mayor's office in their own behalf. Such facts could be multiplied indefinitely, but these illustrations are sufficient to show that the tramways have not been slow to imitate the execrable political tactics of the steam roads.

Justice in another way points to the need of public ownership. The West End is capitalized at 4 or 5 times the fair investment for the business it reports; its capitalization is much too large or its business and receipts are larger than it reports them. In either case its 5 or 6 per cent interest and 7 to 8 per cent dividends represent about 30 per cent profit on the proper invest-

ment for the business done, and the total profit is about 70 per cent on the required investment.* In the capitalization of the New York Elevated there are about 5 parts of water to 1 of solid, according to legislative investigation. And as to the street-car lines, the New York Real Estate Commission said in February, 1893, "Your commission well know that the stock of the street-railway companies represents millions of watered value, upon which the people of this city have to pay, and will be compelled hereafter to pay, millions annually." In the Brooklyn traction company, according to the legislative investigation of February, 1895, the water is 7 to 1, and an innocent-looking dividend of 3 per cent is really a dividend of 20 per cent on the actual investment. In Philadelphia, according to the figures cited by the Municipal League (Tract 1, pp. 8–10), for some of the leading companies, the relation between fluid and solid is about the same as in Brooklyn. The figures are as follows: Amount paid in, $5,840,905; increase in market value of the stock, $38,639,000 — or nearly 7 to 1.

If these cities are samples, $170,000,000 of the $205,870,000 stock of electric roads in the United States (January, 1894) is nothing but water, leaving less than 36 millions of solid value. The *Street Railway Journal* for July, 1892, says that stock-watering has "come to stay," and is on the increase — "never before in our history has so much of it been done as in the last few years." In this particular line of strategy, the tramways surpass the steam roads.

The watering of stock, of the inanimate order, is a most pernicious practice, because it protects the enormous extortions of the companies by hiding them from the people, checkmates any reduction of fares by commissions or boards of regulation by confronting them with innocent holders of purchased stock, and compels the people, when they come to buy the plant, to pay many times its value.

If the street-car lines in Boston and vicinity had become public property in 1860, it would have been worth to the people in rates and values from that day to this, 75 millions, at a moderate estimate. In Philadelphia such a transfer would have been worth 120 millions, in New York 250 millions, in Chicago more than 100 millions, — considering in each case the value to the people of the plant they would now possess, and the amount they would have saved through lower rates in the past; such are the sums the masses of the people have lost in 35 years through ignorance of the value of public ownership. And if they continue ignorant or inert for 30 years more the indications from present margins and rates of growth announce the warning probability that 200

* For an examination of the West End report for 1894 see Note 3 at the close of this article.

millions in Boston, 300 in Philadelphia, 500 in New York, and 600 in Chicago, will be transferred from the pockets of the people to the coffers of a little group of capitalists who own and manage the tramways. In Chicago the three great companies are openly paying dividends of from 9 to 24 per cent — amounting in the aggregate to 12½ millions a year net profits (above all expenses, taxes, and interest charges) upon 26½ millions of watered stock.

Public safety and convenience join in the plea for public ownership. The Brooklyn trolleys have killed 104 persons in the two years of their existence. In Budapest the cars are provided with a cushioned fender which makes it totally impossible to run over anyone. A few years ago, in Philadelphia, a man invented a safety attachment for street cars. On trial with stuffed arms, legs, heads, and bodies, it was found that in every instance they were rolled from the track uninjured. The presidents of the tramways met to discuss the advisability of adopting the new invention. "What will it cost? " they asked. "Fifty dollars a car," was the answer. The presidents ciphered up the total cost, compared it with the damages they had been paying for accidents, and concluded it was cheaper to run over people and pay for it, and so they would not protect the cars. The roads take no interest in the safety of the city or its beauty, or they would never have adopted the ugly and dangerous trolley and pushed it through the councils against the protests of the people and the mayor and the foremost engineers, when a little more investment would have provided a much better and safer system. As to public convenience and comfort, the street-car magnates care no more about them than they do for safety. The sole question with them is profit; and safety, comfort, and convenience are of moment only in respect to their bearing on dividends. The companies will not warm the cars, nor adopt the improved Pullman car till the old ones are worn out, and maybe not then, nor even run enough cars to seat their patrons. In any of our larger cities day after day hundreds of cars may be seen crowded to overflowing — seats full, aisles so dense that the conductor can scarcely wedge his way through to get the fares, and both platforms loaded to the pressure of a mob; and if you ask the managers for better treatment they tell you that the people on the straps make dividends. They do not care; they have a monopoly; and we shall have to stand it till we get sufficient sense to become the owners of the monopoly ourselves.

The objections to public ownership of street-car lines are the same as are made in the case of railways. They will be found, with their answers, in the preceding paper on "National Highways." The remaining arguments for municipal ownership of tramways are also substantially the same as for national owner-

ship of railways. It will help civil-service reform by increasing the need for it. It will improve the condition of employees, by guaranteeing them against removal except for cause, and also by better wages, shorter hours, freedom from tyrannical control, a share in the government of the roads, and liberty of agitation for any desired change of policy, without the discharge which is certain to reward any such exhibition of public spirit now.

The civil wars we call strikes would not occur under public ownership, for two reasons; first, it would be hopeless to oppose the power of the whole city; and second, the ballot would offer a much simpler and easier means of redressing the wrongs of the workers or the public. Brooklyn has just had an object lesson in the beauties of private monopoly in street cars, similar to the sermon that the railroad strike in Chicago preached to Uncle Sam. Thousands of men were thrown out of work in the midst of winter; public business was interfered with — no cars running, a whole city-full compelled to walk many miles through the snow to their daily work; property destroyed, innocent persons mobbed, law and order and all the interests of the public at a discount; and in the end the strikers lose their places instead of gaining the increase of pay they desired. If workmen would stop striking and go to voting they would accomplish a great deal more. Vote for officers who will push public ownership, and the higher wages will come then without giving up your employment, and without the losses and dangers of a strike, which, besides its intrinsic evils, is apt to embitter the public against the authors of the disturbance.

Public ownership will diminish gambling, fraud, and corruption, produce an absolute and a relative economy, lower rates, afford increased facilities, improved methods, and proper attention to public comfort, convenience, and safety, give the city more room and better health, help to solve the problems of the tenement, the sweat-shop, and the slums, check the power of private monopoly, aid the diffusion of wealth and the movement toward coöperation, and remove the antagonism between public and private interest which causes the evils we have been considering. Nothing but public ownership can do this. President Whitney of the West End declared that the more rigid the restrictions imposed upon private street-car companies, the more persistently they would force themselves into politics, and by cunning devices conceal unlawful profits. Certainly no higher authority on such matters can be found than Mr. Whitney. The *Western Electrician* has called attention to the same point — both protests being meant to show the futility of trying to control the companies; it would only entail additional expense — better let them alone.

As with the steam roads so here, the analogy is in favor of public ownership, and the drift of public sentiment and authority is in that direction. The mayors of Detroit, Chicago, Toledo, and New Haven have advocated municipal ownership and operation of street-car lines. Some members of the Rapid Transit Commissions of New York and Massachusetts have done the same. Professor Ely of the Wisconsin University, B. O. Flower of THE ARENA, Dr. Lyman Abbott of the *Outlook*, Dr. Taylor of the *Medical World*, President Walker of the Massachusetts Institute, and a host of other eminent and public-spirited men favor the municipalization of such monopolies. A mass meeting of citizens in Cleveland and another in Brooklyn have petitioned for it; the solid business men of the New York Board of Real Estate demand it; and the Denver Conference of the Federation of Labor, December, 1894, representing more than 1,000,000 workmen, voted overwhelmingly for it.

In Great Britain 33 cities own their tramways, and Glasgow, Plymouth, and Huddersfield have entered upon the operation of them. London, also, under the leadership of John Burns, has moved in the same direction, beginning with a single line. Port Arthur in Ontario owns and operates a tramway. In Australia and New Zealand, also, municipal ownership has begun. In Germany Kopernick, Weisbach, and some smaller cities, own the street-car lines; and in 1911, the tramways of Berlin will become public property by expiration of their charter. In Paris the forfeiture of the roads to the government has already taken place. In Switzerland, Zurich decided last year to own and operate its street-car systems. And last, but by no means least pleasant to recite, New York City has voted to build a municipal underground electric 4-track road. When a city needs larger facilities than it has it is wise to begin with a new municipal plant. This competition will wring some of the water out of the old companies by reducing the swollen value of their stocks, and the city can then send its agents into the market quietly, and buy a controlling interest in the street-railway stocks, run the roads at a profit till they pay for themselves, and then give the people good service at cost. To buy the roads in this way would probably require no more than a third or a fourth of their capitalization — 6 or 8 millions for Boston — in original expenditure. Let us elect men to the legislature who will give our cities home rule, so that they may have a right to build or purchase railways whenever they wish, and also the right to demand a vote on the question at the polls, and the thing is done.*

*For further information upon the subject of this article see "The Electric Railway," Crosby & Bell; the report of the Massachusetts Rapid Transit Commission (1892); New York ditto; reports of Massachusetts Road Commissioners; reports of United States consuls on transportation; Providence Advance Club Pamphlet on "Street Railways,"

There is another highway to which municipalities should give attention. While we are waiting for a national telephone, united with the postoffice, as in many foreign countries, our cities will find it much to their advantage to municipalize the local service. It will be wise to move quickly, for a new company has been formed, with more than 80 millions of capital, to compete with the Bell. They have bestowed $362,000 in stock on each of two Philadelphia bosses for their influence in council. They are bribing legislatures and city governments to get the franchises they wish. They will spend a mint of money in rival plants, fight a bit, may be, then combine with their opponents, as the telegraph, gas, electric companies, etc., have done, water themselves tremendously, and make twice as powerful a combination for the public to overcome and twice as costly a plant, with 4 or 5 times as much capitalization, for the people to buy and pay for.

The present rates in the United States are extortionate to the last degree. In Boston the annual rent of a telephone is from $75 to $156, within a mile of an exchange, with extras reaching to $200 for greater distances. In Philadelphia the charge for an ordinary house telephone runs from $100 to $250 a year. In New York the usual rate is $240 a year. The charge for 5 minutes' use of the long distance telephone between New York and Chicago is $10.

The public telephone of Germany costs a subscriber $36 a year; in England the charge is $35.70 a year; in New Zealand, $24 a year; in Switzerland $24 the first year, $20 the second, $16 the third; in Sweden $10 a year, put in free of cost, and connected with every city in the kingdom. Such are the rates of public telephones. It is not low wages, for wages and machinery are higher in New Zealand than in the United States. It is not inefficient service, for the service is good in all these countries, and United States Consul Byers, at St. Gall, declared officially May 5, 1892, that the Swiss telephone service was the

setting forth the Toronto contract in full; Rev. Walter Vrooman's recent work, "Public Ownership"; the *Ægis*, Wisconsin University, Mar. 3, 1893; "Urban Transit," by Sylvester Baxter in the *Cosmopolitan* November, 1894; Tract No. 1, Philadelphia Municipal League; Census Bulletin 55; New York Board of Real Estate Reports, and legislative investigation of the "Elevated," etc.

When the Williams, or Cook, or Thomas aërial railways are built, it looks as if we should travel at the rate of 150 to 200 miles an hour on a daintily suspended system, a railroad on a wire, with perfect safety, and at lower cost than by any present method. What a pity that the government will not build these new roads at the start, instead of leaving them to be monopolized and watered and manipulated for private gain!

When Lilienthal perfects his willow wings perhaps we may go to California with the birds, with no expense but the purchase of a pair of unpatented and easily constructed, and therefore inexpensive wings, and with no source of power but the wind. From the enormous charges of street railway companies we might suppose they imagined that the age of flying soon to come would make their railways useless, and that they must hasten to accumulate their everlasting fortunes before the earth is forsaken for the empire of the air. I suspect, however, that street railways will be of considerable use even after flying becomes fashionable, and that their patronage will steadily increase as it has in spite of the bicycle. It is a good thing, nevertheless, for the roads to charge outrageously, because the people will the sooner be impelled thereby to make them public, and gain another stage in the journey to coöperation.

best in the world. It is not that the business is a losing one; it pays for itself and more at the quoted rates. No, it is simply the economy and public spirit of an enterprise owned by the people, united with the postoffice, and managed for the good of the community instead of for dividends.

How long, my friends, will you pay for your telephones ten times what they are worth? How long are you going to act like the deaf and dumb man at Twain's California lecture, who never saw a point nor moved a muscle? How long will you sacrifice the future interests of yourselves and your children on the altars of careless indifference and criminal neglect?

NOTE 1. —COST OF MOVING A STREET CAR ONE MILE.

If we go to the splendid Engineering Library of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and ask Professor Allen for the highest authority on the trolley, he will give us Crosby & Bell on "The Electric Railway," a recent work (1892, second edition, 1893) most carefully prepared by thoroughly competent engineers. Turning to p. 309 *et seq.*, we find a detailed statement of the cost of building and operating a trolley system. The average cost of running a standard car 1 mile is ascertained to be 11½ cents in a small plant, less in a large plant—the larger the plant the less the cost per car-mile. Pres. John N. Beckley of the Rochester Railway Company, at a meeting of the Street Railway Association of New York, reports the cost of operating electric cars as 11 to 11⅝ cents, with a plant running 44 cars. The *Electrical World*, also a high authority, reports, Oct. 31, 1891, the statistics for 22 trolley systems, and the average cost of moving a car 1 mile is 11 cents, taking into account all items except interest; if interest at 6 per cent on the capitalization, water and all, is included, the total average cost per car-mile for the twenty-two companies is 14 cents. Seven representative companies give an average operating expense of 9.83 cents per car-mile. One road reports an average cost per car-mile of only 7.8 cents. It pays its men $2 for a day of 12 hours. Its fuel, however, is cheap. Correcting to Boston prices according to the rules given in Crosby & Bell, the cost per car-mile would be about 9 cents. That is what can be done with good management even in a small plant with 40 miles of track and 225 cars. With a large plant like the West End still better results ought to be attainable, according to the universal law of business that the larger the scale of production the lower the cost per unit of product.

The details for a standard car in a system operating 1 to 3 cars per mile of track are as follows (Crosby p. 320):

	Cost per car-mile.
Power delivered on line	1.35 cents
Repairs on cars	1.72 "
Repairs on line	.43 "
Maintenance of roadway	1.08 "
Conductors and motormen	4.50 "
General expenses, salaries of officers, taxes, insurance, etc.	2.00 "
Accidents	.25 "
Operating expenses per car-mile	11.33 cents

Adding 5 per cent interest on the needed investment, we have, according to Crosby, 1½ cents interest charge per car-mile, or 12.83 cents for the total cost of moving a car 1 mile. Depreciation is allowed for by Crosby in his estimates of cost of power, repairs, and maintenance.

Let us correct these averages to Boston conditions according to the data and principles of Crosby & Bell and the *Electrical World*. Labor of motormen and conductors is figured in the above at 18 cents an hour, or 36 cents for the two men. In Boston it is 22 cents an hour, or 44 cents for both men. The cars make 8 miles an hour on the average—that is what Crosby figures, citing the facts in many places; it is what the *Electrical World* reports, and it is, by actual frequent experiment, below the speed of the West End cars except on Tremont Street from Boylston to Hanover and in a few other congested districts. Dividing 44 by 8 we have 5.5 cents as the limit of cost per car-mile in Boston for conductors and motormen.

The average estimate for power is on the basis of 1 to 3 cars per mile of track. The West End reports 2,115 cars and 273 miles of track, or $7\frac{7}{10}$ cars per mile. Some of these are idle; the average number in operation runs from 4 to 6 per mile. On pp. 286 and 314 of Crosby we learn that the larger the plant and the more cars per mile the less the cost of power per car-mile, just as it costs less per lamp to run several hundred clustered arcs than a few scattered ones. On pp. 283 and 314 we find that a plant like the

West End, with good management, can get its power at a cost of .85 of a cent a horse-power hour, with coal at $3 a ton. The coal used in the power stations can be bought in New York for $2 to $3 a ton in large quantities, and shipped by water at a cost of $3 to $4 delivered in Boston. I have received information this winter from the engineer of one of the largest power stations in the city, using the same coal as the West End, that $4 is the cost at the works. The itemized statements of actual cost of operating an electric plant (pp. 282 and 315 of Crosby) show that coal constitutes from 50 to 60 per cent of the cost in a good-sized station, so that adding ½ to the cost of coal would add ⅓ of 60 per cent, or 20 per cent, to the cost of a horse-power hour; 20 per cent of .85 cents = .17 cents, which added to .85 cents makes 1.02 cents per horse-power hour. One horse-power hour yields 1.2 car-miles (p. 314), so that, dividing $1.02 by 1.2, and adding 15 per cent for Boston's better payment of labor in the station, the cost of power under Boston conditions as to coal, size of plant, etc., should be 1 cent per car-mile for a car of standard length. For the "long cars," 50 per cent is to be added (p. 314). Even if we suppose ½ the West End cars to be "long" ones, which is more than the truth, we shall have the result that the average cost of power delivered to the West End cars ought not to exceed 1.25 cents per car-mile. Many companies make it much less — some even as low as ½ cent. The report of the West End that it costs them 7 to 8 cents a car-mile indicates, either absurdly and incredibly poor management, or a very slight regard for the truth, or a confusion of the cost of electric power with the cost of legislative power — champagne dinners, carriage rides, lobby expenses, payments to the newspapers at advertising rates for the publication of long addresses flavored with West End doctrine, etc.

Repairs on cars will average about the same as above — the lower cost in the cars not fitted with motors balancing the slightly higher cost of long-car repairs. The *World's* average from the 22 trolley companies is 1.8 cents.

Repairs on line with 4 to 6 cars per mile will not run more than 2 or 3 tenths of a cent to a car-mile. The *World* reports the average as .12 of a cent.

Maintenance of road in the above estimate was taken by Crosby at the West End's own figures, the statistics on this point being very meagre at the time Crosby wrote the first edition of his book. In a note to the second edition (p. 319), however, he calls attention to the statistics we have mentioned in the *Electrical World*, showing, by the experience of 22 electric railways, that the average cost of road repair is .54 of a cent, or just half the West End's claim.

General expenses are placed at 2 cents with 1 to 3 cars per mile; some roads report only .7 of cent, others 1 cent per car-mile even for small plants. With 4 to 6 cars a mile the general expenses ought to be less than 1 cent per car-mile.

For accidents the West End reports .57 of a cent per car-mile. The 22 companies report an average of .06 of a cent. With careful selection and instruction of motormen the damages paid by the company for their carelessness ought to be reduced almost or quite to nothing; but motormen being human, and having no partnership interest in the concern, and the railway managers too busy at the State House to pay much attention to selecting or training employees, and Boston being a crowded city, we will take the high rate of .25 of a cent per car-mile for accidents.

We now have

For Boston	*Cost per car-mile.*
Power delivered on line	1.25 cents
Repairs on cars	1.72 "
Repairs on line	.30 "
Maintenance of roadway	.54 "
Conductors and motor men	5.50 "
General expenses	1.00 "
Accidents	.25 "
Operating expenses per car-mile	10.56 cents

That is, the West End ought to be able to move a car one mile for 10½ cents.

Now for the investment. The cost of track construction (derived from the data on p. 20 of the West End report for 1894) is $12,500 per mile, which sufficiently agrees with Crosby to be accepted. A mile of first-class iron poles in position on both sides of the street costs $2,700 (Crosby, p. 310), and as a mile of poles with the West End double-track system usually answers for two miles of single track, we have about $1,400 per mile for poles. The trolley wire in place, with span wires, insulators, etc., costs $700 a mile, and the feeders $1,000 (Crosby, 310, 311). Total $15,600 a mile for roadway (rails, paving, and underground wiring) and trolley system complete. The West End has nearly 8 cars per mile, but to give the company every advantage, suppose only ¾ of the cars, or 6 per mile, are in use, then the track and trolley investment per car would be $2,600. The average value of the West End cars by their own report is $2,500. Machinery required in power station per car operated = $1,350 (Crosby, p. 312). Real estate needed per car $750 (*Ibid.*). Total investment per car operated = $7,200. The investment per car-mile is found by dividing the total investment per car operated by the number of miles such car averages during the year, the higher the mileage the less the investment and interest per car-mile. Crosby (p. 313) takes 35,000 miles as the average yearly run per car, or a little less than 100 miles a day. He does this in order to make a safe estimate for a plant of moderate size. Many places show a higher mileage. East Harrisburg reports 116 miles per car per day (Crosby, p. 315). Rochester

shows 120 miles per car per day. In a city like Boston, with its numerous theatre-goers and other late travellers, the average can hardly be less than in Rochester — is probably higher. In order, however, to get the utmost limit of car-mile investment and interest we will take the 35,000 average. (1) Dividing $7,200 by 35,000 we have 20.4 cents for the maximum needed investment per car-mile, with 6 cars to the mile and none idle. Interest on this at 5 per cent would be about 1 cent a year, which, added to the operating expense above tabulated, gives 11⅓ *cents total average cost, interest and all, of moving a car one mile in Boston with good management.* (2) If only 4 cars were in use per mile, the track and trolley investment per car would be $3,900, and the total investment per car operated would be $8,500, which gives 24.3 cents required investment per car-mile, or 1.22 cents interest, and 11¾ cents total cost of running a car 1 mile. (3) Considering open cars for summer use, etc., if we suppose that on the average, the year round, the West End stores one idle car for every car in use (which is above the fact) we shall have at the utmost a further investment of $3,200 per car in operation ($2,500 for the stored car and $750 for its proportion of real estate, which is high, for a stored car does not need so much real estate as an active car). This would give 9 cents additional investment per car-mile, or half a cent interest, and 12 to 12¼ cents total cost, interest and all, of moving a car 1 mile in Boston, allowing for an idle system equal in size to the active one.

Such are the results at 100 miles per car per day. If we take 120 miles, which is much nearer the truth for Boston, the interest and investment per car-mile in each case will drop one-sixth. In (1) the investment will be 17 cents per car-mile, the interest .85 of a cent. In (2) the investment will be 20 cents and the interest 1 cent. In (3) the investment will be 24½ to 27½ cents per car-mile, the interest 1¼ to 1½, and the utmost total cost, interest and all, of moving a car in Boston will be 11¾ to 12 cents a mile. Even if we were to allow the large claims of the West End in respect to accidents, maintenance of road, and those mysterious "general expenses," and figure interest on a proper investment at 8 per cent instead of 5 per cent, we should still find the cost of moving a car one mile to be only 14 cents.

Note 2.—Philadelphia, Cost per Car per Day.

It may seem strange, but it is true that the Philadelphia companies refuse to give me any statistics of their business. I applied to several of them and received nothing but assurances that the companies would not furnish facts. The returns they make to the state secretary of internal affairs are so incomplete as to be of no value. There is one way, however, of getting a little idea about Philadelphia roads. I have for a long time made it a custom to ask conductors how many passengers they carried in a day. The lowest answer I ever received was "4 or 5 hundred, it is the dull season now." Generally the figures were 6 to 8 hundred, sometimes 10 hundred or more. In Boston on a busy day one of the long cars will carry 20 to 25 hundred. Take 600 as the average for a conductor in Philadelphia (to be sure not to put it too high); that means $30. From the estimates in *Note 1* we know that it costs about 10½ cents to run a car 1 mile in Philadelphia. One conductor runs 10 to 12 hours, or 80 to 100 miles, so that the total cost to the company is $9 to $11 for running the car during the time it is taking $30, wherefore ⅔ of the present receipts, or 2-cent fares, would still leave a margin of profit without any increase of traffic; with this increase the margin would be very large.

While this article was in the printer's hands I came upon the estimates of Engineer F. H. Whipple, in his work on "The Electric Railway," 1889. The *day* is his basis of calculation. For the overhead system he estimates (p. 194) the mechanical running expenses at $4 a day for each car in a large city plant, or 3 to 3½ dollars for the term of one conductor; adding general expenses and wages of conductor and motor man, $5.30, we have not more than $9 per car for the said term. For the full car-day we have $4 + $2.50 for "depreciation and interest" + $7 for general expenses and wages as above, which would make a total cost, interest and all, of $13.50 for the entire car-day, during which the receipts in our largest cities run nearer to $40 than $30. Dividing by 120, the number of miles in a fair day's city run (see Note 1), we have 11⅓ cents total cost per car-mile. With 100 miles for a daily run the car-mile cost would be 13½ cents. These figures and those of *Note 1* are probably above the truth for the Philadelphia Traction Company, because the cost of coal in the Quaker City is below that assumed in all the above calculations.

Whipple's estimates for horse cars give about $14.50 a car-day, or 16 cents per car-mile total cost. The Rochester horse roads show an operating cost of 10 to 11 cents without conductors, which indicates 13½ to 15 cents total cost for a horse-car mile. The cost per car is a little more each day with horses than with electricity, and the horse-car does not make so many miles as the electric.

Note 3.—West End Profits, Expenses, and Capital.

Report of 1894 Examined.

Of course the West End Company does not admit that it is realizing 30 to 70 per cent profit on the actual investment. They figure their operating expenses at 25 cents a car-mile, and their receipts at 35 cents a car-mile, leaving 10 cents profit, or 40 per cent on their claimed expenses, and 8 per cent on their claimed investment of 24

millions. We have seen in *Note 1* that Crosby & Bell and other expert electricians, some of them presidents of electric railways, place the operating expenses at 11½ cents a car-mile (or less than ½ the West End claim), and the fair capitalization at 20 to 30 cents a car-mile, or less than 6 million dollars for the 19,240,000 car-miles reported by the West End — about ½ of what is claimed by the West End. According to the experts 4 to 6 millions would cover the building and equipment, the entire capitalization of a well constructed plant able to do the business the West End reports itself as doing. Crosby & Bell and the rest *may* be wrong, but there is an immense mass of facts that agree with them, and disagree with the West End, and they have no interest to understate the truth, while the West End has every reason to overstate it.

Let us examine the company's report for 1894. Under the head of operating expenses we find $536,000 for *maintenance* of track; but this same report shows that $192,000 of this was for track *construction* last year and $80,617 was for track *construction* this year, or a total of $272,807 in the $536,000 (over half of it) that has no right to be put in operating expenses at all — it is investment; the company might as well put the whole cost of constructing the entire road, or total cost of the plant, in the operating expenses.

Then we find $418,874 for general expenses. The great Boston & Albany passenger system, with 388 miles of track, claims only $164,400 for general expenses; and the Old Colony, with its 618 miles, or more than double the 273 miles of the West End, claims only $295,000 for the general expenses of its passenger service. These systems pay their officers pretty high salaries, too, but they may not have so much business at the State House and the Algonquin Club as the West End has, or perhaps they do not understand the science of puff-ball bookkeeping so well as the West End.

We next discover 2¼ millions transportation expenses (power and labor of conductors, motormen, starters, etc.). The transportation expenses of the Boston & Albany passenger system are nearly a million dollars less, and even the giant Old Colony system figures $330,000 less than the West End. The data of Crosby & Bell, allowing for Boston prices (see *Note 1*), give $1,293,000 transportation expenses as the proper sum for the 19,240,000 car-miles reported by the West End. Including power and labor, and excluding accidents, as the West End does in making up this item, "transportation," the average transportation expense for the 22 trolley companies reported in the *Electrical World* (see *Note 1*) is found to be 6¼ cents a car-mile, which would be $1,266,000 for the West End's 20 million car-miles. It is sufficiently evident that West End mathematics proceed upon different principles from those to be found in the arithmetic.

Let us turn to the capitalization upon which the company has to pay dividends and interest. It is shown on pp. 8 and 9. The construction of 273 miles of track is figured at $6,135,484, or nearly $23,000 a mile. We have no need of the expert books here, for, on p. 20 of this very same West End report, we find, after deducting 6¾ miles of betterment at the rates given above on the same page, that the construction of 10 miles of new electric track of the best grade is reported at $12,500 a mile, paving and all, which would make the total account a little over half the company's figure ($6,135,484) if the whole 273 miles were electric track of the best sort, which was by no means true, 130 miles being without the heavy girder, and 36 miles lacking as yet the electric underground equipment. Crosby's figure for track construction with paving and underground wiring where there are no special engineering difficulties is $10,600 a mile.

We come now to "real estate" — $4,667,500, or, including the car houses, shops, and power stations, $9,433,000 worth of realty. The Boston & Albany, doing a 10-million-dollar business, with its more than 70 million car miles against the West End's 20 millions, and its 7,000 big cars and locomotives needing far more yard room and shop room than the West End, has only $280,000 worth of real estate for its entire freight and passenger business. The Old Colony shows a similar contrast; and even the Boston & Maine with its 17-million-dollar business, 140 million car-miles, and more than 11,000 cars and locomotives, has nothing like the real estate of the West End. All the railroads of Massachusetts have only $2,147,000 worth of real estate. Crosby & Bell place the real estate needed by a company doing 20 million car-miles of business at $400,000 at a liberal estimate — very liberal, as the railroad statistics show — yet the West End would have us believe that it needs more than 10 times this amount. For land, car houses, power stations, shops, etc., and machinery in them, Crosby & Bell give 5.86 cents a car-mile, or $1,172,000 for the West End. Considering open cars for summer and closed cars for winter, etc., and allowing 1 car in storage for each car in operation, the total realty should not be more than 1¾ millions; and even supposing the West End to have provided itself with a plant capable of doing double the work it is doing now, we should only have 3 millions for realty instead of the 9½ millions the West End returns. It looks a little as if the West End had figured in not merely the real estate necessary to do their street-car business, but also the property held by the West End *Land* Company (which is managed by the same men and is practically the same company), in order to make the street-car system pay dividends on all the idle land the managers own.

Do not think I am specially blaming the men who manage the West End. They are no worse than the majority of business men — follow the same methods and principles — only they are a little smarter than most and turn the screws a little tighter. They are to blame only as business men in general are to blame, for yielding to the false methods of their time instead of rising superior to them, following base ideals instead of lofty ones. Our mission is not so much to censure individuals, though that may

have its place, as to break up the business of industrial kings and tax-gatherers of every sort, by education, by rousing a public sentiment that will condemn their evil doings, by checkmating their designs, and by taking their power from them.

To return to the report; the West End puts its electric-line equipment at $1,480,716 and reports 230 miles equipped, i. e., over $6,400 a mile. We have seen in *Note 1* that Crosby's data give $3,100 per mile for the best electric-line equipment where two tracks run side by side, as with the West End mostly, and $4,500 where the track is single; wherefore it appears that the West End figures are 100 per cent too big.

Then the horses: they report 1,223 at $163,882, or $134 apiece. Now everyone who knows anything of the horse market is aware that very good horses can be bought in Boston for from $50 to $70 each, and that such animals as the street car horses can be had for $30 or $40 each. There might have been a time when the West End horses were worth $134 a head, though I doubt it; if they were they have depreciated, and the West End should be satisfied to do as the merchants have to do — hold their capital at what it is really worth, the amount for which it could be replaced. The horse item is easily 3 times too large.

Without going further into details it is sufficiently clear that the account upon which the West End rests its claim of 24 million capital, will not bear investigation. The 22 companies reported in the *World* show a capitalization of $27,780 per mile of road, including water and marginal plant for future business. Allowing for the additional cars of the West End per mile, its capitalization would be about 13 millions, based on data from companies which are by no means free from the dropsical complaint so universal with corporations of this character. Even if we suppose the West End to have built for future traffic and to have a plant capable of doing twice the business it now reports, and allow in addition a "reasonable" percentage for its favorite watery fluid, still its capitalization should come within 8 millions instead of 24, and as good and honest management would both exclude water and keep the investment from running much in advance of the business needs of the company, the capitalization ought not to run above 5 or 6 millions (see *Note 1*).

It is not improbable, however, that the West End does a much larger business than it reports. There are indications that it is no more particular about correctly stating its receipts than its expenses and investment. It appears to have a real capital considerably in excess of what the expert estimates and records of other companies indicate for a 20 million car-mile business, and it is not probable that the astute managers of the West End really invest more capital than is needed to do the work; wherefore it appears likely that the company does more than a 20 million car-mile business. Other facts look the same way. The company reports over 1,400 closed cars — 2,115 cars of all sorts. As many of the box cars are in use in summer as well as in winter, the average number of cars in operation would appear to be from 14 to 16 hundred, or 5 to 6 per mile of road. On p. 312 Crosby states the average for cities of 300,000 people to be about 4 cars per mile, with a higher ratio in larger places, and adds in a note that the West End serves about 650,000 people. This also would indicate 5 or 6 cars per mile. But even at the average of places half the size — even at 4 cars to the mile, there would be 11 to 12 hundred cars in operation, which should give 40 million car-miles per annum instead of 20 million as reported. If the car-miles are cut down of course the receipts are also; the reports of many companies in comparatively small places show 20 to 25 cents received per car-mile. It is manifest that the average is a good deal higher in a city like Boston, and as this is the item most likely to be examined, and very often the only one, it is important to have the report present a plausible appearance on this point, wherefore the receipts must be moved with the car-miles. The one thing certain about the West End report is that there is nothing certain about it. It does not agree with itself nor with the scientists. Its proper capitalization on the basis of the business it reports — the investment needed to do 20 million car-miles of traffic under West End conditions — is less than 6 millions. Its capitalization on the basis of the miles of road and the cars it reports figures less than 13 millions. It claims 24 millions. It is about half water at best, and half the other half is over-investment or under-accounting. If it has even 13 millions of capital it ought to have double the car-miles and double the income it reports; it is either very badly managed or it doesn't tell the truth.

Do you know *why* these mysterious errors and discrepancies we have been discussing have crept into the West End statistics? The reason is not hard to find. If the company should put out the facts, and the people saw that it was making 30 to 70 per cent on its real investment, they would go to the legislature and say, "Look here, we can't stand this; we must have a reduction of fares, or public ownership or something of that sort." The company doesn't believe in public ownership; so it puts its expenses and capitalization high enough, and its receipts low enough to show an innocent-looking margin of 8 per cent net profit on its claimed investment — watered stock, multiplied horses, bloated real estate, and all. And this ingenious trick of bookkeeping is one of the things that make our commissions utterly useless; they take the reports the companies furnish, and the companies consequently can always make it appear that they are receiving no more than a reasonable profit.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA STATE DISPENSARY.

BY R. I. HEMPHILL.

The evils of strong drink are known of all men. I could not enumerate them if every page of this magazine was at my disposal, for they are too many. We cannot escape these evils without first suppressing the cause. The moral element of all nations has always struggled to put down the liquor traffic, the source of such a multitude of evils. Partial victory has rewarded some efforts, others have met with total defeat; but each day brings forward new ideas and plans for the solution of the whiskey problem. The South Carolina method is the latest of these, and promises to be more effective in diminishing the evils of drunkenness than any plan heretofore adopted.

In South Carolina the first movement on this line was to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors outside of incorporated towns. This was the beginning of a great reformation in the laws of our state relating to the liquor traffic, a step toward righting the wrongs suffered and transmitted from sire to son for years, for like unto the father will be the son; bad examples are followed by bad practices, as a rule.

The high-license system was next tried, the object being to reduce the number of saloons in the different towns by placing such a high license fee on the business that only a few could engage in it. This modified the saloon evil and paved the way for something better.

After this the local-option law followed, by which towns could determine by vote for or against the sale of whiskey. Elections were held, and a number of the towns went "dry." The idea met with favor, and about seven counties were made dry by act of the legislature without the formality of a popular vote.

These measures were all good so far as they went, but no special means of enforcing these laws having been provided, they were successfully evaded, and in the end resulted in a little more than the expense of legislation. This state of affairs continued for some time. The people were dissatisfied, and demanded more drastic measures, and it was decided to try a plan similar to that which has prevailed for years in Norway and Sweden. This plan is known as the Dispensary Law, which was introduced in the South Carolina senate in 1892, by Hon. John

Gary Evans, the present governor of the state. It was a remarkable bill, and is now considered by thoughtful men the best law on our statute-books.

The supreme court of the state did not know exactly how to regard the law, and delivered two directly contradictory decisions on its constitutionality. The court first decided that the Dispensary Law was a law not to raise revenue, but to regulate the sale of liquor, and therefore constitutional. The second decision was that the purpose of the Dispensary Law was to raise revenue for the state, and that, therefore, it was unconstitutional. Fortunately this decision was made upon the Dispensary Law of 1892, which had been superseded by an act known as the Dispensary Law of 1893. Therefore the decision was of no practical effect, and the dispensary is still operated under the law of 1893, entitled "An Act to declare the law in reference to and further regulate the use, sale, consumption, transportation, and disposition of alcoholic liquids and liquors, within the state of South Carolina, and to police the same."

The law affected only the whiskey element of the state, and from that source arose the chief opposition to the law. But after two years of firm enforcement the saloon-keepers have lost heart and are leaving all sections of the state. The supporters of the law considered this a long step in the right direction. For the liquor-dealers to relinquish their hold on the state and leave it in the hands of law-abiding citizens meant the uplifting of humanity and a deliverance of the coming generation from the evils of strong drink. During the present generation perfect redemption is not expected, for you cannot keep men who have been accustomed to drinking all their lives from getting whiskey. Our only hope of redemption from the evils of the liquor traffic was for the state to so regulate the sale of ardent spirits that the youth of the country might not acquire a taste for alcoholic drinks.

According to the Dispensary Law it is deemed a misdemeanor for any dispenser to sell to minors or inebriates, and the only chance the youth or drunkard had to obtain whiskey was to patronize "blind tigers" (lawless dealers in contraband liquor), who continued to sell liquor throughout the state after the passage of the Dispensary Law. Great risk was run in doing so, for, if detected, violators of the law were punishable by a fine of not less than five hundred dollars and imprisonment in the penitentiary for not less than one year for each offence.

To suppress this trade the state board of control, consisting of the governor, attorney general, and comptroller general, was given power to appoint a special force of one or more state constables, to be paid out of the profits derived from the sales made

by dispensaries. About seventy-five were first appointed, but the force has been reduced recently to thirty-five. The greater part of this number are stationed near the border-lines of North Carolina and Georgia to seize incoming contraband whiskey. These seizures, if not claimed within thirty days, are shipped to the state dispensary, which is in Columbia, S. C., the capital of the state. There this whiskey is examined by the chemist of the South Carolina College, and if ascertained to be chemically pure and of the standard required by the law, it is bottled up in quantities of from one pint to five gallons and shipped to different county dispensaries as if purchased by the state commissioner. This commissioner is appointed by the governor, holds his office for two years, and receives a salary of three thousand dollars per annum, which is paid in the same manner as the salaries of state officers. His business is to purchase all intoxicating liquors to be used in this state, and to furnish the same to dispensers appointed in the several counties.

Before the law was in operation, one thousand bar-rooms were in full blast in this state; now we have less than a hundred dispensaries, managed by men of good standing, who are abstainers and have the respect of the communities in which they live. Dispensers are paid regular salaries; they have no inducement to solicit trade, and are not expected to do so.

Saloon-keepers were given a fair showing, for they were being dealt with by an administration that believed in "equal rights to all, and special privileges to none," and this act, which affected their trade so gravely, instead of going into effect immediately upon its approval, became a law on the first of July, 1893, allowing liquor-dealers six months to dispose of their goods on hand, go into other business, or leave the state. The license money they had paid for that year was refunded.

Dispensaries are closed at six o'clock every afternoon, and under no circumstances is whiskey allowed to be sold afterwards. All goods are sold for cash and by the package, it being against the law for any package to be broken open at the state dispensary after being sealed there with red sealing-wax. This does away with any drinking on the premises, and the noxious fashion of social drinking, which has been of such degrading influence to the politics as well as to the manhood of half the states in the Union.

The liquor trade is a money-making business, and after all expenses of operating the dispensaries are paid, and fifty per cent profit reserved for the state, the remaining money is divided equally between the town and county in which the dispensary is located. This money is used to keep up the roads, reduce taxes, or for any public purpose where it is most useful.

This regulation of the sale of liquor and the establishment of dispensaries is not forced upon the people. Every freehold voter in South Carolina is given a choice in the matter at primary elections held for that purpose, a majority of three-fourths of these voters in a township being required by the law to favor the establishment of a dispensary before it can be located in any town. If no dispensary is desired, no town will have whiskey sold in it. Obedience to the law is required and obtained by proper enforcement from the state.

The trade-mark of the dispensary whiskey is a neatly shaped palmetto tree, which it the emblem of the state. In the space on each side and just below this tree, in clear-cut letters, are the words "South Carolina Dispensary" blown in the bottles, and presenting a very attractive design for a trade-mark. The different qualities of whiskey are designated by the number of stars on the packages. The grades range from one to four stars, the latter being the finest brand sold.

In 1890, B. R. Tillman was elected governor of South Carolina. He was the man our people wanted, and he was reëlected in 1892. It will ever be remembered by every true South Carolinian that mainly through his good judgment has this law been sustained. His determination during the entire struggle was like that which immortalized Napoleon when called upon to quiet the frenzied mob in the streets of Paris. At the last meeting of the general assembly he was elected by an overwhelming majority as United States senator from South Carolina. He has gone to a larger field that needs him sorely.

The dispensary is a great improvement on any solution of the liquor question that has ever been known in this section ot the country. It has diminished drunkenness, decreased crime, reduced court expenses, promoted morality, rescued many of the fallen, and restored happiness to many homes. Every day the law grows in popular favor.

What a grand republic we should have if it were adopted in every one of the United States! It is one of the coming reforms, and South Carolina is leading it.

THE STATE AND DWELLINGS FOR THE POOR.

BY REV. FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN.

THE immense amount of legislation in England on public health falls naturally under two heads; that concerning the dwellings of the poor, and that concerning sanitation — the subjects before the readers of THE ARENA during this and the next month. Since there are those who will be convinced more readily by facts than by theories, however charming, and since the question under discussion, while involving economic morals, must by its limitations be treated as one of political expediency, it is my purpose to appeal to precedent and to fact. It is therefore necessary to look in the direction of an experience rich enough to yield no uncertain light. If the question is considered in the light of what seems to be demonstrated in the history of the English people, it will be not so much because the notable achievements of the United States are less well known, as that there were six hundred years of direct legislation in England for or against the poor before America was discovered. The long experiment by the interference of the state since the laws of Athelstan and Canute concerning the poor, and the laws of Elizabeth concerning the dwellings, has made the public opinion of England on this subject the most enlightened in the world, and has given such weight to the present condition of her legislation as no state can afford to ignore. Certain principles have been wrought out of her successive blunders and successes and have been transcribed not only in the national exchequer but in the national character. These thousand years do not stand without beacons throwing certain light on many a present-day problem. Actual experience often develops features which have been overlooked by theorists, and is on the whole the safest guide. While experience unenlightened by a moral ideal makes no progress, millenniums are not arrived at by lightning express; and the most casual reader of history who has profited by the discovery that after so many hundreds of thousands of years the human race has got no further along than it has, is ready to suspect the supreme efficacy of almost any social "Bradshaw" evolved out of some German's inner consciousness.

While the limits of this and the next paper exclude almost everything in the way of statistics, I shall endeavor to make

enough clear to warrant the conclusion that the matters of sanitation and the dwellings of the poor are national problems; that they have not been solved and will not be solved by the doles of the charitably inclined; that while individual enterprises in this direction are successful as far as they go, they are altogether inadequate; that the state is the only power competent to meet exigencies so universal; that leaving its peremptory duty out of the question it is warranted on sound business principles by full financial value received to grapple with the problems, not only because such ventures pay cash dividends, but because it is to the state more than to the individual that direct returns accrue from the prevention of contagion in disease and vice and crime, from decreased expense in courts, police, prisons, reformatories, asylums, poor-farms, taxes, medical assistance, free hospitals, etc., to say nothing of the vital stuff without which there can be no strong nation, vigor in bone and blood and sinew, sound mind and pure morals.

One phase of the problem of dwellings for the poor falls outside the scope of this paper. The ideal home of the poor man is the suburban home, where he can live near green fields and flowing streams and cultivate his own "garden patch." When this becomes possible it will be difficult to find those abnormal gutter-bred creatures of "Christian" civilization who sleep around on curb-stones awaiting any criminal opportunity or the first revolutionary incitement to riot — like harpies, ever ready to "foul the record of the honest army of the unemployed." But such a condition depends upon cheap and rapid transit. This is impossible with the waste necessary to several competing lines; as impossible, quite, under private monopoly. For example, within a few days of this writing (January, 1895) some of the southern roads having their termini in London have advanced the prices on third-class fares about thirty-three per cent, thus taxing the laboring men whose fares constitute eighty-eight per cent of the passenger revenues of the roads, for the benefit of those who pay four per cent and eight per cent in first-and second-class fares. National ownership of railroads alone can make possible fares cheap enough to allow laboring men suburban dwellings, even with cheapened lands and rents. The poor must still huddle together in cities until they have a shorter day's work; until they have three hundred days' work in the year; and until the state runs and operates the means of transit on the same principles upon which it now owns and operates the letter post.

The modern tendency toward the congestion of population in large centres has multiplied and emphasized the evils of a problem which has ceased to be one of private charity and has

become a question of politics. The ideals of a once dominant commercialism, the two articles of whose creed seem to be *homo homini lupus* and "Whatever is, is right," have been found so hopelessly inadequate to cope with modern problems that civilized states, following the foremost of all instincts, that of self-preservation, have undertaken to pronounce sentence of death upon the "let-alone" theory of commercialism, by invading in a thousand ways the "inalienable rights" and the "natural liberties" of the individual and the class. The old doctrine of *laissez-faire, laissez-aller*, triumphant in Europe during the reign of Adam Smith, and unduly influencing the ideals of American statecraft in their incipiency, long ago proved its divine right to be abolished, even were it not for the modern reëxamination of the scope, aim, and function of the state in the economic as well as in the more characteristically political affairs of men.

Mr. Herbert Spencer seems to be about the only consistent surviving philosophical relic of those good old days when men thought they could attend to their own business. Even though there is no real sense in which society is an organism, as Mr. Spencer, to the sorrow of the bald individualism he claims to support, would have us believe, there is certainly creeping into popular thought a deep sense of a certain solidarity to the life of a nation, and a feeling that the injury of one is the injury of all. Legislation, all over the world, is working more or less vaguely from the assumptions that the state cannot afford injustice, and that there cannot be justice with unchecked human rapacity. The principle of state interference in "business," therefore, is no new principle; it is already embodied in every civilized nation's political life. Even in that reversal of all ethical principle in American "McKinleyism," which protects the strong against the weak, and undertakes to nourish at the public breast our "infant" industries through their second childhood, there is an illustration of the state invasion of the industrial domain, even though by way of imposing outrageous prices upon the public in the interests of a class.

The venerable teaching that "No man liveth to himself alone" (the Marchese di Pullman e Cia, to the contrary notwithstanding) seems likely to undergo resuscitation; likewise a venerable commandment, translated from the original Hebrew, "Thou shalt not exploit." The general question is not "Has the state a right to interfere?" but "How far has the state a right to interfere?" The difference between a savage and a civilized state is the difference between higgledy-piggledy and the order of justice. Civilization has no better standard of measurement than the degree to which the "natural liberty" of the individual or the class is subordinated to the welfare of the public. *Dies iræ* is

approaching for all financial and commercial pirates, heroes, bushwhackers, Napoleons, and anarchists generally, and all others who insist on running their own business to suit only themselves. Even some orthodox political economists are concluding that the world has had enough of mercantile anarchy, and would like to try law and order awhile.

In fact, behind this increasing socializing tendency, this widening of the realm of law, this multiplication of the functions of the state, this quickening of the consciousness of humanity and all the high concerns thereof, lies the promise of a political renaissance, a new birth of long-forgotten dreams. The immortal spirit of those Greeks who in so many things lived near to beauty and to truth, while the dew of the dawn of thought was still upon them, seems to be living again in those ideals that hold the state not a mechanism of government, but a people; not an aggregate of warring atoms, but an organic unity, "a partnership in all science, in all art, in every virtue, in all perfection." That conception of law which was to the Greek both reason and the public conscience made articulate, that theory of politics which had to do not only with man's highest relations but at the same time with all those conditions under which alone he attains his fullest, his almost divine development, are both alive to-day and will be more alive to-morrow. We have learned a thing or two since Pericles and Aristotle, and we have invented somewhat; but history has yet to record the adventures of a state which has practised what those high thinkers preached, and has undertaken to legislate toward the highest life of mankind through those forms which alone make that life possible. But this half of this century has witnessed a remarkable awakening of a long debauched public sentiment, and many efforts have been made in this direction.

With regard to the limits of the domain of state action in economic affairs history seems to show the best results where, avoiding the extremes of *laissez-faire* on the one hand and state socialism on the other, legislation has been guided by some such principles as those held by that new economy of which Professor Jowett was first to speak, which Ruskin and Carlyle followed, to which Sismondi and Mazzini were devoted, and to which Arnold Toynbee gives voice in the following words:

> We have not abandoned our old belief in liberty, justice, and self-help, but we say that under certain conditions the people cannot help themselves, and that then they should be helped by the state representing directly the whole people. In giving this state help we make three conditions: first, the matter must be one of primary social importance; next, it must be proved to be practicable; thirdly, the state interference must not diminish self-reliance.

Some such position as this is occupied by the best English reformers. There is no place where its efficacy is better illustrated than in sanitation and homes for the poor. The last decade has witnessed a remarkable revival of intelligent opinion on the subject of the homes of the poor. In 1883 Rev. A. Mearns, in behalf of the London Congregational Union, published "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," revealing a ghastly condition of social life, and "a state of ungodliness, crime, abject poverty, and despairing misery which it would be impossible to exaggerate, as it would be fitly to describe." Says Mr. Mearns:

> Whilst we have been building our churches and solacing ourselves with our religion, and dreaming that the millennium was coming, the poor have been growing poorer, the wretched more miserable, and the immoral more corrupt; the gulf has been daily widening which separates the lowest classes of the community from our churches and chapels, and from all decency and civilization. It is easy to bring an array of facts which seem to point to the opposite conclusion. . . . But what does it all amount to? We are simply living in a fool's paradise if we suppose that all these agencies combined are doing a thousandth part of what ought to be done, a hundredth part of what might be done, by the Church of Christ. We must face the facts, and these compel the conviction that this terrible flood of sin and misery is gaining upon us. It is rising every day.

The parish church of Brompton, the next to the parish in which Mr. Mearns was an active pastor, thinking this book a nonconformists sensation or a dissenting lie, undertook to make an investigation to ease the public conscience. But upon careful inquiry, the Brompton commission was obliged to state that Mr. Mearns' account was understated, and that things were in reality much worse than he had represented them. A wide discussion followed in daily papers, pamphlets, and reviews, notably a controversy between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain, leading to the appointment in the next year of a royal commission, with the Prince of Wales, Cardinal Manning, Lord Salisbury, and other eminent men as members. The commission sat for two years, bringing out the most complete report of the kind ever published, with recommendations that old laws be amended and new ones made to meet the extraordinary demands of the situation. This in turn has been followed by the "Housing of the Working Classes Act" of 1890, which repeals and consolidates no less than fourteen acts dealing with dwellings for the laboring classes.

The ponderous blue book which contains the evidence of two years' sittings and the report of the commission is marvellously suggestive. One is led to wonder what kind of a "life" the people led in the Tyndall buildings, which when condemned and destroyed were so full of vermin that the workmen struck and

would not take down the walls until a fire engine charged with chemicals had washed them clean. One pauses to ponder over a case such as that of a woman Lord Shaftesbury found living with her husband and child in one room with a large hole over the sewer which the landlord would not mend.

"I am miserable," she said.

"Why?" asked Lord Shaftesbury.

"Because every night my husband or I have to sit up by that hole and fight the rats all night, for if we did not they would eat up the baby. The rats come up often twenty at a time."

One imagines "life" where there are four distinct families with children living in one room, all of them upon occasion performing every function of nature in the presence of the rest. Lord Shaftesbury in comment says he has found that the one-room system leads to the one-bed system. Very little imagination is required to conceive the state of morality under such conditions, or under such as in a case related by the Earl of Crompton. In one corner of a room several small children are shivering; in another, on an old mat, is the corpse of another child awaiting burial; in another, on a heap of straw, lies the mother momentarily expecting her next confinement. These are a few of the incidents which run up at a sickening speed into the thousands; and they are repeated every day with all the variations a diabolical permutation will permit, while there are still to be found in the land "Christian" theologians pulling one another's hair over one another's orthodoxy.

There is no possibility of getting any adequate idea of the condition of the world's poor into human comprehension. Even the cumbrous report of the royal commission fails, while it seems instinct with life as one reads. The old skeletons of legal pages breathe and writhe and reek "as of souls in pain." One cannot rehearse the worst facts. The vast array of unmentionable conditions which greet one makes one feel charitably inclined toward the "soft dean" of whom Pope spoke, who told his congregation in Whitehall (1713), that if they did not vouchsafe to give their lives a new turn they must certainly go to a place which he did not think fit to name in that courtly audience. The worst is absolutely unmentionable; it is even unimaginable, till one sees something of it. The sense grows upon one of the utter helplessness of any moral or intellectual improvement until such ghastly conditions of life are wiped out of existence by the very power this vampire has by the throat. That power is the state. What can the church do until the state acts? The church cannot leap into this mire and lift until it has something to stand on. Nevertheless the church cannot wait; it must act; it can enlighten and then coerce the state. The rational action

of the church is not in the field, but at headquarters. It is not to preach with St. Anthony to the fishes, but to mend the nets. We are working unintelligently, going ahead blindfold, until we approach this problem at the core.

People, the conditions of whose lives are filth, disease, hunger, and crime, are unable to apprehend the spiritual life. What reception do they give preachers in a vicious neighborhood? It is not long since Canon Freemantle, after lecturing to laboring men at Toynbee Hall in Whitechapel, was knocked down and robbed before scores of people in a neighborhood where they have had twenty years of college settlement. A clergyman laboring in another such district says he is often met with the retort, "What you say may be true, but we do not care twopence about it." The record commissioners do not attribute this indifference to hostility or scepticism, but "to the straining of every nerve and the absorption of every power in the struggle for existence which extreme poverty produces." "Leaden indifference to religion, the result of hopeless penury, is settling down more and more into the hearts of the people and is making religious work harder and harder." It is certain that, as Emerson says, "He only can give who has"; and it is as true that when every atom of vital energy is expended in one direction there is none left to expend in another. What hunger and thirst and cold will do to dehumanize human beings is shown in the records of shipwrecks and polar expeditions and the like. The destruction of the poor is their poverty. It is impossible for the divine life to flourish in an environment of one room containing four families, or even one family living under conditions too evil for beasts.

"How far," says Professor Rogers, in "Work and Wages," "beggary, wretchedness, and crime, with their most fruitful concomitants, drunkenness and hopelessness, reciprocally act on each other we cannot and never shall be able to tell. We know that they are the miserable circle in which thousands of our people, especially in London, revolve." A recognition of this truth is found as far back as an old act of 1533: "A marvellous multitude of the people of the realm be not able to provide meat, drink, and clothes necessary for themselves, their wives and children, and be so discouraged with misery and poverty that they fall daily to theft, robbery, and other inconvenience, or pitifully die for hunger and cold." Beyond question the grinding conditions of poverty alone crush the poor, to say nothing of the overcrowding in the great forestry of buildings where human beings live uninspected by civilization.

It is also certain that in London, Glasgow, Liverpool, and other cities where model dwellings have been built, a new moral

life has followed and a new prosperity. Dr. McCall of Glasgow says concerning the experiment of that city:

> Through these operations, the city has been cleared of the foulest dens of crime and profligacy, and their occupants have been scattered amongst a population breathing a purer atmosphere, thereby affording facilities to the police for bringing the vicious to justice more easily and certainly than when the whole formed a concentrated and combined colony of ruffianism.

Dr. Harris, corresponding secretary of the Prison Association, New York, has made a similar testimony before the legislature of that state, which is too striking to be omitted:

> Eighty-eight per cent or more of crimes against property or person are perpetrated by individuals who have either lost connection with home life, or never had any, or whose homes had ceased to be sufficiently separate, decent, and desirable to afford what are regarded as ordinary wholesome influences of home and family.

Such a statement from an expert is at least significant of what in a preventive way might be accomplished to reduce the great volume of the world's crime, and much of the misery and shame that are impossible to catalogue, by keeping clean and airy the perennial spring of faith and truth — the home. The premier of England, speaking in London, in June, 1877, of some blocks of improved dwellings for the poor, said:

> The health of the people is really the foundation upon which all their happiness and all their power as a state depend. It is quite possible for a kingdom to be inhabited by an able, active population; you may have skilled manufacturers, and you may have a productive agriculture; the arts may flourish, architecture may cover your land with temples and palaces; you may have even the material power to defend and support all these acquisitions; you may have arms of precision and fleets of torpedoes; but if the population is stationary, or yearly diminishes; if while it diminishes in number, it diminishes also in stature and strength, that country is ultimately doomed. And speaking to those who, I hope, are proud of the empire to which they belong, I recommend to them by all means in their power to assist the movement now prevalent for improving the condition of the people by ameliorating the dwellings in which they live. The health of the people is, in my opinion, the first duty of the statesman.

Cannot the state afford to protect the homes that exist, and make possible some which have no existence?

Truly there are factors in civilization other than environment. We may, of course, regenerate slums forever, but the vital factor is the regeneration of the slummite. A pamphlet has been written which I do not pretend to have read, but its title contains more wisdom than some books — "Does the sty make the pig, or does the pig make the sty?" Those whose normal element it is to go a-pigging will make piggeries of parlors. Model dwellings will not remake a race, nor will prosperity. There is

something beneath that. That something is a changed and renewed life. But the life of the spirit must be lifted out of sties. It would seem, then, to follow, that before this happens, the slummite is not the only one to be regenerated. *Homo homini lupus* is not merely a chance phrase of Plautus. It is the key to history; only the wolfishness exhibited in the records of the world's long carnage of war has lately lost even a lupine dignity, and, contemplating some phases of one modern century of *laisser-faire* commercialism, preserving ferocity without chivalry, we begin to suspect that men are not even wolves, but jackals. So that regeneration is a process for those who live in dens as well as for those who live in pens.

But these influences do not concern us here. Regeneration is a church doctrine; perhaps the church will see to it. Perhaps we shall catch larks when the sky falls. What concerns the state is to make it possible for spiritual influences to work. People cannot be legislated into righteousness. But the state can crush an environment in which so many myriads of human beings grind and sweat, propagate and die. Legislation can make it possible for them to stretch themselves, breathe a full breath, rally from the crushing hopelessness of their lot, climb upon their feet, and achieve the high and full destiny for which they were designed when they were created in the image of High God. It is distinctly within the scope of legislation to break all fetters on honest men and give them a chance. Among the fundamental problems of a just state is that primary one which shall impose upon its entire membership such forms for industrial and commercial activity as shall make it impossible for any one man to accumulate stores of wealth which he cannot use if he devotes his whole time to it; and impossible, also, for any man who works or who is willing to work, to starve, as many are actually doing, and are devoting their whole time to that.

But how is this to be done? For one thing, by a reformation in the dwellings of the poor. Yet this must be observed: there is a dead line of state help beyond which, experience has shown, it is fatal to move. To be helped by dole degrades the poor; it insidiously weakens the powers of self-help. This may be said to be proved in the history of the English poor laws. If the state is to build public schools, parks, or dwellings, those who receive the benefit must be made to feel that it is not their dole but their due; that they pay for them in a higher sense than any snob ever paid for his pug, or any millionnaire for his coach and four. There can be no loss of self-respect to the men and women to whom the state undertakes to give their own. But homes for the poor, to be most effective, should be built on a paying basis. The state could indeed afford to demolish and reconstruct slums

at any price; it is the poor who cannot afford it. The state can build such dwellings without the suspicion of pauperizing the poor — that is, on a business basis; indeed, such has been the result.

Some approximate idea of the wholesome effects such enterprises have upon the thrift of a community is found in the single example of the general increase of thrift in Glasgow. There are now 240,881 depositors in the Glasgow Postal Savings Bank, one in every three and one-sixth of the entire population, as against one in every twelve of the population in 1850. The facts are all in this direction.

When stopping to inquire if the right thing, the only possible thing, "pays," one feels as Sismondi felt, when, speaking with Ricardo at Geneva, he said, "What, then, is wealth everything and is man absolutely nothing?" Suppose it did not "pay"? Does the American free-school system "pay," to which the English object on the ground of a tendency to pauperization in the poor getting something for nothing? Do our national pensions "pay," in which we haltingly render our feeble return for the immeasurable services which cannot be "paid"? Did even that civil war "pay" except in the paltry secondary sense that a race of slaves was made free, and the Union was preserved? There are certainly phases of direct profit and loss to this question which lie wholly outside financial reports. Does anyone ask if it "pays"? The facts make answer, it does "pay." For once economic expedience is on the side of political morality. The rents charged by "rookery" owners have been extortionate. These places are often the best-paying properties in a city. They are conducted on the principle that the earth is the landlord's and the fulness thereof. Competition against such landlords is not difficult, because their prices are so high.

It is still too early to judge of the business aspects of the results of the new laws of 1890, because, even with no unnecessary delays, it requires at least four years of legal proceedings, red tape, demolition, and construction before the buildings are complete. In the municipal undertakings of Glasgow, Liverpool, Dublin, Edinburgh, and other cities, details of which cannot be rehearsed here, it has been found that the rentals are paying interest and principal, and that in course of time the cities will own, free of expense, their model dwellings, besides having accomplished wonders in the reduction of the death rate and in the general cleansing of the civic life.

Mr. Ruskin, who advanced the capital for Miss Octavia B. Hill's private enterprise, has expressed satisfaction with the financial return on the outlay. The Peabody undertaking, accommodating 20,374 persons at an average cost of $1.20 per week,

including rent of apartments, use of water, laundries, sculleries, and bathrooms, is not only paying $150,000 of the principal every year, but it shows a birth rate of nearly nine in a thousand above the average of London, and a death rate of one in a thousand below the average of London, including its healthiest districts. It "pays." The improved Industrial Dwellings Company, which accommodates 30,000 persons, beside having brought the death rate down to eleven in a thousand, while the average amongst wage-earners is from forty upwards in a thousand, yields a dividend of five per cent. It "pays." The Artisans', Laborers', and General Dwellings Company, operating 5,000 houses, yields a dividend of five per cent, with stock at twelve per cent premium. It "pays." There are eleven large companies operating in London, "paying" on the average four and five-eighths per cent.

I have yet to hear of the private or municipal undertaking which, while infinitely improving the condition of those who have become its tenants, and giving them clean, healthful, well-appointed homes for less rental than their nasty rookeries cost, has not done it on strictly business principles and made money on the transaction. This is true of the model lodging-house of the London County Council in Shelton Street, Drury Lane; and it will be true of the whole colonies of dwellings for the working-classes which the London County Council is now erecting in Bethnal Green, Deptford, Greenwich, ten acres of the Milbank Prison site, and other places.

Enough has been indicated to warrant the conclusion that state interference in the question is warranted at least under the three conditions laid down by Arnold Toynbee:

First, The matter is of primary social importance.

Second, It must be found practicable.

Third, State interference must not diminish self-reliance.

With regard to actual legislation, a short summary of what is now possible under English law will not be *malaprôpos*. The royal commission, reporting in 1885, advocated a condensation of old laws into more practicable forms, and new ones necessary to meet the extraordinary needs of the state. Legislation concerning dwellings for the poor dates back to the Act of Elizabeth (1589), providing that certain four acres of land be given to each cottage of an agricultural laborer, and guarding against overcrowding with the heaviest penalties. But nothing of modern interest in this direction occurred until the middle of this century.*

* A short list of the principal acts of Parliament concerning dwellings for the poor enacted during the last half century will be found below for the convenience of any who may care to study the development of later English law on this subject. Principal acts of Parliament within recent years: 1847, 10 & 11 Vic., c. 17, Waterworks

In 1851 Lord Shaftesbury secured legislation which provided for the demolition of unhealthy houses and the erection of good ones. The law has been a dead letter. In 1868 the Torrens Act was passed, providing for the gradual improvement or demolition of dwellings for the working-classes. If the local authorities refused, the Metropolitan Board of Works was permitted to take the matter in hand; but the law has been mostly a dead letter. The Cross Acts of 1875 and 1879 attempted to do on a larger scale what the Torrens Acts tried, with the difference that the Torrens Acts proceeded more on the principle of the responsibility of the owner, while the Cross Acts proceeded on the principle of the responsibility of the state, the local authority becoming compulsory purchaser of the property and reconstructing houses in substitution for those demolished.

In 1890, all the previous acts were repealed or consolidated in one act known as "The Housing of the Working Classes Act, 1890" (53 & 54 Vic., c. 70). Although the Act is divided into seven parts, there are practically but three, and really but one of interest here. That is Part I., which is headed "Unhealthy Areas," and which deals with large areas. Its aim is to clear any unhealthy area by the removal of unsanitary houses and courts and to replace them by wholesome and healthful dwellings built on sanitary principles. The method of procedure is that the local medical officer may make an "official representation" that any houses, courts, or alleys are unfit for human habitation, as he finds such to be their condition. Or he may be compelled by two or more justices, or by any twelve ratepayers, to make such a "representation."

If the sanitary defects of such an area "cannot be effectually remedied otherwise than by an improvement scheme for the rearrangement and reconstruction of the streets and houses within such an area," the local authority shall, if satisfied of the truth of such representation, "pass a resolution that such area is an unhealthy area," and "proceed to make a scheme for the improvement of such area." Ample maps, estimates of cost, statisics, including mortality rates for years, the number, ages, and occupations of the inhabitants, general sanitary conditions, etc., must accompany the first representation. The improvement

Clauses Act.—1851, 14 & 15 Vic., c. 28, Common Lodging Houses Act (Shaftesbury); c. 34, Laboring Classes Lodging Houses Act (Shaftesbury).—1855, 18 & 19 Vic., c. 120, Local Management of Metropolis.—1855, 18 & 19 Vic., c. 121, An Act to Consolidate and Amend the Nuisances Removal and Diseases Prevention Acts, 1848-1849.—1863, 26 & 27 Vic., c. 93, Waterworks Clauses Act.—1866, 29 & 30 Vic., c. 90, Sanitary Act.—1868, 31 & 32 Vic , c. 130, Torrens Act.—1874, 37 & 38 Vic., c. 89, Sanitary Law Amendment Act.—1875, 38 & 39 Vic., c. 36, Artisans' Dwellings Improvement Act (Sir Richard Cross).—1879, 42 & 43 Vic., c. 63, Artisans' Dwellings Improvement Act (Sir Richard Cross); 42 & 43 Vic., c. 64, An Act to Amend the Torrens Act.—1882, 45 & 46 Vic., c. 54, An Act to further Amend the Torrens Act; 45 & 46, Vic., c. 54, p. 1, Artisans' Dwellings Improvement Act (Sir Richard Cross).—1890, 53 & 54 Vic., c. 70, Housing of Working Classes Act (Mr. Richie).

scheme may exclude portions of the area reported, or include neighboring lands, to be taken compulsorily, if necessary, to make the scheme efficient. The scheme must be publicly advertised, and notices must be served on everyone likely to be affected.

After these preliminary steps, the next is a petition to the secretary of state, if in London, to the local government board, if elsewhere, praying for an order confirming the scheme. This must be supported by ample evidence of particulars and proof that the proceedings have been legal. The confirming authority listens to the objections, makes a provisional order declaring the limits of the area comprised in the scheme, and authorizes such scheme to be carried into execution. The provisional order is introduced as a bill in Parliament, and if not successfully opposed becomes a law. After the confirmation the local authority must undertake to buy the land and carry out the scheme. The price is to be "fair market value," to be determined by arbitrators if necessary. If the rental is enhanced by illegal occupations (brothels, gaming-houses, overcrowding, etc.), the compensation is to be based according to the rent a landlord would be likely to get if the premises were legitimately occupied. If nuisances exist, the expense of repair and sanitation, etc., is deducted. If the premises are unfit for habitation, compensation is to be paid to the amount of land and materials only (bricks, tiles, etc.), unfit buildings not to be considered as houses.

The greatest difference between the new law and the old is that what was permissive under the old law is obligatory under the new. The difficulty in England has been in the enforcement of the laws. Just at this point arises a good example of what the church can do in this problem, more to the point than sending missionaries into slums. A movement arose about ten years ago in the Holloway Congregational Church of London, in which the late pastor, Rev. Mark Wilks, and John Hamer, Esq., J. P., formed a plan to meet the real difficulty and meet it at headquarters. What the laws have accomplished in this direction in ten years has been very substantially due to the Mansion House Council, instigated by these gentlemen. This council, which is one of the best things in England, in its way, is chiefly officered by the president, the right honorable the lord mayor; the vice-presidents, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Vaughan, the Marquis of Salisbury, K. G., the chief rabbi; and the honorary secretary, John Hamer, Esq., J. P.

The aim of the council is "to provide in each parish a body of independent persons with adequate knowledge and experience, who, with no other object but that of securing to the poor the benefits which the legislation has provided them, will inquire

into the sanitary condition of the poorer quarters, will ascertain whether grievances exist, and if they do, will call the attention of the proper authorities to them, and when other expedients fail will set the law in motion." The council employs its own medical and sanitary inspectors, and has discovered and remedied in one year as many as ten thousand unsanitary cases. It has secured the condemnation of a large block of "model" dwellings before their occupancy, because it was unfit for habitation, having been built as a speculation. It has distributed information, in an accurate and popular form, concerning the sanitary laws; at the same time it has distributed millions of handbills and circulars among the poor, as, for example, pamphlets on "How to Escape Cholera." It has moulded public opinion concerning much-needed reforms, and has lived not only to see them carried out, but to see its own field widened under the new laws which embody the principles it has advocated.

It would be hopeful to see in the United States the establishment of, first, a national commission which would undertake to make an exhaustive inquiry into the condition of the homes of the poor of the whole nation; second, a national council which would educate public opinion in the science of national health and how best to secure it; and third, an act of Congress which would give the United States a set of laws including all that is best in existing legislation, together with whatever that is new sanitary science can suggest to make them more effective; and at the same time give power to municipalities sufficient to meet every possible demand in rebuilding their uninhabitable areas on a scientific plan.

The Honorable Edwin Chadwick, the pioneer hero of sanitary reform in England, has said: "By repeating conditions necessary we may ensure with certainty that more than one-half of those born shall be in their graves by the fifth year, and that those who survive shall be stunted, squalid, irritable, and weakly. On the other hand we can undertake to erect a city in which the death rate shall not exceed ten in a thousand." Is this worth while? Will it "pay"?

Private enterprise so far has succeeded in this direction in taking one drop out of the ocean of neglect. Only the state is able; only the state is in honor bound to remedy its own undoing. These facts seem to say, "*Secure legislation; then enforce the law.*" As Don Quixote, the sage, said to the patient Sancho Panza, "Publish few edicts, but let them be good; and above all see that they are well observed, for edicts that are not kept are the same as not made."

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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

The Autocrat at the Old Fogies' Club.

The sole tenant of the long, old-fashioned wainscotted taproom at "The Mitre" was Doctor Samuel Johnson.

The windows of the taproom overlooked one of the most interesting and entrancing prospects in Elysium. They commanded an angle of the famous Festival Gardens; and the rippling, laughing, bubbling, tearful music of the fountain came soft and tender into the room when the windows were open and there was no wind; or it was caught struggling and stifled in the clasp of the roaring western wind, that would strangle it in its wild passion, only to shuffle and slip chastely out of this rude embrace and break out of a sudden with a strange burst of silvery sadness in a lull of the wild music of the storm; and then again be incontinently silenced and smothered in the hug of this mad, wanton lover. In these Gardens all the beauty and music that had existed in vain for the dull millions in some sublunary sphere was potent and palpable to all whose feet were drawn thither. Every soul that stepped into this magic domain was at once given the freedom of the poet's City of Beauty; which, by the way, is an honor that does not pertain of right to the practisers much less the practitioners, of mere morality, but is the final revelation of the full life of sympathy and virtue. In the state of mortality this prerogative of vision was usually vouchsafed only to those few, those poor hangdogs, whose precious virtues were wrapped and hidden in the malevolence of the perjurious eyes of respectable complacency. But virtue and charity in the lower world bring a man to rags and tatters, and that foolish world despises empty pockets more than empty souls. But the man with a pack always on his back must perforce see God's world obliquely. The wise and great soul will turn his pockets inside out for all the world to see, but he stands erect and with unfettered spirit sports with God in the boisterous western wind.

These Gardens, it may also be mentioned, in passing, were so called because of the Festivals held in them when any soul, consumed by the supernal glory and majesty of Nature, and the wonder and rapture of beautiful, unbidden thoughts, emerged and put off the thrall of egoism forever; but it is necessary to remark that such Festivals were of extremely rare occurrence for even in Elysium the sense of personal identity is entwined in the very spiritual aspiration of man. The practice of all the instinctive virtues is easier than the denial of this consciousness that lurks and riots dumb and incoherent in the marrow of each separate thought and thinker. But a host of penitents resorted to the solemn glades of the Gardens at all times to meditate in solitude upon the barrenness of their lucky virtues and learn humility of the flowers, so that they

instincts), can bring themselves to share. An imaginative mortal living all alone in a garden of plenty and flowers would be hourly tempted of the Devil. And yet there are millions who, living in a world in which greed hourly denies and tramples upon necessity, in which the desire of mere life is hourly in conflict with the aspirations and perceptions of the poor foiled, tortured and torturing spirit, have no harassing doubts, no pity or even self pity. The harsh lines and puckers in the million faces we catch a glimpse of in the wild phantasmagoria of mortal life, are the sign manual of the spirit. They betoken the ceaseless clamor of unspoken, unutterable perceptions, deeper and subtler than thought, that lurks behind the dumb masks we know, and rebels against our insensate and brutal verdicts. The poet tortured with a love and consciousness of spiritual beauty that beggar the richest, warmest words, wraps all dumbness in his deepest silent charity, and feels in life that which he can never utter. But the cruel lesson of daily life seems to be that the many are either heedless or unconscious of this clamor of the spirit whose demands are more than *meum et tuum;* all orthodox opinion drives optimism into a corner, for it decrees that the universe was set spinning merely to create a bazaar in which the soul of man is set up as the standard machine for the appraising of toys.

But it is this wild, mad clamor of the spirit in life that lies just beneath the dumbness of the language of wants, and so wantonly eludes even the language of love and poetry, that the soul of the poet hears in snatches; and this is the music that even more hungry ears crave in the immensity of the universe; for God in His doubting, fearful moods bends low to listen for the mystic sounds of the soul in the life that has so often mocked His infinite love and pity and patience. It is the breath of life to Him. If it should ever cease entirely He would be haunted with the soulless shapes into which His breath had blown in vain, and to escape such horrid company He would leave the universe to darkness and the well content. Then as the long, black hours dragged their agelong horrors through and no sign of dawn crept into the East, these jeerers of the wild fantasies of the spirit would glower blindly into one another's faces, and crying, in the piteous jargon of the flesh, "God is dead!" fall upon one another for the lack of love and faith that slew Him. But the world may not reach that awful night, that strangling Cimmerian blackness, in which neither life nor soul could survive; for deep down beneath the grotesque dumbness of its shadow life we can catch the pulse and throb of the music of the soul; and every now and again a dumb soul out of prison walks among mortals making signs and murmuring in the rapture of madness a poetry that makes men look tremulously askance at poor sanity. In this wild distortion of the common speech of wants, we discover that it holds a magic of divinity and mystery in it that pertains not to a mere medium of barter and passion. Through all the shadowy inadequacy of words there shines the soul of man, a glimpse of God and the gods, the innate grandeur and dignity of life; and the speech

men use so carelessly and so ruthlessly debase and degrade is after all the soul preserver in the tossing sea of things.

Only in the lure of words, springing spontaneously, tumultuously from the awakened mind and soul of man can we touch the ever elusive wants of the spirit; and here is an assurance for those larger optimists, who can shut out the petty wants and clamor of the tangling hour, that the dignity and poetry and mystery of mortal life have not departed, for the language of sin and trade can ensnare some haunting sense of the imprisoned spirit, which even the gossamer nets of the pure imagination cannot capture and hold for more than a moment — for the distractions of life are many. We desert Paradise at the sound of the dinner-bell. But though all mortality is in the thrall of the flesh, and a poetry of the freed spirit can never be anything more than the haunting dream of poets, still the shadows and mockeries of the spirit will ever flit in and out of human speech and are inextricably tangled up in the music of any collocation of words, so that they will ever mean more than they meant in the flashing logic of the poet's mind; and falling into some eternal form they contain a separate atmosphere and soul of their own, which somehow carries to every affinity the calm and freshness of the wind before the dawn. Words are intangibly bound up in the struggles and labor of the spirit in mortal life, and are sacred as the breath of the body; it is as true of them as of lives, "There is a divinity doth shape their ends, rough hew them as we may." This thought should sober us: instead of our words being mere counters and pawns for our thoughts and acts in the commerce of life, they are the only palpable symbols of the spirit, and the only things we can imbue with any suggestion, however elusive and bewildering, of the real inner identity, the spirit, that thrills in silent communion with the Spirit of the Universe.

Something of this was passing through the head of Doctor Samuel Johnson — a sort of vindication to his own conscience as to the inherent dignity of his occupations; for the Doctor sometimes doubted if the immense labor spent in compiling his dictionary had not been wasted, seeing that it was a task that to some narrow minds seemed to be simply a marshalling and labelling of mere words. I have made this digression at some violence to those impatient for my story, because we should in gratitude remember that the makers of dictionaries add a thousand separate souls to every reflective man's circle of acquaintance; and Doctor Johnson was the first to throw open to the common multitude the Paradise of words, the domain of the gods, the enchanted world of Shakespeare, which before had belonged only to a few scholars. With a braver and larger stock of words comes a higher plane of thinking.

And so we come back to "The Mitre" and Doctor Johnson — who has not greatly missed us.

The romancers must always pray that this alleged devotion of the millions to the sobriety of appearances will never lead them to wholly cut themselves off from all dalliance with the delightfully tantalizing

fictions and speculations of those more riotous imaginations, that are impelled by Dame Nature (who has no aversion to fantasy and reveals her miracles through imaginations fascinated by the improbable) to ruthlessly remove the spiritual landmarks of their easy and contented fellows and extend in a twinkling the boundaries of thought into the world of dreams. The romancer can support the slight estimate put upon his character and splendid dreams, the invisible fabric of life, by the unheeding, miserably wedded to their pauper, barren facts, as long as he is allowed to explore the whole domain of speculation without let or hindrance; and as for this particular romancer he experiences no difficulty in finding his way about Elysium, and can detect Doctor Johnson through the gloom of the murkiest November afternoon — and through brick walls and space, if it were necessary; but fortunately there is no need to ask discourteous incredulity to stare through a brick wall. Once the eyes had become accustomed to the obscurity of the taproom any person in the habit of observing significant trifles would have noticed a brown patch wig dangling from the corner of the old high-backed settle that screened the hearthstone and the old-fashioned, wide-open fireplace. A very simple *denouément* to a most portentous small mystery: the wig belonged to Doctor Johnson, and he was on the other side of the partition. Ah! if any dare now to belittle the function of fiction the romancer will seek a refuge in the dignity of the Doctor's wig; and possibly a little scratching would produce a good rolling jeremiad, for the Doctor was a great stickler for the imagination and fantasy, though he was of too positive a mind to have an abundance of either.

The romancer, and those who favor such disreputable company, are permitted to spy, without becoming despicable, upon the movements of both the obscure and the great; and so peeping round the arm of the settle we can watch the great Doctor Johnson as he appeared in his meditations — and as he never appeared to the same Doctor Johnson in any mirror; for if there is one circumstance of reality that completely clears fantasy of all the suspicions of scepticism, it is this: all mirrors are magic mirrors; no man ever saw in them the figure he makes in the eyes of others.

The great man swayed to and fro, his body moving rhythmically in sympathy with the ebb and flow of his thought. Every now and again he shifted his position uneasily, toward or away from the fire, the ardent warmth of which alternately attracted and repelled him, as it does all heady, choleric men, whose thought and passion chill their extremities. His big, burly figure rolled cumbrously back and forth, from one end of the bench to the other, now in the crimson glow of the cedar logs and now in the shadow. He was reading a small duodecimo, one of Dodsley's series of Elizabethans, and as he strove to secure at once a comfortable posture and a steady light, he held his book first up to the rays struggling faintly in from the windows behind him, and then toward the

firelight — and all the while his head rolled grotesquely from side to side, as his imagination and sympathies were enthralled with fancy or passion. At times his imagination demanded a pause from the dominion of illusion, for the doctor was one of the truest of readers, and all he read was forever entangled in the warp and woof of his memory and sympathies — and, of course, that is never vouchsafed to those who read on the gallop without moments of pictured reflection. In these pauses the Doctor balanced the open book face downward on the perilous apex of his crossed and swaying knees, as he collected his impressions into one cumulative knot of weighty approval or dissent between his gray, bushy brows — meanwhile watching the personages of the play live and move in all the passion of embodied emotions in the ample world of the luminous mist of the hearthstone.

After one of these pauses of reflection — an unduly long one, for he had been caught in a web of gossamer fancies that broke down under his weight and landed him in a bewildering stream of tantalizing doubts and perplexities, which he finally dismissed with a grunt, tying the whole tangled skein of speculation into a rough knot of positive incredulity — the Doctor turned again to his book. But the print was blurred and misty, and he held the page now toward the window and now toward the firelight — in vain.

The daylight had died out of the room. Only a remnant of blue lingered in the eastern windows; which, after a mischievous scurry with the gray of the twilight closing in all around without, flying from point to point in and out of the translucent shallows of the spirals of the diamond panes, and one final, pathetic little gleam in the farthest eastern angle, died out, and left the ribs and lines of the frames stiff and dark against the dusk.

It was the gray moment of a winter's afternoon — the moment before the sunset, which brings the vague melancholy that comes with the sense of the stillness and solemnity of this evanescent mood of Nature. It is the most beautiful, the most holy moment of the seasons, the only one in the whole circle of hours in which the spirits of light and darkness seem to be in complete and tender sympathy with the spirits of mortals or immortals — for even in Elysium the holiest emotions are touched with sadness; not the sordid sorrow that we know but the sorrow of the aspiring spirit. The tears that start to the eyes unbidden for a wanton nothing at eventide are the holiest tears we shed; let us never be ashamed of them, for they are the tears of true worship; the only tears shed by men and the lesser gods untainted with selfishness.

A moment — and the mysterious spell of hushed clearness had gone, and all was movement and color. The sun, that had played hide and seek all day, suddenly dropped like a huge blotch of flame-lit blood out of a low-lying patch of clouds, and in a few moments it sank below the horizon, leaving the heavens streaked with yellow and crimson and purple, and a

myriad fiery brands blazing cheerily in the northern windows. Before the flame had flickered out of the windows and all had melted into blue and gray and purple and then been wrapped in the swift-spreading obscurity of night, Prometheus was on his rounds, and lights began to twinkle into life throughout the dark domain of the Festival Gardens, and far beyond, in every quarter of the heavens.

The Doctor lifted his eyes to the dull, leaden windows, and slipping the book into his coat pocket he raised himself slowly from the bench and peered into the face of the old Dutch clock ticking on the mantel shelf. Then he stretched himself, and walking over to one of the windows sat down in the sill and watched the last steely gleams die out in the northern windows, and in their stead innumerable golden beacons leap from point to point, winking at each other, through the increasing gloom as the heavens turned from blue to purple.

The Doctor, however, was not of that sunny, cheerful temperament which revels in the indefinable melancholy of the gloaming, and, with a gesture of impatience, he exclaimed: "Why, it must be getting late, and no one has come. They must have forgotten all about me. Here I am moping alone in the dark, and I cannot stand my own society without candles. Toby! Toby! To-bias!"

A pause, during which the echo of the stentorian voice came back from the still courtyard. The knot between the brows of the sage puckered into a frown that was, however, contradicted by a twinkle lurking about the mouth. He turned from the window and throwing open the door yelled into the courtyard, "To-bias!"

There was no response.

"Ah, damn that superannuated pot-boy. The scoundrel! the thoughtless, indifferent young rascal — the gods bless him! This is one of the disadvantages of Elysium. *Once* I should have threatened the landlord with my displeasure, but now that he simply keeps this tavern out of a complaisant regard for my whims, and Toby only plays pot-boy because he likes to be in good company and would rather be a wit than an archangel, it would be presumptuous in me to so trespass upon their hospitality. And I play Doctor Johnson because — well, because our vanities prey upon us even in Elysium, and, after all said and done, they afford us our chief satisfaction. Hence, a wise and great Master of destinies has so much tolerance for unregenerate hearts. We fear to be lost in a spiritual communion, and He humors us and makes our very follies and vices the means of grace. 'Tis here as there; we are the creatures of imagination, and reality soon palls upon us; we look either forward or backward and strut in an illusory world, for only the gods are wise enough to live in every hour without regret and without misgiving. As, for me, I regret — well, I am like those poor gods of our old world, who being exiled with the spreading of the light are here allowed to play at being gods. They are crushed and spiritless beneath such tolerance, and I — well, playing at being Doctor Johnson is not quite the same as

waking each morn in the arms of grim and silent Fate. There's that printer's devil from Dodsley's — I know he is only humoring me, and he overacts his part; he has not the sublime indifference of the real printer's devil to all the sanctities of literary art, and the polite knave thinks the press can wait my pleasure. How can a man think and write in such a predicament? But then there can be no virtue in industry with eternity before us, and we are doomed to survive the vanity of our works.

"Oh, but I'm getting blue all alone here in the dark. I must get some candles. Ho, here! Tobias!"

Again the court rang with the echo.

"Well, I thank Providence that leaves us so much of whimsy in Elysium as a pot-boy who is true to the traditions of his calling and gives Bacchus himself time to sober. In a state where all the world plays, it is good to find a scamp who will play truant in right good earnest and not be so damned complaisant. Ha! ha! I suppose the rogue is composing a pastoral poem in the Gardens; for even in Elysium the unwearying spirit of man yearns for something beyond mere experience; or else he is declaiming his last performance in one of the latest chap-books to Betty — or, maybe, the dog is criticising mine! Ah, ha! Everybody, I'm told, scribbles in this age, and, of course, in Elysium, where printing's free and authorship gives away its thoughts to all willing eyes and ears on the highway, we must all bear criticism with patience and respect. That is, perhaps, one of the most palpable disadvantages of a moral code, which forbids us to check and harass the industry of dulness with splenetic terrors. But then, pshaw, one need not force one's self into a crowd of well-pleased dullards, and why should one wish to cheat dulness of its pleasures? Surely there are fools enough among scholars for every man to keep the society most congenial to him without incurring any temptation of treachery, or malice. The angry retribution we held before dulness simply robbed it of its harvests and kept us from our reaping: and thus anger and envy reap nothing at a great cost of labor. Perhaps, too, there is a complacency in carping that but betrays a lack of insight. And, God bless us! I have no wish to condemn any man to a pauper Paradise; and the greatest benefits of poetry accrue to the hot hearts that are ablaze with it, and not to the ears that are dulled with much cozening. If poor dulness, that has so often suffered so much on account of the promiscuity of its begetting, is not to have a chance of the freest spiritual expansion in Elysium, what are its hopes?

"There is little doubt but that Toby's verses are good enough poetry in the mind of Betty; although the dear hussy has a pair of roguish black eyes that deserve better poetry; but the lasses will prefer bad poetry in which the compliments stick out, and will forgive much that is ludicrous, even to them, when a lusty young devil has a well-turned leg, and heels that click with love as they dance in attendance. It would be churlish to question whether it is worth while to spoil a good pot-boy to

make a poor poet, since it gives so much innocent pleasure. And the kernel of Toby is no pot-boy but a poet in very truth; a very firebrand of generous tenderness; and to deny the lad his spiritual growth for the sake of my crotchets would be to retard my own. Besides, Doctor Johnson, as a good Tory you must remember your bond and the assurances of orthodoxy — you promised the poor in the other world consolation in this; and in the ideal state every man sees with the poet's eyes, though fortunately some keep silence. Perhaps, in our haste to postpone a settlement of accounts with the hewers of wood and drawers of water, that we might enjoy the increment, we promised dulness a little too much and did not fairly consider the infinity of the eternal part of the bargain; but if the poor got any advantage over us in that transaction it is the only thing in which respectable morality did not outwit them, and invest and reinvest them, body and soul, upon their own security. So as gentlemen, with a nice sense of honor, we must accept the situation with philosophy. It is the logical outcome of our philosophy; and, I must confess, the millions take their belated dividends in a spirit of charitable forbearance. And so, God speed the poets; as for me I have too much leisure to compete with them. But I thank Providence we are not wholly abandoned to a morality of mechanism, but still have these slight annoyances to endure. A poetical pot-boy reconciles me to better poets whose perpetual wisdom bores me. Toby! — *damn* that boy!"

The doctor strode once more to the door and flung it wide open, but just as he was about to roar, and make the welkin ring again, a peal of merry laughter burst from the opposite side of the dark archway and arrested him agape. It was followed by a sudden flash of light from a half-opened door, which slammed to again in the wind, and intensified the darkness. The doctor listened to the voices in the passage for a moment, and then said, laughingly, half aloud, in a tone of pleased surprise and good humor: "It's Goldy — God bless him! I thought the rogue could not have the heart to abandon me to the horrid imaginings of Dr. Johnson on a bleak and melancholy night like this." He peered into the darkness of the archway and then glanced hastily into the court and up at the sombre sky, and shivered. "Ugh! this is gloomy — but gloomy enough to promise a long and cheery evening as the company unbends in the glow of the cozening candlelight, which sets all tongues a-wagging. Ho there! Goldy; you're in a right merry mood. Come here and share the jest with an old fogy who's almost on the verge of melancholia."

"Ah! where are you, doctor, dear? I was just laughing at something my friend said on the way here. He remarked as we came through the crowd — just out from the Sunset lecture, you know — that he had never seen so much hang-dog felicity in all his life. He has but recently arrived — early this very morning, in fact — and I found him inquiring for some friends of his, who, he said, would be expecting him, but as I

did not know anything about them, although he assures me they were men of letters and scholarship, I could not greatly assist him. But, sir, we drifted into the deeper waters of conversation, and became so well acquainted that, by the time we reached the Gardens and the crossroads, we felt that the rest of the way would be too lonely apart, and as we had not the heart to separate, my friend had the complaisance to come with me and we turned the corner together. The doctor, sir, is the most delightful, whimsical wit it has been my fortune to meet in many moons, and I am especially desirous that you and he should become acquainted and find each other agreeable. I have prevailed upon him to join our circle as my guest for this evening, although he protests that he does violence to his sensibilities — for he fears his friends will learn of his arrival and consider him neglectful. But I am sure they will forgive him, when they are informed *whose* company he has been in; and you, sir, I know will be glad to meet a wit upon whose lips still rests something of the buoyant ring and fragrance of youth, in spite of a protracted earthly experience."

"Humph! I had half given you up, Goldy, my boy, and I am afraid I was in danger of another moral lapse into irritability and melancholy when you arrived. Ah! Goldy, I sometimes think this transplantation has cost me a good deal of my old serenity of spirit; somehow I am often attacked now with the strangest misgivings and most effeminate emotions — I fear jealousy. Come here and let me grip your hand. You and the good fellows of your and my generation must never desert the old place and the old man and leave me to face an eternity of monotony alone; for I cannot make new friends so easily as you young dogs. I find that after all my admiration of the ancients, they are alien to my every mood and sentiment; our spirits do not mingle. I can read them with enjoyment, but our converse is frozen — we cannot meet with profit or comfort. And as for the moderns — well, I confess it, I have a prejudice against them. I find it hard to establish cordial relations with them. They have such a passion for re-labelling everything, and they have lost the arts of conversation and profitable employment through the most amazing system of mental concentration. Why, I met a man the other day who had lived ninety years in the other world, and he had seen nothing of its social institutions, its people, politics, or the everyday life about him. He mumbled incessantly something about boilers, and when I put some questions to him touching certain matters of human interest he only shook his head mournfully. Poor devil! since this sphere is controlled by dynamic forces he will have nothing to employ his eternity of leisure and is condemned to an unbroken isolation and silence."

"Ah, I should imagine that that was an extreme case, but by no means so rare as to be characterized as monomania. That man was probably a first class boiler maker, but he took no thought of such a morrow as this, in which his occupation would be gone. I am afraid that the old

hobbies are losing something of their attraction. But, I hope I may say, sir, that you will not find me quite such a one-string fiddler as the man you speak of. I have always held a man should know something about everything. No man can attain the state of the sage, who begins by divorcing himself from the interests of the man."

"That's well put, sir, and I shall be glad to know you better. This extreme tendency toward exclusive concentration upon one particular branch of business or study, seems to be the most elaborate and certain way of pursuing knowledge to achieve ignorance. I am sorry to learn that the practice is really becoming as prevalent as my worst misgivings had persuaded me. But this is not hospitable of me to keep you here, — but as perhaps you know, sir, among garrulous men when the trade winds blow they are apt to drift out of their course, in spite of reason and the compass, and even though they have prospects of more goodly commerce in port. Come, Goldy, let us lose no more precious time talking across this chasm of dismal darkness. My spirits have been sinking to zero since sunset; if you have any charity find that villainous boy — or find some candles."

"The doctor will certainly put you in spirits, sir, for he has some new notions from below."

"I hope not *too* new, for I fear the Egyptians. That is one of the surprises and strange contradictions of all one's accepted and preconceived ideas that await every new comer here, sir. Let me tell you while the matter is *àpropos*. It seems, sir, that in ancient Egypt the wit and humorist was held in higher esteem than among modern peoples, and Moses occupied a position at the court of Pharoah as wit and philosopher — for the offices were then rightly blended — and most of the jests and witticisms in circulation among the peoples of the Western world owe their origin to Moses. It was rightly held by Pharaoh that the greatest ills of life were monotony and melancholy; and he knew that nothing grows so monotonous as grandeur, and having one's every whim gratified. He had enough philosophy to rate the highest goods at something approaching their true worth, and so he gave to the finest wit in his kingdom the most exalted place in the state, next to Pharaoh. We remember Moses for the Tables of the Law. That was the least of his literary performances. It was his jests that endeared him to Pharaoh, and made that mighty monarch pursue the poor fugitive to the Red Sea. But these, so soon as they had dissipated the grimmer humors of the Court, were written on the walls of the city to keep the populace in good spirits; and so their paternity was forgotten.

"It perhaps never occurred to you before, sir, but it takes some sense of humor to enable a man to play the hero; for unless a man can bring himself to laugh cheerily at the discrepancies in the external states and dignities of men the sacrifice will seem too great to be borne. With a keen sense of the ludicrous, which is the end of philosophy, all earthly ambitions and honors are, as my friend Dean Swift aptly said, seen to

be but mostly questions of wigs and clothes, and the choice between omnipotence and vagabondage is simply a choice between bondage and freedom for the spirit. Now, the Jews were then but vagabonds, and that in a time when men without some abiding place were malefactors, and Moses heroically relinquished the greatest honors to lead a miserable and vagrant host out into the wilderness. He could not have foreseen that after two thousand years Moses the lawgiver would be greater than Moses the prince, and, even if he could, only a humorist could derive satisfaction from the thought of such belated honors. His laws he doubtless borrowed from the Egyptians, but his jests he left behind to make all civilizations since his day philosophically content with the pinch of law.

"It shows the vile complacency of the generality of mankind, sir, its tendency to sun itself in the god-like virtues of great and heroic men, that all the world has since accepted Moses' stupendous sacrifice as a perfectly natural and unremarkable action, which every man would do in a like situation for his blood. And yet men murder their countrymen by thousands for a penny in the pound. That shows the palpable necessity of a hero's being first of all a humorist. It is easy to philosophize about the intrinsic facts of life, but the majority of us grasp the shadow instead of the substance, quite knowingly. It is easy to say that a wise man weighing the intrinsic against the extrinsic will eat his bread below the salt without rebellion or bitterness; but such bread, and I have eaten it, sits uneasily and sourly on the stomach. I know it made me peevish and melancholy. After much reading of philosophy I have learned I never was a philosopher. No man was ever yet made a philosopher by the reading of philosophy. I think the few men who live philosophically would probably give it up if they took to the study of philosophy in earnest, and had to confront the psychological difficulties presented daily in their own easy, problematical, sun-loving lives. I always liked the braver show of life and would be of it. There were better philosophers among the vagrants and beggars and miserables to whom I gave shelter; but then if I had had more humor I should have had more melancholy. It is worthy of remark that Moses never cracked any jests after leaving Egypt. The wilderness invites meditation and rapt contemplation. It takes the rude press of life in a great city to squeeze the humor out of a man.

"But at last here comes Tobias to lighten our plague of darkness. And Beauclerk and Langton, and, bless my soul! Sir Joshua and Davy. How d'ye do, Davy? Well, we *ought* to have a merry night of it."

In a few moments the company was comfortably seated about the table and around the fire, in the glow of the logs and the candles — an old-fashioned group that is scarcely to be seen nowadays out of shadowland. The newcomer quietly ensconced himself in the shadow of the chimney corner, a little apart from the rest, for although accustomed to much and brilliant society, he felt a little constraint on this particular

occasion, as he was embarrassed with a haunting sense of the fact that he was a hundred years older than any of the other gentlemen present, and by so much an alien in their society.

After a buzz of general conversation, and a pause, Doctor Oliver Goldsmith got upon his feet, and looking smilingly round the table, said: "Gentlemen, I know that formal speeches are not permissible by the rules of the Old Fogies' Club, and I should be the last to wish to establish them, for I always find the waits between my own efforts interminable and tedious — although, of course, other gentlemen are most ready and eloquent upon their feet. Still these long, set speeches are like great wastes of ocean; the company drifts miles and miles apart, and only speak amid the swash of seas by signals. I am not going to make a speech — I find my wit grows richer in commerce; but I want to present to Doctor Johnson, and the distinguished company, a very eminent wit whom we have with us this evening for the first, but I sincerely hope not the last, time — Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, from America."

Dr. Johnson: "A wit — an autocrat — from America? Odds bodikins, sir, I never knew they grew wits and autocrats in America! I always associated America with painted savages and barbarians, rebels and rascals. I had an idea America was a lucky discovery for the British silk and linen and hardware trades, but I never dreamed that such a wilderness was to contribute to the arts, the refinements, of life in return."

The Autocrat: "If I may interrupt one moment, Doctor, I should like to remark that it is very plain that I shall have to resume my sway of gentle and benignly enlightening autocracy for a little while — just to bring your ideas of the intellectual progress of mankind up to date. It is very natural, of course, for you to be possessed of the idea that only savages and barbarians flourish in America. It is a delusion that is shared by the great multitude of your countrymen even at the present day, and especially by that portion of the illiterate population which earns its bitter bread iniquitously by shamming insanity in the London reviews. There is no need, really, for crass and congenital stupidity to sham insanity; its opinions are sufficiently vigorous and amusing without that extremity of grotesque pantomime.

"I do not know whether you keep yourself posted on the current productions of Fleet Street nowadays, Doctor, but if you do you must have observed that the good old fashion of foaming at the mouth, which was so much affected in all literary polemics in your day, and in the age succeeding, as the mark of superior attainments and character, has not entirely yielded to the inroads of the more scientific and good-humored spirit, that condemns howling as an invasion of the universal necessity, under the high pressure of civilization, for a period of amused calm. The perception of the ludicrous, which is one of the surest indications of the progress of civilization, is becoming more general than

it ever was before, and as it spreads among the nations the wild clangor of polemics dies down into a ripple of polite and restrained argument and repartee.

"But from this contamination of degenerate politeness your sturdy nation is most peculiarly and, perhaps, happily exempt; and the *Saturday Review* — you are doubtless acquainted with it, although it appeared after your day — still flourishes, still beats its little drum and bays at the moon, while all Europe and America laughs. In spite of extending empire the English will ever remain parish-bound in their thoughts and imaginations, especially in all matters of intellectual hospitality. England is a great isolated parish on the outskirts of Europe, and nothing would do more to really civilize its truly interesting people, and enlarge their ideas, than the heroic process of becoming Europeanized. But the prosperity and influence of such dismal organs of the national disease of melancholy mania, as *Punch*, the *Saturday*, the *London Times* and the *Quarterly*, discourage missionary work at a distance. Nothing less than the absorption of Great Britain by the rest of Europe can thoroughly cure the English chilly complacency.

"The Puritan and Pilgrim fathers hailed from England, sir, and I think they took as much wit with them as they left in the England of their day. Maybe they and their children have not kept pace with the wits and poets of England, who have lived and played their part since then; and indeed I am willing to grant so much; but there was much other work to be done in the wilderness, and possibly in the future the odds will be more even. As the sun shines and the rain falls without prejudice, we hope so. We think, too, sir, that climate and other influences have produced in us a diminution of phlegm, a trifle more nervous force and a nimbler wit than is usual among the English. It is possible this is largely superstition; in fact, I suspect it is, but since so many virtues hang by a thread to some vanity, this much can be said for this superstition, if it is nothing more substantial: it leads to a certain degree of intellectual curiosity and hospitality, and a certain quickness and subtlety of appreciation, that do not exist even among the cultivated classes of Great Britain, who must wait for the stamp of official authority, the hall-mark, before they dare to yield to a curiosity or sympathy that might be misplaced. English pride and reticence and coldness are largely due to timorousness. Their hatred of bad form and fear of ridicule are due to a certain timidity that characterizes no other robust and hearty people — they are afraid to trust themselves to Nature. The English live in a strange alternation of perpetual fear and derision of their neighbors. All their virtues are solemnly passed by act of Parliament.

"Americans often rush to extremes, and are often ridiculous in lacking a sense of proportion, but they are more generous, and, on the whole, more intellectually hospitable than the English; and even a fool with the courage of his convictions is preferable to a fool, a great deal more

positive, who has no convictions, no independent conclusions, but is only capable of being stirred by the infection of popular rumor. My countrymen are often animated with an audacity which I scarcely dare to reveal in its whole enormity. A man will jump up in his community of a thousand souls, some small village on the prairie, and declare his neighbor to be the greatest man of his age, and maintain his opinion with wit and eloquence and humor. The great man proclaimed is often, perhaps usually, a terrible example of hopeless mediocrity; but such fine audacity of opinion, such independence of character and such generosity of appreciation and belief, ought, when modified by the mild scepticism of enlarged knowledge of the world and literatures, to produce some strong and original thinkers. The Scotch and Irish have more of this independence of judgment. The English live mostly by catchwords and badges· and so no good thing can come out of Nazareth, in their opinion. Perhaps this is ungrateful in me, for I know the English have read and kindly praised 'The Autocrat,' of which you just heard my friend Dr. Goldsmith speak, and ——"

Dr. Johnson, interrupting loudly: "I remember it now, sir. Your name had slipped my memory. There are so many of you modern writers, while in my day in England a good sized tavern would hold all the *literati* of an era. But I have read 'The Autocrat' —it is among my collection of modern literature. The circumstance of your hailing from America had escaped me. It never occurred to me to inquire into your geographical merits. I got the book from a London friend and read it almost at a sitting. I think it a fine, a very fine performance; a little distracting at first to one who expects a more rigid form of literary art, but imbued with a charm that deepens and mellows. You may think my taste over-fastidious or capricious, but the abruptness of the style repelled me at first, until the wit and spirit of the matter overcame my repugnance. I think you were bold in making such a departure from the old established forms into which the essay crystallized in the hands of Addison, Steele, Swift and the men of my time. But the result has certainly justified the attempt; for your work, sir, has much of the spirit of Goldy's 'Citizen of the World,' and, at the same time, it has caught the impermanent elusive charm and color of desultory conversation, among men of wit and sensibility, on all the range of human thought and feeling, and preserved it, fresh and clear and bubbling, in amber. That, sir, requires a fine imagination, and an art that, if it perfectly succeeds, becomes more and more imperceptible with perfection.

"In a work of this sort the art is recognized only in failure. A success like yours, sir, cozens every tea table; tempts every dull pate to emulation. Even a severe examination may fail to reveal the art of it, but an attempt at imitation will bring certainty like a thunderclap, and enhance one's admiration. The fact that these bubbling commentaries were not put into any dialogue form contributes to their naturalness. They do not so much represent conversations, as brilliant pictured

patches of such memorable talks as one can never forget, and can never entirely reconstruct. In the form of a dialogue they would have lost this vivid sense of reality, that contributes so much to their permanent qualities, because the endeavor to be natural would have destroyed the spontaneous flow of limpid naturalness. No, sir, only conscious egotism can lend this spontaneity and reality to such art as this. That is the great preservative; the impersonality of a dialogue would have imperilled it, or else made it too dramatic for the faithful representation of those quiet phases of feeling it was the author's purpose to catch and mirror. Its form not being so remote from men's minds as much literature cast in a more rigid mould, it is secure of a permanence and, at the same time, a vitality of influence, that does not always accompany even the longevity of the best in literature.

"Thus, sir, you see the strange destinies of books. Great labors like Gibbon's are, indeed, not wholly forgotten by scholars, but they are very seldom disturbed by the mass of busy men, whose leisure is generally slothful. But every generation handles and reads familiarly Goldy's 'Vicar,' and Steele's 'Sir Roger,' and all those other trifles, so delicately, so simply and so charmingly woven, that they are wafted in ever new and dainty forms from one generation to another, while weightier cargoes of more substantial thought, much profounder logic, and reasoning, and scholarship, lie beneath them half hidden in the sands of forgetfulness, and sink deeper and deeper as the heads of posterity grow lighter and more feathery. I predict just such happy fortunes for 'The Autocrat,' which has already outlived many of our friend's contemporaries, and a king's ransom of more weighty thought. It is at the first dip seemingly too fragile, too spontaneously effervescent to suit the tastes of new generations, which have humors and fizzes of their own; but this is a superficial view, the mere scepticism of a man whose judgments in literature are apt sometimes to be purely academic. In considering the permanence of literature the academic standards are scarcely more reliable than those of the popular verdicts of the hour. There is something more than intellect in all literature that lives, and something more than heart — it is the subtle, indelible impress of personality, good or bad.

"You observe, upon a stricter examination of 'The Autocrat,' that it contains but very little that was merely factitious, that it drew from the life and thought of its day only those juices and fragrances which are always permanent in the human imagination, and in the sources of the emotional and intellectual life. 'The Autocrat' may be compared to many preceding writers, but, in my opinion, he owes very little, on the whole, for his style and inspiration to literature; save the debt which every educated man owes to books for the ripening and quickening of his intelligence; and how great that debt is no man can appraise, for a reflective man will absorb much capital from the merest glimmer of print, as well as the hints and comments in the air in the talk of bookish men.

"In the matter of style, 'The Autocrat' is certainly no debtor. In truth he does violence altogether to the unwritten canons of our essayists, and to those of the French, too.

"It would not be fair to compare his writings with those of Addison or Steele or Goldsmith — although the spirit and atmosphere is more that of Goldsmith than of Addison; but all these men worked with radically different methods, and wanted so much more sea-room, not only for their thought but for seamanship, for the dexterities and felicities of style. It is in their ultimate aims that they all meet, for they all aimed to combine the inculcation of a certain moral tone, rather than of any distinct moral teachings, with the allurements of a light and cheerful and fantastical muse.

"I have heard 'The Autocrat' also compared to Charles Lamb — a fanciful and quaint fellow who came after my time — but I do not find the comparison holds; for Lamb had a more subtle style, and wrote with a conscious artifice that is part of the charm of his fantastic conceits — which do not always chime in with my humor; while the attraction of 'The Autocrat' is in the play of thought and humor, and scarcely at all in the odor and conjury of the phraseology, though this is not without grace and precision. The style lends itself to the weaving of fancy without being in the least capricious or fantastical — which is a rare circumstance, for the infection of fancy gets into a man's use of words, and often perilously; it is the cheery, ready, steady flow of a clear-headed, mature and merry man of the world; but though the matter presents an abundance of epigrams, and turns of thought and fancy more rich and suggestive than any epigrams, the style itself has none of that definite distinction which strikes one at once in reading Lamb or Sir Thomas Browne or Goldsmith, or any of the other older essayists. It reminds one more of familiar, unconventional letter writing than of the dignified and sonorous tide of the masters of our English prose.

"In a word, what 'The Autocrat' has really taken from his predecessors is more the spirit and manner of their century than the fashion and style of their literature. He has introduced a form into literature much more perilous to imitate than that of any of the earlier periodical writers. He has more matter and a wider range of thought and speculation than Goldy, but his jerky unconventionality of form has little of Goldy's exquisite flow of charmed words. Goldy's sense and nonsense are both forever secure in his style, and he will outlive 'The Autocrat's' more solid reflections, and many others, too. With 'The Autocrat,' if the matter failed the fascination would be gone; but not so with Goldy. He, the varlet, could beguile you into the most sober consideration of empty nonsense, wrapped up in fine simplicity and pregnant phrases, full of wit and humor and wisdom; and then, if discovery were imminent, he would lure you into an endless digression, in which the wealth of fancy and beauty and justness of observation, and the clearness and truth of the reasoning, would quiet all suspicions and leave one satisfied. 'The

Autocrat' states his business, as a man at the breakfast table should, with clearness and perspicuity, and without unnecessary circumlocution. He"———

At this moment Goldsmith, who had been drumming impatiently on the table, and shifting uneasily from one side of his chair to the other, sprang up excitedly and, plucking the Doctor by the sleeve, said half aloud, "Gracious goodness, Doctor, dear, don't you know you interrupted our good friend in the very middle of his thought — in midstream, as it were, and that he is between dignity and despair?"

"Oh, let the Doctor continue," cried The Autocrat, "I am sure I am delighted to learn that he can read me with so much tenderness; and all the ideas I had at the moment have gone down stream together."

Doctor Johnson: "Then, sir, I humbly and honestly beg your pardon, and crave the grace of this assembly; for I am somewhat sadly aware that this company has so often listened to my opinions on different matters that I cannot well say anything which will contain any novelty for them; whereas, sir, since you are not only an arrival from that old world we all so fondly recall, but are also, in a sense, now a visitor from a world entirely unfamiliar to us, it is conceivable we may derive profit or amusement from your discourse. I hope you will pardon my garrulousness; but you must remember that 'Use doth breed a habit in a man,' and for many years I have sat at the head of the table at these assemblies and have held undisputed authority. Ah! I'm becoming too philosophic in these long, long days of reflection for my peace of mind. I perceive now that the despot and the child are the sport of their dreams, but the former, alas, has misgivings, and would live in others' good opinion as well as in his whimsies. The child is free of this care, and is the only type of the satisfied egoist. But the despot's peace is in the keeping of silent and tender friends — a hint, a laugh, a blab, and it is all destroyed."

The Autocrat: "Doctor, I can sympathize with these painful misgivings, but am sure you do yourself and your friends an injury, for you are as dear to your friends now as in the beginning of your auspicious literary reign. It is not novelty, sir, that holds the fealty of generation after generation of men of letters, but integrity and worth. With Doctor Johnson began the personal dignity of the man of letters and the thinker among men of our race, and it is no flattery when I say that there may be greater figures in our literary history, but none which exercises a greater or more lasting charm over the heart and imagination of all men who love literature.

"If I may upon such short acquaintance take the familiar license of established intercourse, and illustrate a point from my own experience, I will take the liberty, sir, of diagnosing your disturbance out of my own knowledge and experience.

"It may be known to some of you that I have for some years enjoyed a certain measure of autocracy, that is, a certain freedom of expression,

commanding more or less respect, and I have at different times suffered something of the superfluous doubts which have assailed our friend and caused him to misdoubt the continued interest and loyalty of his admirers. This is all due to the lack of excitement, the absence of emulation, and the monotony of assurance. I never had a single qualm so long as, in the literary way, I had nothing but good prospects, but when I had my little world of readers and my assumption of autocracy was no longer presumption, but was accepted and undisputed, I began to be afraid to put pen to paper in case I should destroy my own agreeable illusions. It is a terrible moment when a man discovers that he has moods; very few can truly possess themselves again with any sense of security after such a discovery. The trouble with you, sir, is that you miss the stir and clamor that impelled you to play your part as you did; now that there are no rivalries, no cabals, no annoyances, nothing to contradict your humors, you feel that you are bereft of something vital — but perhaps in this chastened mood, sir, you are a better, broader and more hospitable man."

Dr. Johnson: "Perhaps so, sir — probably; but all the same you have hit upon my malady. I was one of the most contented men that ever made the best of a bad world, and found the hand of Providence in all iniquities and all evil dispensations and disasters; but I am growing cynical and rebellious in this world of monotonous contentment and happiness and virtue. It is the damned complaisance of my dear friends which is destroying my serenity. Yours, sir, is the first voice that has been raised in opposition to any one of my vagaries and whims for I cannot think how long, and I feel kindly toward you for it. Oh, you can't believe how I have longed to be contradicted — flatly and roundly contradicted. But no, everybody either agrees with me, or is silent in deference to my sacred convictions, and so I am ever at the bottom of my emotions, sodden and hopeless, unable to rise. Contradiction and choler, sir, were the breath of my intellectual life, and now a conspiracy of morality is gradually undermining my faith in my fellows. Sometimes Goldy, who it seems has more sense and spirit than we used to credit him with, tries to humor me, but he does it without genuine enthusiasm, and it is too apparent that it is but another form of complaisance, and we finally abandon ourselves to our dismal unanimity of opinion."

"But why need you agree? If there are no politics to discuss, there are the complexities of the spirit."

"Yes, sir, but in this region tenderness would forbid recriminations and bitterness on such divergences of identity, even if we had any language at command capable of making us intelligible to each other. Our highest and finest emotions are intuitions, of which we are conscious, but which we cannot grasp or characterize in words. And on the lower plane of morality — well, there are no temptations here."

Goldsmith: "Ah, but, Doctor, we have still the weather — contrary

to general expectation. And the sunrises and sunsets. Dame Nature is always changing; she never grows monotonous."

Doctor Johnson: "I suppose I should blush with shame to admit it, but I have never learned to be much interested in Nature. In spite of the fact that I once wrote poetry, I always accepted the seasons and the sunsets and all the rest of it as a matter of course. I confess I agree with that gentleman who, when his attention was called to the fragrance of a May evening in the country, observed, 'This is all very well; but for my part I prefer the smell of a flambeau at the playhouse.' For my part, if the truth were no irreverence, and the truth is the breath of life, I should say, 'This is all very well, but it is not Fleet Street.' I thought I should have gone mad with *ennui*, until I got this little retreat built, which, as perhaps you have observed, is so constructed as to inspire a host of agreeable reminiscences. I find Elysium too large for my imagination, and this mediocrity of morality dams up the sources of my wit and philosophy. Others may be enfranchised; but I pine for the narrower confines of Fleet Street, in which I could touch elbows with a world I knew intimately, and, knowing all the humors and vices and virtues of mankind, could construct a philosophy to beguile my leisure. But now the most important element in my philosophy has vanished, it no longer exists — vice; foibles may and do, vanities and laxities, but all the picturesque vices are no more."

The Autocrat: "Yours was a good Tory philosophy."

Dr. Johnson: "Yes, sir, a conservative, a permanent view of the fundamental factors in human life, for which some long intimacy with the drama of life is necessary. Fleet Street in my day was the common highway of the civilized world, in which, sooner or later, one met all the celebrities and personages of the day, and it was large enough and small enough to permit a man to become acquainted with all the follies and all the virtues of mankind, and so afforded materials for the largest views of life. Now Elysium is so wide, and there are so many millions here, and so many shrines, and so many interesting personages, and so much curiosity, and so little interest, that this is not possible to an observer here, even with eternity before him. The difficulty presented by a commonalty of morality is, that it does away with a large measure of that identity which vice alone lent to mediocrity of character. The crowds flit from place to place in search of novelty — from Zeno to Plato, from Plato to Aristotle, from Aristotle to Epicurus — and so on; and from all to the last newcomer, sage or fool. And so, through a distracting overplus of teachers and a confused curiosity, always on the verge of *ennui*, we have but little philosophy. Even after one hundred years I have not been able to properly reconstruct my old philosophy in conformity to my new environment — the distractions are so many, and they are all so disappointing and wearisome because no sacrifice or toil is necessary."

The Autocrat: "You would find the world below distractingly

changed since your day. The London of to-day is a very different place from the London you knew. It now covers thousands and thousands of square miles and contains over five millions of people. The wits are no longer conspicuous in its streets, and you would find the Fleet Street in which England's modern literature is printed, a most uncomfortably jostling place."

DR. JOHNSON: "It was a fine bustling thoroughfare in my day, sir. But the wits, sir — don't they meet in the taverns still?"

THE AUTOCRAT: "Oh, the wits are an exploded institution — utterly wiped out. The men who follow literature to-day, sir, are too thrifty to waste their fine things on their rivals and competitors in a tavern. When they get a good idea out comes their note book, and it is preserved for use when opportunity serves."

DR. JOHNSON: "Then they do not meet for the free interchange of thought and opinion, as we used to? No? Why, our meetings were the very life of letters and philosophy. The history of the English taverns would contain much of the history of English literature."

THE AUTOCRAT: "Ah, but the world everywhere seems to have grown more crowded and more bustling, and the old intimacies have become impossible. I used to grieve over the decay of the institution of our earlier meetings in Boston — but Boston, too, grew very, very large, and if I had not clung closely to the heart of it, I don't doubt I should have lost my way in its streets. Yes, sir, wit and the wits as a distinct institution in social life are dead. The world will never see such meetings as those again, except in the dreams of men whose imagination warms best in picturing the past. But it is late and I must go. I am to be 'The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table' in the morning, and meet all my old friends. I extend a welcome to all my new ones, and I hope we shall hold many merry gatherings."

DR. JOHNSON: "Oh, don't go, doctor."

THE AUTOCRAT: "I must; I would not miss my first millennial dawn just for a nap; and my gatherings, you know, were morning occasions and not midnight ones. I must really go. I should always reproach myself if I did not see the sun rise."

DR. JOHNSON: "Then sit down and wait for it, and, although I hate being about early in the morning, we'll all be at your first Breakfast: and, since the wits are wiped out as an institution below, we'll reconcile ourselves to our fate, and be as merry as we can in perfect concord."

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

The Dancing Faun.*

If it be true that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and all authors fatten upon flattery, Oscar Wilde should be one of the happiest men to be found in the contemporary literary merry-go-round, for his delightfully amusing writings are the inspiration of the style of thought and expression affected by a large and increasing number of young persons of both sexes in England and America. His method of startling the ear and eye, before appealing to the reason (though certainly combined with a fine and delicious wit) made his reputation, and at the same time extended the rumor of him, but limited the character of his true fame. For, to be quite candid in spite of all cant opinion, Wilde was a clever and original thinker, before he became a master of the art of simple *vice versæ*, and the inversion of intellectual standard half-truths, which so tickled the mental palates of cravers for novel sensations, new vibrations, etc., and gave him a circulation mere plodding sincerity could not bring. By his lesser wit he performed the good service of banishing some of the *ennui* and oppressive iteration in the doings of the "smart set" or "polite world." And another service he performed was to enfranchise all the small wits, who, previous to his advent, had lacked a suitable formula.

For this, society was duly grateful, and consequently lionized him; and in time, this æsthete of the strikingly startling and beautiful further delighted society with his satires and delicate wit, which again gave a new sensation to society. It gradually, however, began to acknowledge that underneath all his iconoclastic humor, he possessed real intellectual power, and should be taken seriously at least in the appraisement of the technique of contemporary literary art, although he has put himself beyond the pale of serious consideration as an art or social teacher. But still he is an amuser who jogs the wits of dulness, and in the profession of extremes, truly indicates the golden mean.

The greater portion of these young people, born into the world with the mere itch for writing, have, however, accepted the "lion's" quizzical and more superficial qualities quite gravely, and imitated his style, until for the past few seasons the book trade has been notable for its volumes of inverted platitudes. This confounding of an artist's weakness and strength at the expense of the latter, calls to mind the case of a certain eminent professor of Harvard College, who, after contributing a life's stock of learning and knowledge to the University, upon his resignation, witnessed in all the newspapers throughout the country columns upon columns of "obituaries" in which he was eulogized for having in his youth written a comic poem, entitled "A Lone Fish Ball," while all his contributions to the store of learning were disposed of in

* "The Dancing Faun," by Florence Farr. Cloth; pp. 169; price $1. Elkin Matthews and John Lane, London; Roberts Brothers, Boston.

one brief paragraph. The mob, and especially that portion of it engaged in newsmongering, has no sense of proportion.

In looking over the many slim and dainty books inspired by this apparently easily acquired knack of paradox, at first glance one's admiration for Oscar Wilde's genuine talent is in danger of becoming somewhat shaken. The problematical question arises, whether a style so widely, and seemingly successfully, counterfeited, is not by that circumstance condemned as merely a mannerism after all. It is doubtful whether a style that is apparently the result of a deliberate formula is not after all a lack of style. For mannerisms, like bacilli, get into the air, and alight on certain individuals born with a predisposition toward infectiousness; and this is, therefore, a temperamental failing. It is hardly as universal as the slang mania, which, to follow the figure of speech, in proportion, may be likened to the grippe — so many phlegmatic temperaments are subject to it. But the mannerism of a writer is contagious only so far as the more intense, though humorless, disposition is concerned. "A naive thing said over again, is anything but naive," said Lowell; and what tickled our palates so acutely at the supper-table is sodden and indigestible at breakfast. We can only hope that Oscar Wilde's real fame will not suffer when he has outlived the "bubble reputation" of his host of imitators. He suffers most from the stability of his established reputation. But we can hope that time will weigh his worth and set his value as an artist, when the rumor of his social character will be but a picturesque memory, and his flattering parasites spoken of only *en masse*.

"The Dancing Faun" is the title of a silvery-green little book, with a happy creation of Aubrey Beardsley's on the cover and title page. It is written by a woman, Florence Farr, while she was evidently in the worst stages of Wilde fever, but lacking in his constitutionally intellectual recuperative powers, and in his counterpoise of humor. A great number of the one hundred sixty-nine pages are devoted to dialogue, which smacks amazingly of that to be found in Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance," and other of his society comedies — with this difference, however. In "A Woman of No Importance" Wilde's walking ladies tell the audience the secrets of life, happiness and success, and analyze love and human nature in a crisp trinity of words, with a self-endorsing toss of the head — a "There!" — while the principal dummy in this book "murmurs" out her epigrams in a drawling, cynical fashion.

The following are a few palpable Wilde-isms in this book:—

Truth was always undignified.

I dislike reading. In novels people always do what you expect. The only tolerable people are those who do what you do not expect.

All vice loses its attraction when seen from the outside.

One can forgive anything when it is done with deliberate intent.

And so it runs on, *ad libitum*. It is as easy, and as thoughtless, as whistling, and is as much in the air as the latest popular song.

The writer, while reflecting all the modern tendencies, is really a good deal of a conservative, in that she clings to certain of the hoary traditions of British fiction. But then all women are Tories at heart. Her Wilde-isms are used simply as links in a conventional chain of plot and sensation, which includes many titles and incomes; a thorough-going, thoroughbred villain, without a redeeming virtue, with a secret wife, while he gambles and cheats at cards; and a murder by a "woman scorned."

It was quite unnecessary for the author to remark in her prefatory note that none of her characters were taken from real life; that fact is certainly obvious. If there was any consistency in her Lady Geraldine, for instance, after reading the first few chapters, we should have been inclined to imagine her capable of eloping with Lady Kirkdale's coachman, perhaps — such an occurrence being quite possible, and not in the least unnatural; but not of shooting to kill the villain who had neither seduced nor robbed her. But we must not hold the imagination of such writers as Florence Farr to too strict account. Those who want to be mildly shocked and who admire the *bizarre* and the unexpected, will find "The Dancing Faun" highly amusing and satisfactory. It is *fin de siècle* enough for a girls' school.

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

NO ENEMY — BUT HIMSELF.*

The numerous writers of fiction to-day are nearly all so influenced — often unconsciously — by certain famous, and sometimes popular, writers, that one has only to rapidly glance through the pages of a new novel to find out whether Ibsen, Tolstoi, Oscar Wilde, or Paul Bourget, etc., is the model on which these young writers form their style, to the limitation, and often exclusion, of their own individuality. This habit is not only harmful to the young authors themselves, but must be a source of annoyance to the imitated; for an author of repute much prefers his appreciators to remain appreciators — they are then his best audience. But as soon as they turn imitators, they (certainly without malice) become his caricaturists, and immediately weaken the new school of fiction he has created and advocates, even in his own mind. One stale egg at breakfast — after a lifetime's enjoyment of such an excellent article of matutinal nourishment — may have such a bad effect on certain weak stomachs, that even the sight of the newest-laid ever after is most distressing and disturbing.

The world has occasionally benefited by this process of picking another's mental strawberries, as Lowell would put it, and offering them at first-hand to the world. But it is a habit that can be and is very much overdone.

It is, therefore, most refreshing in thumbing over a pile of new books,

* "No Enemy — But Himself," by Elbert Hubbard. Price, cloth $1.50. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

in which the above-mentioned tendency is so predominant, to hit upon one, the style of which, from its first page to its last, breathes the spirit of independence. I speak of "No Enemy — But Himself," by Elbert Hubbard. This is, or should be, considered a typical American novel of a high standard, and, if popularity were the reward of merit, it should gain a large audience of readers. It is an original bit of fiction, told in a fresh, cheerful, spontaneous way, with considerable good-humored humor, and more philosophizing than moralizing for the adult reader. It is modern, i. e., it deals with people of to-day whose civilization is not altogether bound by the telegraph, telephone and typewriter — and yet these incidents in the onward march of humanity are touched upon to give local color to the story.

It is the story of a "tramp" for tramp's sake, who takes our minds a-tramping with him over a good area of American soil — from New York to Indiana; and, by the way, giving some vivid descriptive sketches of way-stations and the people who do loafe and lose their souls around them, farmhouses and people and their narrow lives of comedy and tragedy.

We will not take the author to task for improbable happenings, the strange fatalities — the loss of a leg and eyesight respectively of his two main characters — as we have no particular quarrel with the improbable (yet not impossible) situations that an author invents to give him an opportunity on which to swing his thought and wit and philosophy of life. The plot is the least part of any good story — and Shakespeare himself will be as great when his words merely remain and his plots have lost their distinctiveness in the minds of his worshippers. Certain little self-styled "realists" have already made too much capital and noise over the letter and not the spirit of fiction. And yet the fact remains that the imagination with observation has given us our greatest fiction — beyond anything which mere detailing, categorizing and commonplace, even if often true, small talk, of the so-called "realist" has offered to us. And there are more lessons to be learned by heart in the mouth of a Mephistopheles — who is not to be met upon Broadway — than in the whiskings and turnings and fidgettings of a woman returning from shopping at the Albany station!

In "No Enemy — But Himself" the author has shown much skill in the handling of his tramp — a character who possesses such a charming personality, so much imperturbable and aggravating humor, that one laments his untimely death. But this gives a finishing touch to the comedy, whose only last sentence upsets it into tragedy. The perennial smile ending in a single sigh made a good theme for a story; and, although the entertaining tramp could be welcomed back for his pleasant company in several books — like some of the characters in the *Comedie Humaine* — it saved the bright story from a commonplace ending, and the author here scores an artistic victory.

The tramp's boy, or rather girl — as she turned out to be — *protegé* is

fairly well worked out, although on her innocent head the author has rested all the above mentioned improbabilities which make the story.

There are a number of very quotable things in this volume — which, alone, would excuse the book for peeping at the world in unblushing print. There is no particular purpose in it, however, except the legitimate one of telling a good story in a bright, fresh way. It is not even a psychological study; and therefore the author keeps the imagination taxed to quite a degree. He, however, takes advantage of the ever ready props of improbability most skilfully and realistically; and we have a clever, light, happy piece of fiction with which to beguile our time. JONATHAN PENN.

"IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS."*

A pleasant story of an up-to-date, alert, superficial, average American reporter and a serious, slow-going but learned Canadian university professor, who are pitted against each other to serve as backgrounds in the delineation of their respective characters. After not having seen each other since they were boys at school together, they meet by appointment in the holiday time, and go camping out in the country on the Canadian side of the line, which is turned into the scene of a romance. Two farmers' pretty daughters — one of the favorite pert soubrette type, and the other her exact antithesis, make "camping out" delightful, and put the Yankee reporter into a perplexed state of feelings in regard to which of the two has the firmer hold on his affections. This gives occasion to bring in a good deal of the comedy of errors spirit, which the author has made the most of, and finally the too smart Yankee reporter gets "scooped" in his matrimonial plans. It all happens about the time of the Fenian invasion of Canada, and some laughable complications, in which the campers-out are mistaken for spies, hasten at least the professor's courtship with the serious-minded heroine.

The flippant but entertaining Yankee representative of the press — and therefore of the United States generally — is made to say a good many smart, catchy things, which will please those readers who take delight in studying the Yankee in fiction, who is always courting the reproof of the serious, yet always evades being "taken down," being such a bubbling, effervescing, talkative, tantalizingly good-natured, popular fellow who takes and makes life in the light of a perpetual melodrama. Most fiction writers who deal with American subjects err in accentuating this impression of the younger American; for even the journalists here, notwithstanding the fact that they are generally superficial enough and have a ludicrously exalted idea of their peculiar calling and importance, often have their thoughtful moments, and are more addicted to puzzling their brains how to make ends meet than they are

* "In the Midst of Alarms," by Robert Barr. Price, cloth $1.25. Published by Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York.

given to scattering five-dollar bills on all those handy messengers who carry telegrams and such like for us. But then, we take it that the "typical" Yankee in fiction is always the exception — and in such case he may exist — at any rate he appears in our imagination as a composite.

Mere "smartness" gets rather monotonous, however, and we have no doubt the author himself agrees with us here. Possibly it was his intention to impress that fact upon us, in not allowing anyone else in his book to "get a word in edgeways" but his omniscient reporter.

The story is written in a pleasant, popular way, to tickle the palates of that large population of readers, who are also much attracted to farce-comedy at the theatre, and who read mainly to be amused. They will find this book exceedingly entertaining and bright. The book is in its second edition, and the author has an international reputation as one of *the* novelists of to-day. JONATHAN PENN.

UNION DOWN.

To plunge a man into felony, to make him the voluntary perpetrator of a most outrageous deception, to invest him with all the advantages to be derived therefrom, to endow him with perfect confidence in his knavish assumption; and then to surround him with such effective characters and influences that out of the fearless knave is gradually evolved the true man, humiliated by his own secret shame, appalled by his transgression, capable of voluntary confession, of self-sacrifice and self-degradation — this is the by no means easy task which this book ingeniously and effectively accomplishes. While not ostensibly made the vehicle for conveying to the mind of the reader any vital moral theory, its ethical purpose nevertheless springs into sudden and striking relief by reason of the story's unexpected and touchingly dramatic climax.

It is chiefly a story of home life in a New England sea-board town. As a study of character, several types being so curious and so precisely drawn that they safely may be assumed to have had a living prototype, as an inquiry into the stronger emotions of men and women, and the motives which stir and move them, it is a dramatic revelation, and an artistic portrayal of American rural life and social experiences. The character of Sedgewick is one which well might serve men for a model in their relations with mankind. It strikingly demonstrates the virtue of forbearance, that mercy is the most efficient conqueror of evil, that condonation surpasses condemnation, and that the ripe fruit of redemption may soonest be gathered through kindness and compassion. His manly consideration and affecting pardon of the man who had grievously wronged him is powerfully told, and is a lesson in itself.

The plot of the story is ingenious and intricate, yet thoroughly consistent; and while, critically considered, it contains nothing essentially new, its materials have been burnished to such brightness by the art of a true story teller, its characters are so diverse and attractive, its inci-

dents so dramatic and its interest so sustained, that the reader becomes oblivious to any lack of novelty in the plot, and quite unconscious that a new lamp has been made of an old. The descriptive portions of the book are excellent, and the style is both virile and refined. While containing all the elements essential to a highly exciting narrative, and abounding in vivid and sensational word pictures, it is thoughtfully considered and presented, and its sensationalism is divested of every objectionable feature. It appeals to the heart of the reader, to one of the rarest yet worthiest sentiments in human nature; and the book being once begun, the revolution in Manley Clavering, the doubts and difficulties involving its hero, and the virtuous simplicity of the Wiseacre family, become matters of interest not easily to be set aside until the volume is finished. PAUL PHILLIPS.

LABOR AS MONEY.*

President Cleveland said in his last message to Congress: "Prominent among the unsatisfactory features of our financial system is the . . . lack of elasticity in our currency circulation and its frequent concentration in financial centres when it is most needed in other parts of the country." It is now admitted by all statesmen that our currency plan is not perfect, and it is even urged by the President that a change in our financial system must be made to overcome these fatal objections he has pointed out. Mr. Cleveland recommends the adoption of the Baltimore plan. It is presumed, from his statement of the evils of the present currency, that the plan proposed will overcome these objections by giving an elastic currency wherever needed, regardless of financial centres. An elasticity and the means of preventing the frequent concentration of currency in financial centres when it is most needed elsewhere must be discovered and adopted or our government cannot endure.

An analysis of the plan proposed will reveal its unfitness to supply the deficiency. The plan, briefly stated, is to allow banks to issue bank notes to fifty per cent of their paid-up, unimpaired capital. These notes would not be legal tender, but would be redeemable by the issuing bank in lawful money, and guaranteed by the government, which will have a lien on the assets of the bank for its security. Its features of elasticity are claimed to be the fact that it is called into circulation by the demands for currency from the locality of the issuing bank; and because of its not being legal tender and being a subsidiary money they will be rapidly returned to the issuing bank for redemption when the supply of money tends to exceed the demand.

The aggregate capital of existing banks that would be authorized to issue currency under such an act is nearly seven hundred million dollars, which gives a basis for the issuing of about three hundred fifty million dollars. If such a plan should be made a law, who can say how many

* "Labor as Money," by John O. Yeiser. Cloth $1.25; paper 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

new banks would be organized, how many private and state banks would develop into national banks, and how many existing national banks would double their capital? What would prevent the issuing of this currency to every dollar of the limit? The result would be a mad race of every institution, having this authority, to issue its share of the capital. Prices would rise — double and triple in a day. Commerce would become revived for a little season, and with one rapid stride reach a climax where it would collapse when the issue of currency touched the limit, and trade would then again be carried on only by a system of barter.

Just before the crash a redemption in lawful money would be simultaneously demanded by the holders of billions of dollars of this paper, which would precipitate the nation into a more terrifying panic than any country has ever experienced, resulting in "Repudiation, Revolution and Reformation." When redemption would be generally demanded there would be no more gold in the treasury, or in circulation, to redeem it with than there is at present to redeem the gold certificates of to-day that are being systematically used to drain the treasury every few months. The failure of every bank and the bankruptcy of the government would result as inevitably as the disaster of France under Lawism.

It is a scheme by which banks may sell their inflated capital to the government — capital, the value of which was estimated in prosperous times. "How is it possible?" Suppose the capital of a bank of $500,000 is composed of real estate and an old-style bank building, notes signed by persons who are financially good, bad and indifferent, with only such security as was ample to liquidate the indebtedness in prosperous times, but insufficient under these depressed circumstances. The bank would keep all of its assets and continue in business, besides issuing and loaning at interest fifty per cent of its capital. When the bank finally fails to redeem its currency the government would be compelled to redeem it and might then take the worthless capital of the bank. A banker would say the security is good because these notes were issued for only fifty per cent of the capital. But the experience of the West has shown that when we have borrowed money upon our homes at forty per cent of their valuation, and expended the borrowed money upon this land, suddenly, and like a tidal wave, an epidemic of foreclosure sweeps over our fair land and not only absorbs the first forty per cent, but also the other sixty per cent, and in addition plasters our court records with deficiency judgments. Is your bank capital, consisting of brick and mortar, farm mortgages and these deficiency judgments, any better than our land? Can the value of a bank's capital be ascertained any better than the value of the broad fields of a farmer? Fie upon your security! When these bank notes are issued and passed to a confederate and the bank fails, the government must pay the notes and take charge of the capital of the defunct bank — a sale forced upon the government; and all kinds of property can be converted into bank capital and thence into a currency guaranteed by the government.

Of all the wild schemes proposed by some of the Populists, these recent currency plans proposed by both Democrats and Republicans and entertained by Congress, are wilder than the very wildest of Populist parentage.

Are the banks the gods of this country, to whom the people in suppliance should appeal for currency? Would these gods relieve our distressed condition out of charity, or what motive would induce them to accept this ministration to the vital necessities of commerce? When money becomes scarce this aristocratic body would be authorized to make more. How would it be supplied to the commercial world? These gods would be expected to loan it for interest. This "small" item annually exacted from the people is a governmental gift to the bankers. Suppose no one would object to such gratuity, then let us inquire, To whom would the bankers loan this money? what kind and what amount of security would be demanded? Just as the bankers may see fit to concede and require.

Why should the banks be allowed to mobilize their aggregate conglomeration of desks, waste baskets, frescoed walls, tiled floors, farm mortgages, etc., and issue currency upon it, any more than the farmer should receive currency issued upon the products of his land, or than the merchant and manufacturer should issue currency on their unimpaired capital, which the government would guarantee? They are all vagaries. Is it justice and equity to allow the bankers to transfer their capital into money and keep the money and capital both, when the owner of all other productive capital is denied such a privilege?

Would these local banks that would be authorized to issue currency redeemable in lawful money be able to redeem it when the "financial centres" can control the money in which it must be redeemed just as they now control gold? Farm mortgages and great business blocks are daily offered as security for millions of this money of final redemption — they are securities far surpassing any contemplated bank issue — and the men who have carried gold refuse to let it out. Your bank notes can no more reach it than the other securities, excepting for the government's guarantee. How can such a scheme prevent the frequent concentration of money in financial centres; prevent the cornering of the money market and prevent the periodical or artificial panics?

A ready supply of money whenever needed, regardless of financial centres, and an elasticitity that will absorb all surplus issues, may be found if Congress is really in earnest about making such a discovery, instead of creating a discussion merely as an excuse for presently giving all banks the favor and prestige explained and a few of the larger banks their desired full control of the nation's money.

With this criticism of the Cleveland-Carlisle currency plan in mind we turn to a very interesting book, dealing with the Money Question, that proposes an entirely novel alternative. This is "Labor as Money," by John O. Yeiser, who makes certain specific claims for his theory that should interest all intelligent students of this question.

He claims that nothing can be more appropriate for a standard measure of values than common labor. Paper money based upon it, instead of gold, would be a medium of exchange between this value and other values, as the present treasury notes are an exchange between gold and all other commodities. This can be accomplished without interfering with the price of a single article of commerce, and would give us a fluctuating currency of a stationary and an international value, relaxing and contracting with the demands of the country for exchange, even in time of war, if adopted under a similar plan to the one hereinafter generally stated.

Congress should authorize the issuance of about three or four times the amount of the present money in paper certificates. The excess of this money over the amount of our present currency should be distributed to the states *pro rata* according to population. The states would receive their fund merely as the government's agents, and place it in circulation only under the conditions prescribed by Congress. Authority should be given the states to expend this money only for common labor at grading and macadamizing the common highways, planting hedges or shade trees along their sides, and for such other public improvements as unskilled labor may develop for permanent enjoyment by the public. This work should be performed by able-bodied men of certain ages and conditions permitting of an average day's work. Congress should also ascertain what a day's unskilled labor should be worth on an average in the present money at this time, and cause these laborers to be paid that sum per day in the new money.

To be "honest money" it must be redeemable money. Therefore the government must pledge itself to redeem this money. That it may be able to do so it must first receive for this exchange that which will be demanded back for redemption. The government, which is the public, demands work from its individuals for this exchange which in every instance will be received and enjoyed by the public. The government, then, aside from making this money receivable for taxes, should be prepared to perform or return all of this work that will be required of it by the same class of men and at the same price that it was issued. This work will be returned by an army of laborers raised and paid in the same manner as our army of soldiers is raised and paid — by general taxation. The money which the government receives for the labor of soldiers in such redemption is not paid them for their services, because, as stated, they are paid from a fund raised by taxation. But such money received by such redemption is retired from circulation, thus diminishing the currency.

The government will not be required to redeem all of this money placed in circulation, for a very good reason advanced by the old greenback party, viz., "because the individuals are continually redeeming it" — demanding it. It is needed in circulation and something must be used. However this reason alone will not be sufficient, as individuals

are avaricious and generally dishonest. They nearly all discount their own bills if it is possible and they are able to do so. And if the government would not guarantee redemption of this new money at the same rate that it would be issued, every one of us would seek to discount the government's money — demand higher wages than what we laborers knew our services to be worth. Therefore a small militia of laborers would be needed to work, on the principle of a "safety valve" or "steam governor," redeeming money in localities where it is so plentiful that individuals demand an advance over this standard rate. When the surplus of money becomes so exhausted from such localities that individuals will again work at within a few cents of the standard rate, it will be natural for individuals to cease demanding the militia to redeem this currency. The money thus redeemed — or indeed an inexhaustible fund — should be provided, so that any state could draw upon it to be disposed of as stated for the first issue of this currency. There should always be provided a fund ample to supply money to any certain number of laborers in any vicinity of the United States who are compelled and willing to work for it. Thus when individuals cannot obtain the standard wages from among themselves, it evidently shows that from some cause the circulation is cramped, and laborers naturally seeking employment from the state, thereby increase the circulation until society is supplied with money and the rate of wages is raised to the standard. If from any cause the rate of wages should be raised one cent above the standard all laborers would cease working for the state and find other employment at better wages, thereby stopping an increase of circulation. Then because of this slight advance in wages, government redemption would be required, which would absorb the surplus issue. Thus the standard of wages for common labor would be kept from greatly varying, and would be looked upon as permanently fixed. Therefore we would have a settled and invariable relation between common labor and this new money.

Although the work of two laborers might greatly vary, the average work of one or two hundred men applied to the same conditions will always produce the same results. The government would not deal with individuals, but would issue this money to companies of men who would apply for employment: thus giving to the government an average amount of work that could be relied upon. When any amount of this money would be redeemed, the public will have returned to individuals the same average labor power that was received for its issue. Both the public and individuals may spend this labor as freely and even as foolishly as they now spend their gold. It is unnecessary to explain that this labor power is and always will be of greater general and steady demand than gold or any other commodity for actual and practical uses, excepting, of course, during the consideration of this question, the use of any of them as a legal tender money.

Would we not then have an elastic currency of stationary value which

would be free from concentration in financial centres when it is most needed in other parts of the country ?

The government should demonetize its present money at once, but for five years exchange for it the new money at par. By the adoption of gold as our standard of value the government has placed a fictitious value upon it and inspired confidence in it. Notwithstanding the fact that gold has been accepted and passed solely upon its intrinsic value it would not be justice to demonetize it without offering a monetary substitute of its equivalent in purchasing power.

If this scale of wages is justly fixed at the price in the new money that common labor is worth in our present money, no injury, loss or confusion will be suffered by any person. None of us sell our commodities for gold to use the gold for any other purpose than to purchase the various products of labor. Labor is a commodity of the greatest demand; equally to and equally possessed and required by all people. The dollar proposed would always purchase the same amount of this commodity that the gold dollar will now purchase. Therefore, when this money is elevated to the position of gold in being made legal tender, and when gold is relegated to its place, resting upon its own commodity value, will gold ever again rule the world as it has for centuries ? How could such a change as is proposed interfere with commerce and the settled prices of commodities of sale when the gold dollar is dethroned and a labor dollar is substituted, which is made equivalent in purchasing power to the old dollar at the time it was demonetized ?

By issuing our money through the laborers and no other course, excepting sufficient to substitute for the present money, we will have a check to prevent it from becoming a "wild cat" currency and flooding the nation. We would furnish a demand for all of the labor individuals could supply; thus preventing strikes, idleness and a great deal of crime. We would set a standard of day's wages and hours' work. And above all, we would pay the laborer a rate of wages which would be equivalent to the full value of his work. Money would be issued through the proper branch of society, abolishing poverty and indigence, and obtaining in the shape of work something that would be of far more advantage to the public than interest would benefit the bankers.

Foreign countries would be forced to adopt the same standard. Until they, one at a time, shall have adopted this system they can trade with us understandingly by inquiring what gold as a commodity is worth in our market and then by learning the price of their importations in our money, they will very soon arrive at an understanding of what amount of gold they will be enabled to carry home. Our miners will dig it as long as the barbarians demand it. Gold coins will certainly soon be looked upon by the civilized nations as relics of barbarism.

Our debts, which have heretofore been contracted and which we have promised to pay in "gold coin or its equivalent" — meaning ingots — will be paid in gold bullion at 25.8 grains per dollar if preferred by the creditors or in the labor money at par.

Lack of space prevents our giving a full and lucid explanation of all that might be said for or objected against the author's theory, but we put the bare outline of it before the reader without any comment or endorsement of our own, so that he can examine it on its merits.

JOSEPH HENRY BROOKS.

BEHOLDING AS IN A GLASS.*

"Beholding as in a Glass," by Virginia D. Young, is a story of a South Carolina girl who went West, travelling alone on her first little journey in the world, and encountered an experience that was to influence her whole future life. The story truly holds the mirror up to nature and contains many clever and vividly-drawn pictures of life in the middle West. The mannerisms and provincialisms of the people are touched with a fidelity and sympathy that is something new in American fiction. We have already had New England and the South in our fiction until their characteristics are perfectly familiar, and, indeed, a little stereotyped, in the minds of most readers in the English-speaking world. But Arkansas is new ground in this respect, and Mrs. Young has given us some character sketches of rural life in Arkansas that show something of the skill with which Mr. Garland has depicted similar social conditions in Iowa.

The story opens in a railway car, in which Vivia Lemuir was making the journey from her South Carolina home to Arkansas. It was the second day of the journey, and, being very tired, the young lady was trying to get herself into a comfortable position to take a nap. There was one other passenger among the few people on the train who had discovered something very interesting in the young girl. He sat opposite, and could glance at her from time to time without embarrassing by a marked regard. One or two peculiarities attracted him. He was a student of human nature, and he noticed that she did not munch her food like other women, that she did not fuss with the windows, and she did not stare at the other passengers. She read and napped by turns, and he was actually startled when he perceived the title of her book to be the "Bible." Dr. Charles Evans was a cultured gentleman who had travelled much and had a way of keeping the world at arm's length; yet this polished man of the world, as he appeared, could not help frequently turning his handsome hazel eyes on the little dark woman before him, whose air and expression contained the idea of fatigue and heart sinking. Indeed, isolation and long fasting had done their work with her.

Hoping to sleep, she had rolled up her shabby cloak for a pillow, but even with this added she could not rest. In twisting about she caught sight out of the corner of her eye of the gentleman opposite, and her ready fancy was soon busy concerning him. She noticed the contour

* "Beholding as in a Glass," by Virginia D. Young. Pp. 277; price, cloth $1.25; paper 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

of his nobly-shaped head, the grandeur of his broad, high forehead. He was well dressed and all his belongings were handsome and in order. With the inevitable suggestion of contrast her thoughts came back to her own poor little pasteboard bandbox and that horrid old red carpet-bag that had belonged to her sister's husband in its heyday, now much the worse for wear and tear. Poor little Vivia suddenly felt a distaste for life from having to face it in such an unkempt form. Tears stole into her closed eyes, and in her despair her frail form shook.

She was awakened from an uneasy slumber by a violent jar and crash, and in an instant had her senses at command. A broken culvert had sent the locomotive and all the cars, save the one in which she was, down the embankment. The man who had had her last waking thought was just climbing down before her, and he looked back remonstrantly, saying, "Go back into the coach; you are in no danger."

But this frail little creature was all energy, and she said, "Oh, but I am going to help those poor people."

"Nonsense," replied the doctor, "you can't help them, and, besides, your feet will get wet."

But she jumped down and was soon assisting the doctor as no one else among that crowd of scared men and women could have done. The doctor's surgical skill was called into requisition, for there were dislocated joints to be set, wounds to be bound up and limbs to be amputated. Toward daylight all the victims of the disaster, dead, dying, wounded and shocked, had been gotten out of the wreck, and Vivia accompanied one of them in the ambulance to the village. Mr. Evans followed. During the next three hours they became well acquainted, and when they again started *en route* Vivia had that sense of ease natural to a woman under the recognized protection of a man. Circumstances developed their friendship to quick maturity, and when they finally parted to go each their several ways it was with that pang of regret which, with the consciousness of a deeper feeling in each, betokened more than mere acquaintanceship.

Then follow some months of life on an Arkansas farm, giving rise to character sketches, among which stand forth very clearly those of Captain Lemuir, Vivia's brother, his stout and prim wife Celestia, who was a stickler for the conventionalities, Noisette Miln and Mrs. Prior.

The scene then shifts to a western city and the author introduces us to one of the strongest episodes in the book. This is a description of a plague-stricken city, and it leaves a very vivid impression of reality. In this transition Vivia's character develops very strongly. Other characters are also introduced which stand out like veritable photographs. One of these is Colonel Loper, editor of the *Messenger*, the leading paper of the plague-stricken city. It seems that there was some sort of mystery about his life which was not without its fascination upon the more imaginative of the women folk in that locality. His friend describing him says: —

"Don't you get scared because he is a rough customer, just another case of a diamond in the rough. He is the tenderest, kindest man in his family I ever knew, but his roughness is caused by what he has gone through. He has suffered as much as mortal can suffer and live. Thirty years ago he was admitted to the bar here with good prospects, but there was one little failing he had that was like a gulley, seaming up and undermining a good piece of land. While under the influence of liquor, he killed a poor, harmless fellow. He was not arrested, and he left the country and wandered off to Central America; but when court met a true bill was found against him, and to the amazement of everybody he returned to stand his trial. He was sentenced to fine and imprisonment for two years. I visited him in jail and found him surrounded by books. His eyes were the saddest I ever saw, but he never alluded to his pain, which gave him the look of an old man while still in his prime. He became a great criminal lawyer and then a newspaper man. He made the *Messenger* a power in three states — the pith and brilliancy of his editorials is indescribable. You've heard stories of Alexander's and Bonaparte's sympathy with men of the rank and file — that was Loper's way."

Another incidental character tells his experience of war times as follows: —

"Lord bless you, mum, that I wus in the Virginia army, tell our cappen, George Cuthbert, was killed; and fifty men outen our cump'ny was tuck prisoners and sount to Pint Lookout. I tell you what, Mis' Prior, I played the bes' dodge on them Yankees ever you seed. They wus agoin' to exchange, you know, and the corp'rol what called the roll, he tuck a likin' to me. Sez he, 'Esau,' sez he, 'you teck a crutch and limp up to the inspectin' ossifer, and tell him as how you is got the rheumatiz a lyin' on this hyar wet groun'.' Well, Mis' Prior, I cum that dodge slick as a eel, and when that thar inspectin' ossifer see me, he say, 'This hyar man won't be no count to the rebs no ways — s'change him,' sez he. So they put me on the boat what cum fur us, cause them Yankees wus awful scart of the tarpeeters what us Rebs th'owed in the river, and didn't like to sen' boats up ther. Well, sir, ma'am, I th'owed my crutch away 'fore I got to Richmond. Thar I tuck a anvarlance and rid to the place whar I had tu git my papers fixed. Yes, ma'am, I has seed sights in my time. I seed the dead piled high as here this mill to Chancellorsville."

"Come, now, Mr. Esau, you make Miss Vivia open her eyes!"

"Laud, that's nothin' — why, I seed ten thousand beeves killed in one day fur the army in Virginia."

Mrs. Young gives nergo lingo and negro peculiarities with a fidelity to nature as of one to the manner born; the scene in the cotton field is painted with a realism that makes it alive.

At one point in the story Vivia seems about to achieve a great success in her chosen line of effort, when a call of love induces her to sacrifice the fruits of her hard labor, and again take up the yoke from which she had been freed. This piece of self sacrifice leads to a new discipline of greater suffering than any she had ever dreamed of in her highest flights of romance, winding up in a most original and cruel climax. Relief comes, however, and the tears which the woman's anguish had wrung from us, are dried in joy over her deliverance.

There is not a particle of affectation in the author's style. It is all as straightforward, sincere and simple as a transcript from a letter written merely for friends. Mrs. Young's strongest traits as a writer are in the realm of humor and pathos, but she does not fail to touch the fountain of tears. Her negro dialect is so absolutely true to life that we can almost fancy her taking down the talk as it was uttered. There is a

good deal of originality in her writing, and "Beholding as in a Glass" is altogether a pleasing and satisfactory story.

CLARENCE PERCIVAL SMITH.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.*

This work, by the founder of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity, is a volume of broad religious thought. The author is a firm believer in the Christian religion, but is in perfect sympathy with evolution, and, indeed, in this great theory of life finds the most potent ally to a rational Christianity. The work is especially valuable in that it shows that the Christianity of Christ is summed up in the words "Service of Love," while creedal Christianity rests upon belief about Christ. On this point Mr. Seward observes:—

> It is an amazing fact that the church has for eighteen hundred years made the profession of a belief *about* Christ the standard of membership, when He took the utmost pains to forestall that error. He carefully explains, with many reiterations, that the sole test of Christian character is loving service — denying self for the good of others. He made it clear that the Christian has but one vocation — to love.

The book is profoundly religious and singularly free from the theological cant which has made works characterized as "religious" repulsive to many thoughtful and healthy minds.

B. O. FLOWER.

EVOLUTION AND ETHICS.†

This volume, which closes the admirable edition of Professor Huxley's collected essays recently published by D. Appleton & Co., contains much of great value and much that will not be accepted by social reformers. The first one hundred eighty-seven pages are given to four addresses dealing with evolution and ethics, science and morals, and capital, the mother of labor. The remaining pages contain a series of letters, originally written for the London *Times*, on "Social Diseases and Worse Remedies," dealing specifically with the struggle for existence in humanity. The author takes as a text General Booth's "Darkest England and the Way Out." It is the way out to which he so studiously objects. In his introductory word touching his discussion of "Social Diseases and Worse Remedies," Mr. Huxley observes:—

> The fundamental proposition which runs through the writings which thus extend over a period of twenty years is, that the common *à priori* doctrines and methods of retaliating about political and social questions are essentially vicious, and that argumentation on this basis leads with equal logical force to two contrary and extremely mischievous systems; the one that of anarchic individualism, the other that of despotic or regimental socialism. Whether I am right or wrong I am at least consistent in opposing both to the best of my ability.

This work, like all of Professor Huxley's writings, is able, but many thinkers, and especially social reformers, will dissent from a number of his opinions.

B. O. FLOWER.

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* "The School of Life," by Theodore F. Seward. Cloth; pp. 276; price $1.50. James Pott & Co., New York..

† "Evolution and Ethics, and Other Essays," by Thomas H. Huxley, being Vol. IX. of Professor Huxley's Series of collected Essays. Cloth; pp. 334; price $1.25. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Under the title, "The Supremacy of the Spiritual,"* the Rev. Edward Randall Knowles, LL. D., discusses, in a small volume, just published by the Arena Company, the problem of the ultimate nature of matter, which Lodge, Caillard and other eminent scientists have predicted as the great discovery on the verge of which scientists are trembling, and gives some startling hints and suggestions concerning the essential nature of electricity, and the omnipresent medium of thought-transference, wherein Dr. Knowles has had some remarkable experiences. His experience with thought-transference led to the discoveries which gave rise to this dissertation concerning the harmony possible between natural realism and the most pantheistic idealism. The essay is followed by a collection of the author's poems.

"The Trouble of Living Alone,"† by F. B. Hofman, is a somewhat puzzling story, on account of a strange habit the author has of breaking away from his story to lapse into verse that is remarkable for some of those qualities that are not uncommon among untrained writers of verse. This trick detracts greatly from any good qualities the writer possesses as a novelist, for it is quite inadmissible in a novel. It is a dangerous experiment in a medley of fanciful prose interspersed with avowed poetic bursts, where the poetry and prose naturally mingle, as in "The Autocrat," but in a novel such a defect is unpardonable and ruins all sense of continuity.

"The Woman Question, according to Moses and Paul,"‡ by Isaac N. Taylor, is a very interesting survey of the special texts of the Old Testament and New and the arguments deduced from them to support the theory of the divine subordination of woman according to Scriptural injunction. The author maintains the negative of the orthodox view of this question, and claims that an examination of Moses and Paul does not support the opposite view — that it is in fact unscriptural as well as opposed to justice. He proceeds, as he says, as the land surveyor and conveyancer do — commence at the most prominent point, inclose the premises by definite lines, and end at the place of beginning. This place of beginning is Gen. i. 26-28: "And God said: Let us make MAN in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle and over all the earth. So God created MAN in his own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them. And God blessed them and God said unto *them*: Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it, and have dominion," etc. And to emphasize

* "The Supremacy of the Spiritual," by Rev. Edward Randall Knowles, LL. D. Cloth 75 cents. Arena Publishing Company.

† "The Trouble of Living Alone," by F. B. Hofman. Cloth $1.25, paper 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company.

‡ "The Woman Question," by Isaac N. Taylor. Cloth, price 25 cents. Arena Publishing Company.

the import of this he dwells upon the repetition of the language in the beginning of the fifth chapter: "This is the book of the generations of Adam. In the day that God created MAN, in the likeness of GOD made He him; male and female created He *them*, and blessed *them* and called *their* name ADAM" — in the Hebrew ISH.

The generic name of this dual being — ISH in Hebrew, ANTHROPOS in Greek, HOMO in Latin and MAN in English, and so on through all the tongues of mankind — indicates the full equal dignity, right and destiny of the sexes. This dual being was created in the image, after the likeness of God; that is, neither the male alone nor the female alone represented this similitude, but the two jointly did contain and reflect this image.

The author, after dealing with the account of the fall, advances to the bolder assertion that this original Bill of Human Rights and Programme of Human Duties is reaffirmed, amplified, enlightened and glorified throughout the Scriptures.

The utterances of Paul on the same subject are similarly examined with the same purport. Altogether it is a very interesting little study, and as a vindication of the natural dignity of woman should find many women readers.

Walter Warren has done a great deal of fine, thoughtful, although uneven work, marred with anachronisms that are only tolerable in Shakespeare, and the third drama from his pen, entitled "Cecil the Seer"* will find many old and many new readers. This is a departure from the style of the poetical dramas of "Columbus the Discoverer" and "The Aztecs." It is written in prose instead of blank verse, and the time and characters are all modern and American. The drama deals with the wild and eventful scenes in a border state just before the war, and touches politics, slavery and psychical experiences. It contains plenty of incident and go, and will probably be more of a popular success than "The Aztecs" and "Columbus" which were more ambitious in theme and treatment.

"Temptations, Habits, Character"† is an important brochure by Dr. William M. Capp, which will serve many judicious parents in the stead of that personal explanation which so many dread as a disillusionizing ordeal — and so put off, to the danger of those they love. Dr. Capp is a physician of much experience and he deals with the difficult problems of sex development, etc., at the trying age of puberty in a fashion that will impress the dangers of indulgence upon the minds of youthful readers, without making any obscene mystery of sex, as so many treatises on this subject for such readers do. It is a clean, healthy, forceful

*"Cecil the Seer," by Walter Warren. Cloth, $1.25. Arena Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

†"Temptations, Habits, Character," by William M. Capp, M. D. Price 25 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

little book, and it should be looked into by all parents who have the deepest welfare of their boys at heart. To make a mystery of the sex instincts, which play so great a part in the drama of every individual life, is to decoy the ignorant to their ruin, and destroy mind and soul for a piece of prudery. This little book is admirably suited for putting in the hands of boys going through the dangerous age.

The world of novel readers has always felt the fascination of the strong lights and shadows of the world of Bohemia, and in "A Moral Blot"* Mr. Sigmund B. Alexander introduces us to that out-lying province of it which is contained within the boundaries of Boston. Perhaps no portrayal of the life of Bohemia has equalled or can equal that which the lively fancy of Henri Murger gave us in "*La Vie de Bohême.*" But it is a charmed region — for the most part non-existent except in the imagination — and it will always hold a strong attraction both for novel readers and novel writers. In America, perhaps, Bohemia has been less understood than among the Latin races, but in spite of a certain inhospitality in public opinion it has found, even here, ardent votaries in such men as John Boyle O'Reilly, Fitzjames O'Brien, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, William Winter and others. But the boundaries of Bohemia have widened and changed in many ways since these men used to meet in merry poverty at Pfaff's in New York; and it is possible that not many people to-day could locate its exact position in the contemporary society of Boston. But Mr. Alexander is more fortunate, and he decribes the life of Bohemia with a good deal of power and much sympathy.

The story opens in what we are assured is one of Boston's best-known Bohemian resorts, and we are at once introduced to a varied company of actors, writers, poets and men of the world, who thrust and parry in their combats of wit and humor, with the pungency, enthusiasm and tolerance of this unconventional sphere.

The hero is a literary man who is the centre of a circle of delightful Bohemians. He is in love with a beautiful woman, who jilts him to marry an old and very rich man for ambition. Another woman, "Tiger Lily," then appears upon the scene, and a rivalry begins between the two women which lasts until the death of the hero, and which skilfully reveals and shows in counterpoise two different types of women. The working out of this love story, and the moral deductions which the author suggests in his subtle characterization, reveal the same artistic strength and mastery that were noted in "Who Lies?"

Underlying the story is the purpose to show that society creates many of the crimes and much of the misery it reproves and punishes. The author shows in his portraiture of these two women that both can sin against the moral law, but the one protected by mere legality is honored

*"A Moral Blot," by Sigmund B. Alexander. Cloth, $1.25; paper 50 cents. Arena Publishing Co.

and respected, and the other, a victim of circumstances and pure at heart, is shunned and banned, and condemned to sink lower. In dealing frankly with the facts of life as all men and women know them to exist, it also shows that society tacitly sanctions a double standard of morals, while showing absolutely no mercy to the unfortunate victims of men's tyranny and brutality.

There is a suggestion of French influence in Mr. Alexander's writings which will attract a great many novel readers.

"The Chronicles of Break o' Day," * by E. Everett Howe, is evidently the author's first attempt in fiction, and it has many of the blemishes of diffuseness and crudity of expression that creep into most writers' first literary efforts, especially in the difficult form of a long and sustained novel. But the author introduces the reader to at least two real and vivid characters — Major Ratke, the visionary farmer and inventor and writer, and "Panicky," the glib and philosophic itinerant quack medicine-man. The author writes of the life and people around him in his native place in Michigan, and his pictures have the fidelity of real life. Some of the incidents and characters are evidently based upon facts within his own experience and knowledge, and as he says in his preface, "The parts that may appear most improbable are history; those that have the color of sober truth are fictions of his brain." Thus by dealing with the materials ready at his hand he has succeeded in doing what so few writers can do, especially in an initial venture — he has broken new ground in fiction.

When Shakespeare wrote his famous lines,

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players,"

he had no conception that in three hundred years the possibility would be discussed not only of men playing many parts in life but actually living dual and wholly antagonistic lives at the instance of another's will. In a word, it has now come to be discussed as a possibility, that a man can not only play many conflicting parts in life, but, through the medium of hypnotic suggestion, even merge his own psychic identity into one wholly alien to him.

"The Mystery of Evelin Delorme," † deals with one of these extraordinary situations in hypnotism. "The Mystery of Evelin Delorme" is really the mystery of Evelin March and Eva Delorme, and a young artist, Julian Paul Gretze, who was in love with both of them in two different ways. Evelin March and Eva Delorme were two entirely opposite types of womanhood. Evelin was a woman of the great world of fashion and folly, while Eva was the embodiment of all innocence

* "The Chronicles of Break o' Day," by E. Everett Howe. Price, cloth $1.25; paper 50 cents. Published by the Arena Publishing Company.

† "The Mystery of Evelin Delorme," by Albert Bigelow Paine. Price, cloth 75 cents. Published by the Arena Publishing Company.

and freedom from the world's taint — in one word, saintliness. The artist, who is of the emotional type common among men of his instincts and temperament, commits the folly of loving both these charming women at once; the one for her sweetness and purity and the touch and balm of her life, and the other for an exactly opposite reason — as one of his friends expressed it in examining the portraits of these two women in his studio one day, "Heavens, Julian, where did you get that angel and that devil — I beg your pardon, that extraordinary pair of beauties?"

In this characterization of these unconscious rivals the reader gets a hint of a drama of psychic consciousness that is certainly very startling in its possibilities. The way in which the maddened Evelin finally destroys her rival, and in doing so destroying herself, brings to a fitting conclusion a mystery of double consciousness that could only end in this way, or in the, perhaps, greater catastrophe of the loss of the original self.

Altogether, Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine has given us a fascinating and original story, dealing with an entirely novel phase of hypnotism or auto-hypnotism, which will find a large circle of readers. At any rate we may be sure that all who love to read a grewsome tale, told with vivid reality and truth, will enjoy "The Mystery of Evelin Delorme."

A strange story, picturing some of the social conditions in the East Side of New York, and also touching upon certain psychical experiences, is that entitled "Zaphra: A Story of To-day,"* by John P. Stockton, Jr., who makes his first appearance in literature in a field entirely different from that occupied by his famous uncle, Frank R. Stockton. The story opens with an eviction from a tenement in the East Side of New York, and we get pictures and some hints of the work done among the poor and miserable by the different Christian missions in this locality. The author's faith in various forms of psychical phenomena is shown by descriptions of certain journeys in the astral spirit which the hero and heroine make together. Mr. Stockton gives interesting and pleasing pictures of other strata of New York society, in which we meet the heroine again under totally different circumstances to those in which we first found her; and the story finally concludes, as every good novel reader would expect, with the grateful sound of marriage bells.

Another story which goes even deeper into Rosicrucian lore and mystery is Will L. Garver's "Brother of the Third Degree."† It is avowedly, from start to finish, a story of occultism, and its events are supposed to take place in the twentieth century. The Brothers who give their name

* "Zaphra," by John P. Stockton, Jr. Price, cloth $1; paper 50 cents. Published by the Arena Publishing Company.

† "Brother of the Third Degree," by Will L. Garver. Price, cloth $1.25; paper 50 cents. Published by the Arena Publishing Company.

to the story constitute a strange society, in which those admitted to fellowship are compelled to pass through various experiences and temptations, not only physical but spiritual. The object of the society is the development of the highest morality and the capacity to live in the pure spirit, and its members attain the most wonderful powers and capabilities. These powers are acquired by close study, denial of the passions, isolation, meditation and renunciation, and the severest trials and discipline. The author claims that through the agency of this fantastical brotherhood great social changes are accomplished, a philosophic religion is established and liberty, truth and justice reign supreme. But the reader must examine this matter for himself and come to his own conclusions. Those who like a succession of very exciting incidents will take pleasure in reading "Brother of the Third Degree," whether they discover any spiritual development in it or not, and those who are seeking for spiritual development will scarcely recognize it in the fantastic Walpurgis night of this story.

JONATHAN PENN.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"LUCY STONE," by Louis Albert Banks, D. D. Paper; pp. 23; price 25 cents. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"A NEW GOSPEL OF LABOR," by A. Roadmaker. Cloth; pp. 229; price 50 cents. Published by S. Wegener, Seattle, Wash.

"THE RALSTONS," by F. Marion Crawford. Vols. I. and II.; cloth; pp. 340 and 336. Price $2. Published by MacMillan & Co., New York.

"ON THE HURRICANE DECK," by W. H. Wright. Paper; pp. 200; price 25 cents. Published by the Mascot Publishing Company, New York.

"BERIS," by Katharine S. Macquoid. Paper; pp. 286; price 50 cents. Published by United States Book Company, New York.

"THE PROBLEM OF CIVILIZATION SOLVED," by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Lease. Paper; pp. 377. Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago, Ill.

"DOCTOR JUDAS." A Portrayal of the Opium Habit, by William Rosser Cobbe. Pp. 320; price $1.50. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, Ill.

THE PLAYS OF MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Translated by Richard Hovey. Price $1.25. Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago, Ill.

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"The Union for Practical Progress knows no class, creed, nationality, or sex. It welcomes as members ALL who desire to help redress this world and make it the happy home of a noble humanity."

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YOUNG WOMEN'S ARENA CLUB. Meets every Wednesday evening at 230 Pine St. Miss Diana Hirschler, president; Miss Kathryn Goldsmith, treasurer, 2426 Lombard St.

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UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

NEWS NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

The national secretary would be glad to hear from every town and city in the United States that would arrange for a lecture or a series of lectures on the work of the Union for Practical Progress. The National Union furnishes the lecturer free of charge, only asking that local entertainment be furnished him and that a collection be taken for the national treasury. It is especially desirable to hear immediately from the South Atlantic and Gulf States; also from within three hundred miles of Boston and Baltimore respectively.

Rev. J. B. Koehne, who lectures under the auspices of the Union, has finished a successful tour in California, and is now in Iowa trying to stimulate the people to greater activity in reform work.

New Unions. — At Princeton, Ill., a committee appointed by the national secretary met and adopted the model constitution and nominated Rev. W. I. Davenport for president, Rev. Glenwic McQueen, first vice-president, and Emma G. Kelsey, secretary.

A union lately organized at Appleton, Wis., proposes to take up the work of prison reform. The inmates of the county jail have never been allowed to receive literature of any description, which has been greatly deplored by those interested in reformatory work, and it is hoped that the effort which is to be made to have this rule repealed may prove successful.

The first union in Idaho has recently been formed at Ketchum, with a charter membership of fifteen. They have weekly social and literary meetings, and also intend holding a public meeting once a month.

The Sweating System. — At a recent meeting of the East Milton Reading Circle, which is connected with the Union for Practical Progress, Miss Diana Hirschler gave an address on the sweating system. Her statements were based on a personal observation, which has been thorough and dispassionate. She has found three factors of the system which make reform very difficult. "The present use of sweat shops and the injustice of the tenement-house system are more easily corrected than the method of subletting work. The garments pass through so many hands that it is difficult to locate responsibility. Miss Hirschler has found that high-priced as well as cheap garments are made in sweat shops, and that stores of highest reputation are not above their use. On examination it was found that the Massachusetts law requiring tags stating that the garments were made in a sweat shop is of no avail, for the work still goes on, and no one has seen such tags on the garments in our stores. A peculiar fact is that many of those who perpetuate the evil are connected with charity organizations and give liberally to relieve suffering brought about by the necessity of working under such conditions."

Detroit. — In a recent article in the Detroit *News* on reform and reformers it was said: "That there is a wave of social reform now sweeping over Detroit is a trite fact, but that there are many complications arising in the outworkings of the various reforms is not so well known. There are the reforms, the reformers, and the reformers who wish to reform the reformers." There are in the city about twelve hundred members of the Epworth League, and about four thousand Christian Endeavorers. These are on the trail of the saloon. They have decided that saloons must close on time, and on Sunday; and their investigation is also directed along the lines of using church influence to compel church members — and their name is legion — to withdraw from saloon bonds. While the law says that a man can become a bondsman on only two liquor licenses, they assert they have positive proof that there are church members who have signed as many as one hundred and four bonds. Mayor Pingree has proposed many reforms for the city; while the business men have organized a citizens' committee to revise the charter that the mayor's power may be lessened. Another club is interested in reforming the caucus. The physicians are working for an effective health bill, while the Civic Federation has for its aim the suppression of the social evil. Yet with all these already in the field there is a growing sentiment for the formation of a Union for Practical Progress. One of the most interested workers for its establishment says, "My aim is purely to establish the useful;" and it is hoped that something may be done through it to help the working girls; also that

a people's college can be established on the east side of the city. At a recent meeting steps were taken toward making the coffee-house plan an actuality, committees being appointed to look for a site and to solicit subscriptions. The design is to have a place fitted up very attractively, where a light lunch will be served, and also have necessary rooms for amusements and a quiet hour of reading.

San Francisco. — The recent actions of the United States attorney and the governor of California have caused an outpouring of public wrath in this city. The Union for Practical Progress was the first body that proclaimed its disapproval of the district attorney's conduct. Its president, Charles C. Terrill, wrote the following petition, and procured the signature of many well-known citizens: —

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 8, 1895.

To the Hon. Adolph Sutro, Mayor of San Francisco:

The undersigned citizens of San Francisco respectfully request you to call a mass meeting to determine upon the most effective means of preserving law and order and securing the most thorough enforcement of the law, and particularly to express their disapproval of the refusal of the United States officials to grant a warrant for the arrest of C. P. Huntington for a violation of the same law which is being used to punish his employees. Let us have "equal rights to all and special privileges to none."

In reference to the matter President Terrill says:

I am in favor of a just and equitable enforcement of all laws against both individuals and incorporations. I am in favor of holding every person to a strict accountability for his own acts, and do not believe in punishing any man for acts committed by members of an organization of which he may be a member, unless he aids, abets, or advises the commission of the acts complained of. I am in favor of granting to every man the right to use the power of the government to obtain witnesses for his defence, whether able to pay the expense of the same or not.

I am opposed to the provisions of the interstate-commerce law forbidding the issuance of passes to any persons except public officials, and that exception should extend to any man in any public service whatever.

I am opposed to the habits of our courts in passing laws by construing the same to mean something entirely different from what was intended by the power that enacted them. I think a large part of our troubles as to legal matters comes from the fact that every decision of our higher courts, however unjust the same may be, even if obtained by bribery or other corrupt influences, is used as law by which to govern succeeding cases. Thus one ignorant or corrupt decision has been piled upon the top of another in our system of jurisprudence until the whole is overburdened with rottenness. It is time that the arbitrary power now exercised by all our courts, from the supreme bench of the United States down, should be curtailed. It is time that our judges should be estopped from being prosecutor, judge, jury, and executioner in their own cases. It is full time that the voice of the people should be raised against such usurpations. If it is not soon done, and done so as to be heard and heeded, then farewell to our boasted liberties as an American people.

The Law and Order League has also protested, and the citizens are anxiously awaiting results.

CONSTITUTION.

The following constitution, submitted in July, 1894, has been adopted by the Local Unions for Practical Progress throughout the country, without a dissenting vote. Accordingly, it is hereby proclaimed to be the

CONSTITUTION OF THE NATIONAL UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

I. *Name.* — The name of this association shall be "THE UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS."

II. *Purpose.* — Its purpose is to unite all moral forces, agencies, and persons for concerted, methodical, and persistent endeavor in behalf of the public good, and especially for the abolition of unjust social conditions.

III. *Method.* — The Union aims to work, wherever possible, through existing organizations instead of forming new ones. It aims to secure the concerted action of the constructive elements of society once each month in opposition to some present-day evil or in the forwarding of some one positive reform measure, thus raising a definite moral issue every month and designating a common rallying-ground for all friends of progress.

IV. *Membership.* — Three or more persons of good character, if not infringing on the field of any previously organized Union, may form themselves into a local Union, and may become attached to the general organization by sending an application to the National Executive Committee, accompanied by one dollar registration fee.

V. *Organization.* — The national organization of the Union for Practical Progress shall consist of the National Advisory Board, the National Executive Committee, and the General Council. Each of these bodies shall organize in its own way and elect and prescribe the duties of its own officers.

VI. *National Advisory Board.* — The National Advisory Board shall be composed of moral leaders of national reputation, twenty-five in number, who shall be named

by the National Executive Committee. It shall choose the monthly topics for simultaneous discussion, and each member shall offer his best thought and advice to the National Executive Committee concerning all the affairs of the Union.

VII. *National Executive Committee.* — The National Executive Committee shall consist of seven members, four of whom must reside in a single city. The Executive Committee shall have charge of the business of the Union. Every action of this Committee, however, shall be subject to veto at any time by a majority of the General Council. The Committee as a whole and every member thereof shall be subject to recall at any time by a majority vote of the General Council; otherwise the Committee shall fill its own vacancies and choose its own successors.

VIII. *General Council.* — The General Council shall be the supreme power of the Union for Practical Progress. It shall consist of the two chief officers of every local union, and the two chief officers of each central conference or local body of delegates representing ten or more *bona-fide* organizations. But in cities of more than fifty thousand inhabitants, where more than twenty organizations have delegates in the central body, there shall be four members each from the local union and the central conference.

IX. *Voting.* — A request signed by the head officers of one-fourth of the local unions shall necessitate a vote of the General Council upon any subject whatever, including an amendment to this constitution; and a majority vote of the General Council shall be decisive until reversed by another vote. Any local union, by making application to the National Executive Committee and paying costs, shall be entitled to receive a list of all the local unions attached to the general body.

THE PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY.

THE EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT OF THE UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES.

Correspondence courses will be given in any department of study. Especial attention is given to the following valuable courses bearing on the higher ethics: 1, The New Political Economy; 2, The Social Ideals of the Hebrews; 3, The Social Ideals of Christianity; 4, The Evolution of the Modern Social Question; 5, Social Prophets, Past and Present, critically studied and compared; 6, Christian Socialism; 7, The Land Question — historical and theoretical; 8, The Evolution of the Family; 9, Money, and Mechanism of Exchange — historical and theoretical; 10, Money (brief course — three months). Each course is arranged to cover nine months' consecutive study, requiring about nine hours a week. In addition to all special communications the student will receive a monthly outline of work with a question to be answered in review of the previous month's work. The tuition fee for each course is uniformly ten dollars. If desired the secretary can secure the text books at wholesale prices. An extended outline of each course may be secured by application to the secretary.

People not able to undertake the heavy work of systematized study can avail themselves of our reading courses. Any person registering with us and paying a fee of two dollars will be guided in their selection of books for one year's reading course. Classes or circles reading the same topics and dealing with us through their secretary, as a single individual, can take a course for the same fee.

All communications should be addressed to H. C. Vrooman, Secretary.

LECTURE COURSES.

To facilitate speedy and systematic arrangements for a lecture course, please indicate under the months and evenings of the week, your first and second choice. The figure 1 under one or more months would indicate when the course might begin; figure 2 would show the next choice; and 3 the next. Your preference as to the evenings would be shown in the same way. Example:

SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.
3	1	1	2		1	4	

	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
	2	1	1		2	3.

Next, go through each of the divisions of the following list and place the figure 1 against all lectures and entertainments which have your preference. Then go

through once more, and place the figure 2 against those you would select in case your programme cannot be filled out from those marked 1. When these reports come in, everything will be mapped out before the manager, and he will know your wishes and to what extent they can be met. He will then report, for your acceptance or rejection, a programme and terms. In case it is desired to keep this list for future reference, please copy the list so marked and send instead.

SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.	MAY.
	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	

Do not fail to state in your note how many and what kind of entertainments you desire, and about what sum you can raise.

A course of five monthly lectures may be given at a minimum of about sixty dollars; for five consecutive nights for much less money: while others, including stereopticon, vary from thirty to seventy-five dollars a single lecture; but these last figures are the exception.

We have no inferior talent on our list; but our workers' prices, owing to their interest in the work, are but a trifle above their travelling expenses.

1. We can give you *terms far more favorable than could otherwise be secured.* Appreciating and approving the purpose of the Union for Practical Progress, those whose names appear on the list have generally reduced their terms appreciably, thereby bringing within reach of those who desire them, lecture courses of marked ability, which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

2. By means of the People's University there is brought to your notice such an array and variety of talent to select from, and such an opportunity to fix upon convenient dates, as to save you a vast amount of trouble and correspondence, and enable you to get more nearly what you want than would otherwise be possible.

3. While securing your own advantage you are at the same time assisting others to make use of like advantage. Because YOU have a lecture course, entertaining, instructive, and elevating, it is made easier, not to say possible, for others to have one. The good you thus do extends far beyond your own community.

The necessity of prompt action is obvious. It is hoped that immediately on receipt of this the attention of the Union for Practical Progress, the church, or other society with which you are associated, will be called to the plan set forth, and, if approved, a committee be appointed to arrange with the University for a lecture course.

That course can be as brief or extended as you may desire, and of suitable variety. We have in reserve talent adequate to all demands of large cities and colleges.

REV. H. C. VROOMAN,
Secretary People's University.

17 Pierce Building, Boston, Mass.

LECTURERS.

I. REV. JOHN B. KOEHNE.—Rev. S. W. McCorkle, moderator of the Northwestern Pennsylvania Association of Congregational Churches, says: "The lecture on 'The New Aristocracy' is one of the most entertaining and thought-inspiring I ever heard. I have listened with delight to Beecher and many others, and I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Koehne has the elements of great success. Among the younger men on the American platform he stands well to the front."

A. McLean, Acting President Bethany College, West Virginia: "Mr. Koehne's lecture gave great and universal satisfaction. The audience listened with increasing interest for two full hours. Professors and students regard this lecture as one of the best ever heard in Bethany."

A. B. Miller, LL. D., President Waynesburg College, Pennsylvania: "One of the most original and impressive men on the platform of to-day."

Howard M. Ticknor, the well known Boston dramatic critic: "Mr. Koehne's diction is to be marked for its variety of illustration, its picturesque imagery, its native force and directness, these qualities uniting in the production of individual and striking addresses."

Subjects: 1, The Genius of Christ; 2, Christ and Reform; 3, Christ and Civilization; 4, Strikes and Progress (Labor); 5, The New Aristocracy. These lectures form a series for five successive nights; they are also given singly. 6, A Reply to Ingersoll.

II. HAMLIN GARLAND, author, poet, reformer. His lectures deal especially with economics and the cause of poverty. *Subjects:* 1, Poets and Reformers; 2, Living Issues; 3, Present-Day Reforms; 4, The Ethics of Modern Fiction.

III. PROF. D. S. HOLMAN, the celebrated microscopist of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science. His lectures on physical and biological science are illustrated by the tele-microscope, which projects upon a screen nearly all conceiv-

able experiments. His wonderful instrument reveals the wonders of science on canvas, so that they can be understood by children. He explains all in a fascinating and scholarly manner. He can either give his feast in the wonderland of science, and present the objects of the new movement the same evening, or he can follow his scientific lecture by a social reform mass meeting the next night. *Subjects:* 1, Musical Tones made visible, and the Nature of Color; 2, Motion in Living Matter; 3, Motion in Not Living Matter; 4, The Circulation of the Blood; 5, Persistence of Vision; 6, The Constant Facial Angle in the Skulls of Animals.

IV. Prof. Frank Parsons, of the Boston Law School, author of "Our Country's Need," etc. *Subjects:* 1, Public Ownership of Monopolies; 2, What shall we do with the Slums? ; 3, Poverty's Causes and its Cure; 4, The Liquor Traffic and the Gothenburg System; 5, The Initiative and Referendum; 6, Woman Suffrage; 7, Proportional Representation and Multiple Voting; 8, Sound Finance; 9, The Gospel of Industrial Redemption; 10, The Philosophy of Mutualism.

V. John Mitchell, a man of wide experience in reform lecture work. All with stereopticon views. *Subjects:* 1, Heredity and Environment; 2, New Social Ideals; 3, Vampirism, or Man's Inhumanity to Man; 4, Woman's Rights and Privileges; 5, The Struggle for Bread and Shelter; 6, Poverty, its Cause and Cure; 7, Civic Duty; 8, The Aim and Method of the Union for Practical Progress; 9, The Nation's Shame (Temperance lecture); 10, The Commercial Phase (Temperance); 11, The Thermopylæ of Reform (Temperance).

VI. Rev. Alexander Kent, pastor of the People's Church, Washington, D. C., is a strong, logical speaker, and an earnest worker in the radical social reform movement. He is conversant with all phases of the social problem.

VII. W. D. McCrackan, M. A., author, Boston. Especially familiar with everything that relates to the Swiss methods of government, such as the referendum, the initiative, and proportional representation. *Subjects:* 1, The Referendum and Initiative; 2, Proportional Representation; 3, The Land Question (Single Tax, with stereopticon); 4, The Life of the Swiss Peasantry; 5, Three Romantic Heroes: William Tell, Arnold Von Winkelried, and François Bonivard.

VIII. Rev. Flavius J. Brobst. He has but recently stepped upon the American platform, but is winning his way to popularity and esteem. He invariably speaks without notes. *Subjects:* 1, The Summit of the Nineteenth Century; 2, The Power of the People, etc.

IX. William Jackson Armstrong. General Miles, of the United States Army, says: "I have heard all the great speakers of the United States, and I place William Jackson Armstrong among the foremost. *Subjects:* 1, The Russian Nihilist; 2, The Industrial Question; 3, The Masses and the Millionnaire; 4, Hard Times; 5, Gambetta and France; 6, Capital and Labor; 7, London Society.

X. Miss Josephine Rand, journalist and poet, is a good platform speaker. She presents the questions of the day in a masterly way. *Subjects:* 1, Wanted, Volunteers! — a Plea for Patriotism. A call to young men and women to enlist in the cause of human rights; helpful suggestions as to how to set to work; existing conditions and the vital phases of the social problem. 2, Signs of the Times, or Present Conditions. Living facts and general statements concerning the dangers of the present and future; monopoly and its stronghold; to what it all tends. 3, Nationalism, or Possible Conditions. Coöperation and its beneficent results; lessons drawn from the "trusts" and "combines"; a nation's prosperity dependent upon the prosperity of its individual members; each for all, and all for each. 4, Ethical Side of the Labor Question. 5, The Problem of the Unemployed. Dealing with the land question and the money question, as being the underlying factors in the problem of the unemployed; also with state management of industry; shows the needlessness of present appalling distress. 6, The relation of the Church to Social Problems. Every social problem at bottom a religious problem; Christians bound to heed Christ's teachings; the pulpit the place to plead for a just and humane system of living; Christ's denunciation of the oppressor of the poor; His command to break every yoke. 7, Union for Practical Progress. A plea for the new movement.

XI. Mrs. Harriette C. Keatinge, M. D., Sci. D. *Subjects:* 1, Physiological and Psychological Heredity; 2, The Great Predisposing Causes of Crime, and Some of the Remedies; 3, The Ethics of Suffrage; 4, Womanhood; 5, Law, Justice, and Morals; 6, Intemperance; 7, Health, and How to Keep It.

XII. Rev. Harry C. Vrooman, a man with a thorough grasp of social and economic literature and of wide experience in reform work. He is pastor of the Congregational Church at East Milton, Mass., and general secretary of the National Executive Committee of the Union for Practical Progress. *Some subjects:* 1, Social Ideals of Christianity; 2, The Evolution of the Social Problem; 3, Present-Day Phases of Reform; 4, Christian Socialism. Given in a series or singly.

XIII. Diana Hirschler, secretary of the Union for Practical Progress at Philadelphia, Pa. *Subjects:* 1, The Union for Practical Progress; 2, Social Problems.

XIV. Rev. J. H. Larry, pastor of Richmond Street Church, Providence, R. I., active in Christian sociology. *Subjects:* 1, The Mission of Machinery; 2, Money; 3, The Slavery of To-day. Illustrated Lectures: 1, From Nile to Nazareth; 2, Land of Scott.

XV. Rev. Edward T. Root, pastor of Congregational Church, Baltimore. *Subjects:* 1, The Cause of Poverty; 2, Christian Citizenship; 3, Christian Socialism; 4, Union of Moral Forces; 5, Men in the Churches — a discussion of the causes for the small proportion of men in the churches.

XVI. Percy M. Reese. "There is but one opinion at Chautauqua concerning these lectures, and that is that they have never been surpassed by any illustrated lectures given here. Mr. Reese possesses all the requisites of a successful lecturer — a voice of great clearness and carrying power, which was heard without difficulty in remotest corners of the new amphitheatre; a clear, incisive, deliberate style, and an almost faultless enunciation, making it a pleasure to listen to him. He is a careful student of art history, a discriminating critic, a cultivated and interesting lecturer on art topics, and an enthusiast and an authority upon the whole subject of Roman and Italian history, ancient, mediæval, and modern, to the investigation of which he has devoted years of study and travel." —*Editorial, Chautauqua Assembly Herald, Chautauqua, N. Y., the official organ of the Chautauqua Assembly.*

Subjects: (With Stereopticon Views.) 1, Ancient Rome and the Cæsars. The great size and population of Imperial Rome. Views and maps of Ancient Rome. Matchless records left and late additions to them. 2, Early Christian Rome and the Catacombs. Everlasting attraction of Rome. We must go outside the walls and *underground* for traces of the first three hundred years of Christianity in Rome. The Campagna and its wonderful, solemn beauty. The Appian Way and its tombs. Catacombs. First Christian arrivals in Rome. Paul's school and converts in light of Lanciani's late excavations. The earliest picture (caricature) of the Crucifixion. Comparison of earliest Christian with Pagan epitaphs. The Symbols. Nero and the persecutions. Marvellous growth. *Seven million graves, and six hundred miles of galleries.* Views of chapels, altars, and slabs. The Sarcophagi and their sculptured scenes from Holy Writ. 3, Mediæval Rome and St. Peter's. 4, A Glimpse of Rome as She is To-day. 5, A Roman Mosaic. A few items of the world's debt to Rome in the fine arts. 6, Social Economics in Rome and in America (without Stereopticon Views). An address (without pictures) on the lessons furnished us, in the causes that led to the decline and fall of the all-powerful Roman Empire; showing that very many of the evils and problems which are perplexing nineteenth-century civilization had their counterparts, and proceeded to their natural consequences, in Imperial Rome; and that in study and profit by the warnings of history lies a strong defence against the almost inexorable tendency of history to repeat itself.

XVII. Prof. Thomas E. Will, A. M., professor of political economy at Kansas State Agricultural College, formerly secretary of Boston U. P. P. *Subjects:* The Union for Practical Progress, and all phases of scientific economic problems. Singly or in courses.

XVIII. Rev. Walter Vrooman speaks extemporaneously on every subject relating to social reform. Is accustomed to out-of-door meetings and large assemblages. He has had considerable experience as an organizer.

XIX. Rev. R. M. Webster, of Los Angeles, Cal., is a man imbued with the higher ethics of our time, a clear thinker and a good speaker. He treats all phases of practical social reform.

XX. Col. Richard J. Hinton, soldier, author, and orator, is one of the most eloquent of our reformers. *Subjects:* 1, The Nazarene and the Laborer; 2, Walt Whitman; 3, Money and Misery; 4, Public Functions and Public Ownership; 5, Karl Marx's Place in History; 6, Labor as a Commodity; 7, Opportunity and Unity — A Policy for True Democracy.

XXI. Rev. Perry Marshall, a man thoroughly conversant with all the ethical phases of the social question. *Subjects:* 1, The Problem of the Unemployed — Public Ownership; 2, Temperance and Monopolies; 3, Travels in Britain; 4, Travels in the Low Countries; 5, Travels in Italy.

THE NATIONAL TREASURER'S APPEAL FOR ONE DOLLAR PLEDGES.

The National Union for Practical Progress has accomplished an encouraging amount of substantial work during the past year, and it is steadily attracting to its ranks the reform elements in the different cities of the Union, and is growing both numerically and in its hold upon the interests of the people.

Among the measures which the Union for Practical Progress has agitated and brought before the people and the different legislatures are the sweating system,

measures for the relief and employment in public works of the unemployed, and parks and playgrounds for children.

We are glad to learn that the president of the Baltimore Union for Public Good, Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, who is also a member of the executive committee of the National Union for Practical Progress, has drafted a bill against the sweating evil, and that, with the aid of the Union and Arena Auxiliary Club, the measure has become law. The Union and Auxiliary were also instrumental in securing a law against child labor.

The agitation against the sweating system in Philadelphia has been carried on so vigorously by our Philadelphia Union under the splendid and effective direction of Miss Diana Hirschler, that we entertain strong hopes that a bill will pass at the next session. Many columns have been given to this work in the Philadelphia papers, and a strong public sentiment has been worked up.

From all parts of the land come calls for organizers and literature. The harvest is white, but the money required to put the earnest and willing workers into the vineyard is wanting. In view of what has been done, and keeping in mind the gravity of social and economic conditions to-day, we feel that this cause should appeal with especial pertinency to the minds of all who are concerned for the welfare of civilization and the progress of moral ideas. We feel it our duty to put the matter with considerable urgency before the reform and social and Christian elements in our community, because there are so many conditions in our social state that demand immediate remedial measures, and threaten grave social developments if too long neglected.

We do not ask anything unreasonable, but wish to submit a plan with which almost every reader of these lines can comply, and which will enable us to put lecturers and organizers in the field and supply various cities and towns with literature, so that within a year we shall have a union of the moral forces in every town and village from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We earnestly desire the reader to bear in mind that these lines are addressed

TO YOU.

The plan is as follows: We desire you to send in at once your pledge to pay one dollar to the National Educational Fund, to enable us to put organizers and lecturers in the field immediately and to keep them there, and to distribute literature giving directions for the formation of unions and outlining work. We earnestly urge *you* to fill out the following blank. You will not be called on for the money until *one thousand* pledges have been received. If you desire to pledge more than one dollar we believe it will be the best disbursement of money you will ever make, because we believe it will go farther toward hastening the New Day than if expended in any other way.

The Subscription Pledge.

I hereby subscribe one dollar to the Fund for the National Lectureship of the Union for Practical Progress, and will pay the same on demand when the National Treasurer shall have received one thousand similar subscriptions.

I also hereby agree to pay one dollar annually to the same subscription fund.

Signed.....

City.....

Street Number.....

County.....

State.....

When you have filled out your pledge and forwarded it to us, see if you cannot get some friend to follow your example.* If they know you have signed and forwarded your pledge, it will have a good influence on them. There is nothing like showing faith by works. The ARENA office has opened this subscription by signing for twenty one-dollar pledges.

Now friends, in the name of the great republic, in the name of peace and a higher civilization, in the name of human brotherhood and for the cause of justice and progress, will you not help us to the extent of at least one dollar?

* We will send as many blanks as you desire.

NOTES ON CURRENT EVENTS.

The Editor of THE ARENA having been laboring under a severe indisposition for some time past, and having finally been compelled by sickness and overwork to take the advice of his physician and give up his work for a short period of rest and recuperation, these Notes and Comments come this month mainly from other hands. The contents of the body of the magazine are made up under the direction of the Editor from his temporary refuge from the severe winter of Boston; but his subordinates and assistants must be held responsible for most of the opinions expressed in these Current Notes for this issue. All letters on editorial business will be put before the Editor and attended to upon his return.

The Denver Congress.

It is almost impossible to get at the truth in current press dispatches on any question or proceedings that relate themselves to the "new politics." West of Chicago, however, the daily papers publish something; east thereof they suppress, and in the Atlantic cities the action is sometimes worse, for the editorials denounce when no dispatches appear. All this has been amazingly illustrated in the case of Mr. John Burns and the proceedings of the American Federation of Labor, held in Denver during December last. Fortunately the mail brought insight in other publications. One critic (Joseph Nimmo, Jr.), a partisan writer of good repute from his point of view, declares that the platform debate in the Federation sessions "was one of the finest forensic contests to which I have ever listened. The combatants were splendidly equipped and eager for the fray. Some of them were of foreign birth, and others native-born Americans who had investigated the labor and socialistic movements in Great Britain, in Continental Europe, and even in Asia. The literature upon the subject of labor was freely drawn upon, from the dark ages to the present time. Several of the disputants are themselves authors of repute. The debate was intense and at times acrimonious."

The Denver correspondent of the *Voice*, the influential national organ of the Prohibitionists, states that the address made by John Burns was "certainly a powerful and uplifting effort." It is said further that his presence there and that of the Federation, and its debates, with the "long accounts" given in the Denver newspapers, made the proceedings "for the time being a great sociological school with all its citizens in attendance."

The Federation of Labor had to consider eleven planks, previously discussed and submitted in 1894, per *referendum*, to affiliated trades. The debates are of historical significance, indicating tendencies of marked importance. The basis of representation was one delegate, I believe, to each 500 members or less, reported to the Federation. The largest vote cast, so far as I have record, was 2,130, and that indicated a membership of at least 1,000,000. On divergent opinions, the decisive votes were that cast *for* a legal eight-hour day, that for the national and municipal ownership of public franchises and mines, that *against* changing land titles to one "of use and occupancy only," and that against demanding the "collective ownership" of the "tools and instruments of production." On the land issue the vote "for" was larger than on the other. The ballot stood 1,217 negative and 913 affirmative. In a debate relating to endorsing political action taken, it was alleged, by the British Trades Congress, it was shown that there were no such authoritative proceedings. The political planks adopted by that body were not assumed to be a collective platform — the vote being, as in the case of the American Federation, *a recommendation to the affiliated bodies and their membership.* It must be understood that the American body, like the British, has little or no di-

rective power; it can recommend, hardly order. It is federal, not central in character; supervisory, not executive; it holds together rather than commands. So it is in accordance therewith that the nine resolutions or planks adopted at Denver are not considered a binding platform as a whole. Mr. Gompers as president decided: "First, that though the platform as a whole was rejected, the planks now stand singly and separately as recommendations to the trades unionists of the country; and second, that, as each international or state body represented is autonomous, it cannot have a political platform or programme foisted on it by the Federation."

The planks adopted and recommended were: Compulsory education; legislation direct, through "initiative" and "referendum"; sanitary inspection of shop, mine, home; employers' liability for injury; legal eight-hour day; abolition of contracts on public works; legal prohibition of sweating system; municipal ownership of street cars, water-works, gas and electric plants for public distribution of light, heat, and power; nationalization of telegraphs, telephones, railroads, and mines; and the issuance direct of all money to and by the people. This is directed of course at the national banks and the present monopolistic policy. By this summary it is seen that the public control of "land" and of "instruments of production" were both laid aside. I take it, however, that their defeat was due very much more to the conflicts and hostilities over internal control of trades-union affairs in our large cities, constantly in vogue between the European socialist school men and the trades unionists (chiefly Anglo-Saxon in race) proper. Nor is there any more confidence felt in the Henry George advocates and ideas among labor men. I am not criticising, only stating the situation as I study it.

As one evidence of correctness in this view, let me say that the delegate who led the opposition to the collective planks was Peter J. McGuire, an American by birth, a carpenter by trade and a graduate of the New York City College; linguist and scholar, genial, cultivated, and able, the vice-president of the Federation, who has always been, in the long years I have known him, a socialist of profound convictions. But he is a sincere believer in the republic and historical continuity, and that is not the case *per se* with all our socialist friends of European antecedents. Therefore Mr. McGuire may readily believe in opportunity. But he is a trades-unionist as widely informed as the scholar Brentano, and holds clearly that development must come through their functions and efforts. This is one of the important points to be considered in reviewing the Denver congress.

Mr. Nimmo, in summing up, estimates that ninety per cent of the delegates present — that is, at least 1,800 of them — were desirous of "going outside trades-union limits," as Mr. Nimmo (not McGuire *et al.*) understands them. Only ten per cent, then, were of the individualistic economic school, according to this sympathetic onlooker. He allowed that forty per cent of the whole were socialistic in opinion — that is, about 1,000 of those present — but only thirty per cent of this minority, or about 300, were "willing to strike for socialism at once." The vote cast against the adoption as a mandatory platform of the planks affirmatively sustained by very large majorities was made up of three elements — a large number that held with Mr. Gompers' rulings, and the two minorities already mentioned as the economic individualists and the radical socialists. Together they made up 700 of the 1,200 votes cast against a platform policy. These facts are of considerable significance, especially when balanced by the fact that the smallest minorities were given against the eight-hour legal day, the municipalization of franchises, and the nationalization of certain functions. The ninety per cent indicated their highwater mark, and it is a pretty deep one. R. J. H.

An "Eye-for-an-Eye" Reformer (?)

Elbridge Gerry has introduced a bill in the legislature of New York which provides for the punishment of certain

criminals, including wife-beaters, by flogging. This affords another sad illustration of the wilful ignorance of would-be reformers, and the low if not brutal conception certain people entertain in regard to the nature and cure of crime. The history of crime teaches one capital lesson, and that is, that cruelty fosters the spirit of cruelty; that brutality on the part of the state is brutalizing in its influence on the people, just as injustice permitted by the state saps the vitality of a people until the nation pays the penalty in a bloody reckoning, or by the eclipse of national life. If Mr. Gerry would work half as vigorously for the full enfranchisement of woman, and for laws which would give woman at marriage one-half the property possessed by the husband, together with legislation which should punish wife-beating in such a way as to protect society while in no way further debasing the brutal offender, and which in its operations could not exert a degrading influence on the community, he would prove himself a true reformer worthy of the love and gratitude of the nation.

In commenting on this proposed wife-beating measure, Rev. Samuel Barrows, in an editorial in the *Christian Register*, makes these sensible observations:—

> The establishment of the whipping post in New York would by no means tend to lessen the crimes for which it was prescribed. On the other hand, it would give a certain prominence to flogging as an instrument of punishment which might find imitation in school discipline and in domestic life. If we are to apply physical punishment instead of moral force to criminals, there is no reason why we should stop with flogging or why it should be limited to certain classes of crimes. The argument that "the punishment should fit the crime" is only another form of applying the Hebrew law of retaliation, which ought by this time to be superseded by more Christian ideas and principles in relation to retribution and reformation.

It would seem that the hardest lesson for Christians to learn is that of paying any attention to the teachings of the Master they profess to deify. Moses, the lawgiver of a semi-savage people, more than the Author of the Sermon on the Mount, is the ideal of many Christians, and, what is worse, of many states which profess to be Christian. B. O. F.

Some Interesting Data on the Progress of Plutocracy in Politics.

Events crowd so thick and fast in the making of contemporary plutocratic history, that only the man who is wise enough to keep a scrap-book can have a reach of memory long enough to gather all the facts into one damning bunch at any year's end; for plutocracy is determined to play the game rapidly, and, with growing audacity, inspires its proprietary judiciary to the establishing of unheard-of precedents, and moving from this insidious and, to the majority of citizens, invisible despotism, it is with a new and perilous boldness preparing the way to a state of militarism by accustoming the people to the sight of arms upon any and every excuse afforded by the frequent conflicts between capital and labor. The mass of working-men in this country do not seem to appreciate the fact—or if they do their apathy has passed beyond the bounds of ordinary timidity—that the perpetual recurrence of government by injunction, in the face of which any overt act or word is construed as treason, has already instituted an iron-bound precedent in the government of this country which is the practical revocation of section 3, article 3, of the Constitution of the United States, declaring the nature of treason, and the formulation of a new clause declaring treason to be combining or conspiring, restraining or obstructing, by parties, the business of other parties combined and organized as corporations. Of course those most interested in government by injunction will deny that any such construction can be put upon it; but the fact is that common-sense will always pierce right through the subtleties of mere legal evasions, made to serve illegal ends; and government by injunction means government by corporate capital: and whether the pretence is the United States mails or the preservation of the peace, it is a form of military despotism that is in direct violation of every provision guaranteeing to the people, as citizens and individuals, equal rights and liberties before the law.

Those who doubt this should consider

these pertinent facts, which we will put before them in the most concise form. It is ancient history, since it is now nearly six months old, but the experience will recur. There are certain aspects of the Chicago strike which should not be lost sight of, and which were entirely suppressed by the newspapers at the time of the strike, and have not been referred to by them since the publication of the Hon. Carroll D. Wright's report. It is instructive for the ordinary American citizen, glorying in the doctrine of law before all human claims, with that optimism which is his distinguishing characteristic — to the distinct detriment of his intelligence — to know that there are certain laws on the statute books of this country, under which the railroad corporations of this country obtain their franchises, privileges, and subsidies, limiting the powers of these aforesaid corporations. Among these absurd and tyrannous limitations and restrictions of corporate greed may be noted the following. It is a distinct clause in the charter of every corporation obtaining powers for the transportation of passengers and goods, that it shall have no power or authority to incorporate or form corporations or associations to fix rates of transportation, wages, or any other detail of the business and service of running such railroad with any other railroad corporation or any corporation whatsoever. These provisions are specifically enacted to protect the public, which grants and confers these valuable franchises, privileges, and subsidies to the railroad corporations — ostensibly to serve indirectly its own needs and convenience — from the machinations and conspiracies of the railroad corporations. It is to secure what the orthodox economists swear is the life of trade, and the very soul of civilization, nay, of life on any plane — competition. But the corporations only believe in competition among wage-earners; and the producers who pay freight rates know how the railroads manage to arrive at a unanimity which secures them the advantage on all production. Even the readers of newspapers have discovered an extraordinary unanimity of opinion in regard to all the details of fixing rates and wages among the railroad managers. This is the common, everyday experience. And it appears, although it has already been established to the satisfaction of the Tory and capitalistic press of this country, and of those nice, good people who have a stake in respectable society, that it is conspiracy and treason for working-men to combine in unions to maintain and demand a certain rate of wages, and to exercise moral suasion to deter other men from entering the service of companies who will not pay that rate of wage; that while the managers of the railroads are so quick to confer with the legal luminaries whom they have promoted from railroad attorneys to higher public offices, to obtain injunctions to restrain men from exercising this moral suasion, in the case of any difference between railroad employees and the corporations, they are not quite so quick to perceive certain inconvenient clauses in the laws of the United States relating to corporations and public carriers applicable to conspiracy which most directly relate to them, and — to put a legal nicety of phrase upon it — were framed expressly to debar them from illegally and criminally entering into any of those associations of moral support for the fixing of rates and wages and fighting strikes, etc., to which they are so addicted.

It most distinctly appears from Hon. Carroll D. Wright's report on the Chicago strike — and we quote it here, not because the decision has anything novel about it, but because this very important clause seems not only to have escaped the eyes of all the editors and writers of the daily press, but it seems to be deplorably unknown to the great bulk of "law-abiding" American citizens — that the most distinctly illegal combination and conspiracy which has definitely been established to have existed in the whole Chicago strike was that association known as the General Managers' Association, which was formed in 1886, and contained the representatives of twenty-

four railroads centering and terminating in Chicago. We will quote the exact statement from the Report of the Chicago strike, which document certainly has not reached all those to whom it would be an education:

This voluntary unincorporated association was formed in 1886, and has as members twenty-four railroads centering or terminating in Chicago. The following facts relating to these roads for the year ending June 30, 1894, have been furnished by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Number of miles operated	*a*40,933
Number of stockholders	*b*52,088
Capitalization:	
Capital stock	*a*$818,569,004
Funded debt	*a*1,210,235,702
Current liabilities	*a*79,747,911
Total	*a*$2,108,552,617
Gross earnings	*c*$325,825,726
Net earnings	*c*$102,710,917
Number of employees	*d*221,097

In its constitution the object of the association is stated to be "the consideration of problems of management arising from the operation of railroads terminating or centering at Chicago." It further provides that "all funds needed shall be raised by assessments divided equally among the members." There are no limitations as to "consideration of problems" or "funds" except the will of the managers and the resources of the railroad corporations. . . .

Until June, 1894, the association dealt incidentally and infrequently with wages. There were few railroad controversies as to wages during its active life, dating from Jan. 20, 1892. Hence its possibilities as a strike fighter and wage arbiter lay rather dormant. The following are instances of its action as to wage questions. Its roads fixed a "Chicago scale" for switchmen, covering all lines at Chicago. In March, 1893, the switchmen demanded more pay from each road. The association concluded that they were paid enough—if anything, too much. The roads so informed the men. The Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association of North America wrote to Mr. St. John, as chairman, acquiescing. He, as chairman of the General Managers' Association, concluded his reply as follows: "The Association approves the course taken by your body, and desires to deal fairly with all employees, and believes *that our switchmen* are receiving due consideration." This seems to show that employees upon association roads are treated as under subjection to the General Managers' Association.

Mr. St. John, the president of the association, testifies as follows:—

"The result of this declination on the part of the various companies directly to their own committees was a threat on the part of some that a strike would occur, and in times of trouble of that kind, or anticipated trouble, it would be the most natural thing in the world for the association, or any live member of it, to arrange to protect the interests of the company he represented. He could not do otherwise. Arrangements were made by which agencies were established and men employed to come to Chicago in case of necessity."

Q. Were those agencies established by the Managers' Association? A. Yes, sir.

Q. And they were designed for the purpose of protecting any line in the association? A. That was a member of it.

Q. Against anything they deemed to be an attempt to enforce an unjust demand? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Was that the first occasion the managers ever took action in that direction? A. That was the first occasion it took action during any period I was chairman of it.

This was the first time when men upon each line were brought sharply face to face with the fact that in questions as to wages, rules, etc., each line was supported by twenty-four combined railroads. On several other occasions similar action was taken; for instance, when some baggage agents of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway wanted higher wages, a committee of the association disposed of the matter. Mr. St. John was asked:—

Why was not that application disposed of by the Lake Shore road, instead of by the General Managers' Association? A. In order that it might receive the attention due to the application and so the pay of other roads could be determined, and see *if we* were underpaying them. There has been quite a number of cases where the prayer of the petition has been granted by this committee, and quite a number where it has been denied, but only after the most careful investigation.

This answer is ingenious and suggestive.

This association likewise prepared for its use elaborate schedules of the wages paid upon the entire lines of its twenty-four members. The proposed object of these schedules was to let each road know what other roads paid. Finding that the men upon some lines urged increase to correspond with wages paid elsewhere, a committee of the association prepared and presented a uniform schedule for all membership roads. It was deemed wise not to act upon the report. It was distributed to members in November, 1893. This distribution alone enabled the report to be used with efficiency as an "equalizer." As the result, during 1893—it being then well understood that as to wages, etc., it was *an incident* of the General Managers' Association to "assist" each road in case of trouble over such matters, one form of assistance being for the association to secure men enough through its agencies to take the places of all strikers—reductions were here and there made on the different roads, the tendency and effort apparently being to equalize the pay on all lines.

It is admitted that the action of the association has great weight with outside lines, and thus tends to establish one uniform scale throughout the country. The further single step of admitting lines not running into Chicago to membership would certainly have the effect of

combining all railroads in wage contentions against all employees thereon.

The commission questions whether any legal authority, statutory or otherwise, can be found to justify some of the features of the association which have come to light in this investigation. If we regard its practical workings rather than its professions as expressed in its constitution, the General Managers' Association has no more standing in law than the old Trunk Line Pool. It cannot incorporate, because railroad charters do not authorize roads to form corporations or associations to fix rates for services and wages, nor to force their acceptance, nor to battle with strikers. It is a usurpation of power not granted. If such an association is necessary from a business or economic standpoint, the right to form and maintain it must come from the state that granted its charter. In theory, corporations are limited to the powers granted either directly or by clear inference. We do not think the power has been granted in either way in this case.

The association is an illustration of the persistent and shrewdly devised plans of corporations to overreach their limitations and to usurp indirectly powers and rights not contemplated in their charters and not obtainable from the people or their legislators. An extension of this association, as above suggested, and the proposed legalization of "pooling" would result in an aggregation of power and capital dangerous to the people and their liberties as well as to employees and their rights. The question would then certainly arise as to which shall control, the government or the railroads, and the end would inevitably be government ownership. Unless ready for that result and all that it implies, the government must restrain corporations within the law, and prevent them from forming unlawful and dangerous combinations. At least, so long as railroads are thus permitted to combine to fix wages and for their joint protection, it would be rank injustice to deny the right of all labor upon railroads to unite for similar purposes.

It should be noted that until the railroads set the example a general union of railroad employees was never attempted. The unions had not gone beyond enlisting the men upon different systems in separate trade organizations. These neutralize and check each other to some extent, and have no such scope or capacity for good or evil as is possible under the universal combination idea inaugurated by the railroads and followed by the American Railway Union. The refusal of the General Managers' Association to recognize and deal with such a combination of labor as the American Railway Union seems arrogant and absurd when we consider its standing before the law, its assumptions, and its past and obviously contemplated future action.

We have quoted at such length from the report because such a valuable document as this should have the greatest publicity, and it is to be feared from our intimate knowledge of the workings of the daily press that the intelligent knaves and fools who in general conduct it will scarcely think such unexciting information as this — giving the masses a glimpse of the fundamental law of these United States — worthy of any place in their very exciting columns of twaddle and triviality and lies. There have been a great many remarks in the daily press since the publication of the Hon. Carroll D. Wright's report, and Mr. Wright, as he no doubt expected, has received the most severe disapprobation; but, unfortunately, the daily press dares not trust the general intelligence of the public — knowing its fatal tendency toward forming erroneous conclusions from uncooked and untampered evidence — and so we do not remember having seen the full quotation of this very valuable information, without comment or distortion, in a single newspaper in the United States.

In the Brooklyn street-railroad strike, just ended, there has been nothing of novelty except the application of the carrying of mails to street cars, which custom we may now expect to see become general on every line of street cars in the United States. The appearance of the military has become such a commonplace now in our social life in America that it calls for no comment except this: that if the government is periodically to insure the safe running of our street cars and railroads, surely there can be no great argument against the assumption of these functions by the government altogether. That would be a permanent solution of such conflicts as we now see occurring every few months.

W. B. H.

The Gold God or Man?

The New York *World*, in its issue of Nov. 28, 1894, broke into one of those erratic bursts of truth-telling in which it occasionally indulges. These freakish excursions into this unfamiliar field in American journalism are undertaken either to embarrass its contemporaries or to amuse its editor; although, if the object is the former, the

World might be more successful if its usual calm course of unveracity were not so brazen as to blind all but the keenest eyes to its occasional moments of eccentric candor. It says on the editorial page, under the heading of "Corporation Senators," — and as we have taken our own advice and keep a scrap-book of current history, we can quote it entire for those who do not read the papers to such good purpose:

The domineering and confident candidacy of Sewell in New Jersey, Addicks in Delaware, and Elkins in West Virginia, for seats in the Senate, and the complacency with which the Republican press regards this raid of the plutocrats, are bad signs for the Senate and for the Republican party. The upper house of Congress has fallen rapidly and far in public esteem in recent years. The increase of mere money-bags and corporation agents in that body has given to it a bad name. The holding up of the tariff bill by a little combine of trust senators exasperated the country. It is certain that the revolt from both the old parties which increased the Populist vote to over 1,600,000 in an off year is due in no small measure to the well-grounded belief among the voters of the South and West that "the money power," as they call it, has its grip on both the old organizations.

We shall not enter into the history of the candidacy of this trio of worthies, whose merits seem to have been in a very literal sense in the exact ratio of their worth, which, for such an exalted position, seems to be based on the length of their purses; but we note this particular case and this particular comment because it is another straw showing the trend of our times. Money is to rule, and there is to be no pretence about it. As gold rules the domestic necessities of the currency and commerce, so the gold men will buy their seats in our legislatures in the open market. The Senate is packed with men whose sole object is to secure special legislation for their money and corporation clients; and they simply represent those interests in the community which the *World* characterizes in the same article as "corporation control, monopoly rule, trust dictation, and corrupt and selfish bossism."

These are the ornaments which the plutocratic influences in the caucus elect to serve the sublime ends of plutocracy — private and public and semi-public corporations, and illegal associations and combinations and conspiracies against the public weal, and in audacious contravention of the statutes. This must ever be the tone and end of public office in this glorious republic of greed so long as the great mass of the voters do not recognize that the end of politics should be the application of the aims of scientific economics. So long as the country is divided into the Democratic and Republican camps simply playing the game of politics on an old mythical tariff issue for keeps, or playing their countrymen into the hands of the gold usurers of Europe, there can be no possible hope of amendment in the morals of public life, or of the introduction of any real and important economic measures of reform.

Divide and rule is the policy of the gold power all over the world. The proletariat, and that now includes the whole great middle class of producers and consumers, must rebuke these rascals with repudiation and a return to the ancient ways, or the end will be an outbreak of barbarism out of civilization itself that will quickly wipe out the slow and painful moral and intellectual and spiritual progress of ages of social nightmare.

The question is, Are we to bow before Baal, and go down with the shadows; or is civilization to advance from a mere shell of political democracy to a democracy of social and economic reality? Is the idolater in mankind to triumph, or the rational spirit of humanity? We are facing a practical issue that is so remote in its intellectual and moral effects as to involve this momentous choice: a New World of science and humanity, or a return to ancient barbarism, a slavery of mind that includes all but the basest passions of both masters and slaves.

W. B. H.

A Little Parable on the Money Question.

"I want a ticket to Kansas City," said an old man.

A pasteboard ticket was given him, for which he paid cash.

Then he turned and said, "I want a gold ticket."

"A gold ticket?" said the agent.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I want intrinsic value in it."

"It's all right; the railroad is behind it."

"What have they got?"

"Machine shops, miles of railroad, engines, cars, etc."

"Ain't got any gold in the treasury?"

"No, but they've got plenty of ——"

"That makes no difference. I paid you hard cash and I want something with intrinsic value in return, so it will be as good on any other road as on this."

"I can't do it; they have tickets of their own, and we have our own."

"I'm afraid this won't be good; I'm afraid the conductor won't take it. It ain't worth anything. Just a piece of pasteboard with printing on it. If it should catch fire ——"

The train pulled in and the old fellow hustled around, not knowing what to do, and finally got on the cars, wishing he had not bought the ticket.—*Exchange.*

The Farmers' Congress.

One of the latest and most interesting schemes of the plutocratic faction in this country, which is determined to rule or ruin, is an apparently harmless looking association, called "The Farmers' Congress." It is a brand-new organization, and it is already under the most undeniable of respectable auspices, and is very dear to the hearts of the double-headed Democratic-Republican Wall-Street party. The readers of THE ARENA want to look out for a big "boom" of the Farmers' Congress in all the party papers, and in those conventional, so-called "reviews" which discuss irrelevant issues with great solemnity, but never by any chance admit any "dangerous" thinkers or vital problems to their pages. They are devoted to such great issues as "Is Dining as a Fine Art a Failure?" "Why Won't Men Dance?" and such equally portentous themes as "The Morality of Mugwumpery" and "The Senate as the Refuge of Patriotism"; and we may expect very shortly to see some very solid and dignified papers appear in their pages discussing this new and important movement called the Farmers' Congress, whose dignity and standing is derived solely from the fact that its aim is to entangle the farmers of the country in its tweedledee-tweedledum gospel of apathy and inaction, and keep them out of politics as a distinct and separate factor, embodying popular rights and social aims. The Farmers' Congress is much belauded in a great volume of pamphlets and literature now being industriously scattered throughout the country as an organization which will worthily and truly represent the sentiments of the farmers, being without any political aims, and in this being opposed to the Farmers' Alliance, which is imbued with the vile and anarchistic purpose of putting before the country and before Congress the concrete political reforms which are needed to relieve the distressing economic condition of the farmers.

This is all very wicked in the virtuous eyes of the legal luminaries, who are the inspiring force and backbone of the Farmers' Congress, because the peculiar sort of *farmers* who are in this movement are only accustomed to *farming* their fellow-creatures, and the only special class interests they desire to see represented in Congress and in legislation are those of their clients — corporations, trusts, monopolies, and the Wall-Street conspiracy. They frown severely upon all associations which are formed to represent the wage-earners or farmers in the making of the laws which are to govern all classes of society, because the legal and capitalistic class regard the making of laws as their special prerogative and monopoly; and such legislation and judicial appointments and decisions as we are blessed with show that they at least prosper greatly in their wisdom — while the Devil takes the hindmost.

These artfully designed non-political associations to prevent important interests from being represented in legislation, or rather to keep them entirely misrepresented and plundered, command as much admiration as any of Machiavelli's elaborate ideas for the suppression of independence and liberty and freedom.

These no-politics organizations for gudgeons are the most effective engines for carrying out to a successful issue the conspiracies of conscienceless plutocracy. It is remarkable that none but lawyers have been identified with this agrarian movement up to the present, and they are already particularly active in their literary way. When a lawyer is in an agricultural association that professes no politics it is well to find out for whom he is farming — who fees him?

The Farmers' Congress is a trap for those simple souls who accept all they see upon the surface as gospel — a bad practice in a wicked world, and an especially evil one for the farmer, for all the politicians and economists and speculators and gold conspirators are farming him. He digs and delves for all: if he stopped, the gold-spinners would stop making millions and weaving wisdom for the rest of mankind.

If the farmer should not be represented in politics, who should? The goldbugs, the railroad corporations, the lawyers, the Wall-Street speculators, the Sugar Trust, the Whiskey Trust, the Carnegie Tariff Trust — all these are well represented in every legislature, in Congress, in the Senate — nay, on every bench of the judiciary and in the cabinet of the administration. It is thought to be well that they should be, by the respectable press and the large financial elements of the community; and we see the money kings closeted with and dictating to the administration on the currency question, and no one objects to these special interests being so exceedingly active and influential in politics. But the wage earners and farmers are continually being solemnly warned that the morality of modern society demands that they keep clear of any iniquitous organizations that seek to promote special legislation subversive of the holy interests of European financial magnates and their entourage of Wall-Street speculators.

However, let those who love to believe with respectable majorities, and who take their opinions from a corrupt and venal press, remember that the money kings and railroad corporations and trusts do not expect to achieve their ends by keeping out of politics: they are represented by all the most able legal knaves they train and fee. Could any comment be more significant to any thoughtful, intelligent man? Divide and rule is the guiding principle of the plutocracy in politics. W. B. H.

The Political Situation in San Francisco.

An important article from the pen of Miss Adeline Knapp, the author of "One Thousand Dollars a Day," will appear in either the April or the May number. It deals with the present political situation in San Francisco, and is entitled "San Francisco and the Civic Federation." The political situation on the Pacific coast embodies in an aggravated form all the worst features of bossism and corporation domination, and so this article will have a piquant and pertinent interest, not only on the Pacific coast, but in every state in the Union.

A Pen Study of Madame Blavatsky.

One of the interesting papers which will appear in the April ARENA, is a study of Madame Blavatsky and the growth and development of the Theosophical Society, from the pen of J. Ransom Bridge, one of the most competent students of the Theosophical and occult movement in America. With the article will be printed a fine autographed portrait of Madame Blavatsky from a photograph now uncommon and new to the great number of readers.

Professor Heinrich Hensoldt's Reply to Criticism.

In an article which is to appear in the April ARENA, entitled "A New Pantheism," Dr. Heinrich Hensoldt examines in detail the criticisms upon his series of papers made in the November ARENA by a writer who signed himself "A Student of Occultism." Dr. Hensoldt's papers dealing with his experiences among the adepts of India have attracted as much attention as anything published in recent periodical literature, and this paper, in which he deals with critical objections, will be one of the most interesting and novel of the whole series.

Hope for Consumptives.

The cure or recovery from Consumption is partly a matter of temperament. Hope, courage, habit of exercise, and proper clothing are absolutely essential to recovery. Then comes the question of nourishment. This is not a matter of medicine. You have got to have a fat food that is easily assimilated, and you have got to have it continuously, so that the excessive wasting can be stopped and a process of repair commenced.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

The Art of Short Story Writing.*

This is a most unique book, dealing critically with the art of fiction from an unusual point of view, and it is also even more unique in its form and appearance. For this volume is absolutely hand-made from cover to cover — which is certainly something of a novelty in these days of typesetting machines and rapid steam presses. This book of one hundred fifty-seven fair-sized pages, the size of an ordinary octavo book, is all printed from typewritten manuscript, exactly as the pages were played off on the machine, except that the pages were afterwards photographed or submitted to some other process of gelatine reproduction for the purpose of multiplication; but every sheet has been printed in this fashion by hand, and then bound up in dark green cloth and red morocco leather. This first edition is limited to one hundred numbered copies, and the present writer's copy is number fifty-seven. To the person who is interested in the technical arts of bookmaking the simplicity in which this book is presented has a peculiar and wholly unexplainable fascination. Only the collector of first editions and old pamphlets can comprehend the special appeal which a book that has come direct from the hand and brain of the author makes to one, whose life is dominated by that strange tangle of complex mental and moral predispositions that is comprised in the passion we call by the rough general term of the literary instinct. Walt Whitman "set up" the first edition of his "Leaves of Grass" at the case in the office of the little country newspaper of which he was the editor — and, by the way, copies of that first edition are not only valuable in the dull eye of commerce to-day, but are without price in the estimation of the lovers of America's greatest, freest soul-poet. William Blake engraved his work — text and pictures — on the steel; and other great writers, crowded out of the mere markets of literature, have multiplied their thought in various ways with their own hands.

It is, therefore, with more than ordinary interest that one picks up a book like this, which comes without pretension, but with a dignity of simplicity, to make its way purely upon its merits. I could have wished its subject matter had been poetry, or the older forms of the essay, for the sake of a sentimental demand for the fitness of things; and in this view is confessed my own personal conviction that in modern literature the short story has been magnified into an importance that has certainly usurped the interest of much more vital and permanent forms of

* "The Art of Short Story Writing," by Alpheus Sherwin Cody. Charles T. Dillingham & Co., New York.

imaginative writing. This, of course, is not a denial of the art of fiction, and of the short story in particular, and I have no desire to appear captious with the practitioners of an art whose fascination I confess. But it is surely time for some person in high critical authority to declare that the proportion of fiction to the rest of our modern literature is deteriorating the public taste in letters with a rapidity that keeps pace with the expansion of education and the reading habit. Authority alone can condone audacity.

But to return to Mr. Alpheus Sherwin Cody's "The Art of Short Story Writing." He is a capable and conscientious critic, quick to discern the best in literature, in regard to both form and spirit; and with most considerable gifts in the field of logical analysis, he has made a piquant and agreeable book. It is convincing, too, if one gives one's self up to his admirably clear synthetical reasoning — which the present writer does under protest; for he clings to the old theory of divine election in this matter. Mr. Cody is not unprepared for prejudice of this sort, for he prefaces his argument by indicating that he is aware that all the writers by profession will remain scornfully incredulous of any rules, however simple, he may formulate. He says:

> Of all the audacious things of which a literary man may be guilty, probably nothing will appear to his brother authors quite so audacious as an attempt to reduce the art of fiction to rules and a system. The very word "rules" is hateful to the truly literary soul, and even the vague suggestion of them without the actual use of the word rouses a storm of rebellion. To reveal the fact that the grand climax is a trick, and style may be a clever catching of phrases, seems perfidy of the rankest type, even if such a culpable revelation is a possibility in the very nature of things. But it has been a mystery fetish, closely hugged, that the art of literature is so elusive that there is no possibility of formulating it, or teaching it to another. . . . The opinion is generally prevalent that the art of fiction is a thousand times more volatile and evanescent than the art of painting, which has its distinct schools, and the art of music, which is taught in conservatories, and the art of sculpture, which it is not considered impossible to learn, in spite of the fact that no one since Phidias has caught his enchanting grace.
>
> The present writer realizes all this as he ventures to offer the public a general guide to the successful practice of the gentlest of arts. . . . He is not the author of very many great short stories, but circumstances have made him conscious of the needs of a number of modest though eager beginners, and to help them he formulated a few principles from such masters of the art of short story writing as Maupassant.

And again he says:

> Most young writers imagine when they first think of writing short stories that one writes well or ill by nature, and if one does not write well in the first place improvement is a matter of chance, or the working out of inherent ability in some blind way. That the art of short story writing is something that can be learned seems not yet to have suggested itself very practically to authors or critics. Yet Maupassant studied seven years with Flaubert before he began to print at all, with the result of a very obvious skill; and this suggests the possibility that others can also learn the art. But any writer, young or old, who has gone to an acknowledged master of literature in order to get instruction knows how little practical assistance is commonly obtained.

The incident of Maupassant's apprenticeship to Flaubert is certainly significant. It is unquestionably true that every great literary artist influences a wide circle of his contemporaries, and certain great artists

mould not only the literary forms and modes of thought of their own generation but in a diminishing ratio the literary standards and forms of many succeeding eras. There is, too, always some sort of intellectual infection — it is scarcely communion, since it is not always recognized, and works so subtly — in the work of all the writers of any literary epoch. The writers may all be scattered, and often not only unacquainted with one another, but more or less indifferent to contemporary literature, and yet the dominating intellectual or spiritual note of the thought of their day is bound to influence and mould them; and they would only deprive their work of all vitality and significance if they succeeded in wholly resisting this insidious pervasion.

The interrelation and interdependence of men is shown no less forcibly in the sphere of intellect and abstract thought and emotion than on the bare plane of physical life. And so it would be very unwise to put aside Mr. Cody's argument that the art of fiction is communicable as sheer fantasy, a simple *tour de force*, without recognizing the fact that he has much philosophical artillery on his side, if he chose to lumber it on to the field; for, in various modifications, it is the law of imitation which ultimately governs thought and literature, as well as the whole business of human life, and so insures the slow intellectual and moral advance of the race.

Of course, this is considering the law of imitation in its most abstract conception, and does not interfere with such observation of everyday life as teaches that the close and intimate imitation, which obtains in habits and customs, morals and manners and thought, creates a uniformity of ignorance obstructive of freedom of thought and progress. This may appear to be paradoxical; but we must include the paradox in order to grasp the broadest conception of the forces which mould and bind together the complex psychological, as well as physical forces, which enter into human life, and secure some sort of equilibrium in human consciousness. It is due to these complex laws which dominate the unconscious mass of society that all reforms and innovations are so difficult to bring about. A certain force must be set rolling, first of all, and then the law of imitation will make the heresy of yesterday the canon law of to-day. In the world of more unmixed and exclusively intellectual experience the law works quite as potently; but as the questions are usually more remote and abstract the number of heretics is sometimes multiplied with greater rapidity than in the sphere of action.

But granting all this, the present writer is far from being convinced that any of the essential factors in literary creation can be imparted. One of the greatest and most subtle influences in literature is undoubtedly the influence of psychological affinity; but this is not a matter that can be treated as an exact science on school-benches or in a written treatise for beginners, or imparted to literary aspirants. It must belong to the slow and painful seeking, which is half conscious and half unconscious, of mental development; and this, too, depends almost as much

on circumstances and environment as upon the indefinable elements and force of psychic identity.

We can all, however, subscribe to the following — for in art we are met by the seeming paradox that experience alone is not vital; it is art which vivifies experience, and art without experience to vitalize it may be made more real than experience without art:

> If we are going to do more than amuse ourselves with writing we shall find necessary a long and arduous course of study of the art of it. Most successful writers work out this training alone, in the face of many discouragements and after years of struggle. Those who have succeeded without it have commonly attained only a temporary and fleeting success. . . . But the young can seldom, if ever, attain great and permanent success, even if by peculiar personal brilliancy they attain a fleeting one, except by an apprenticeship either to some master or to the masterpieces of literature, for the very reason that literature analyzes the emotions, and the emotions are the last part of ourselves which we come to control or understand, and mastery of the emotions is the most difficult thing in all life.

There is, however, so much to be said about this: that the process of comparison and study in imaginative literature is perhaps more for the confirmation of experience than experience itself; for we can only gauge emotion by the emotions of which we ourselves are capable, and the compass of these we can only discover in experience. What we gain from literature, as far as our emotional life is concerned, is what we gain from reflection upon experience, and the confirmations of the accumulated testimony of philosophy, based not only upon actual experience but the complex activity of the mind and the inner spiritual life. Literature never supplied experience. It mirrors experience; it reflects the psychical identity that is moulded by experience; but we read life in it because it awakens reflection, and because we have groped and lived. It holds all that can be seized of the spiritual in life; but it can never serve us in place of experience, any more than a good father can anticipate our errors because he has learned wisdom in a hard school.

Of all experience the spiritual difficulties of life are the most profound, and so the greatest literature, imaginative or otherwise, must hold some strain of the spirit, or it cannot be vital or general in its appeal. It is this quality in literature that makes it more potent than painting or sculpture, or even music; and it is because the spirit is at work in most men, however dim and vague it may seem to us in our moods of outrage, that in spite of the most apparent round of monotony, which is the life of the majority, literature is able to touch so many. So no matter how limited one's range of worldly experience may seem, in literature one can find hints and verification of the widest possible range of experience, that will never by any chance be wholly ensnared in any art. So the greatest thing which the artist can learn from the study of literature is the art of expressing in language some hint of this inner experience, the core of life, that will find an immediate response in the imaginations of others, apparently separated from him in thought and feeling and

habits and a thousand circumstances of an arbitrary social state, but, as he hazards, from the intellectual history of the race, and his own observation, unescapably at one with him in the psychic consciousness of all mankind; if he can but imprison the magic chord in the mystery of words.

It is in our disagreements that we find a bond of real community of opinion; and if I had not found much that was both true and suggestive in Mr. Cody's little book I should not have discovered in it any tenable ground of contradiction. It is a book that should be of real value to young men and women who are studying literature with any earnestness of purpose, whether they contemplate writing or not; for it states clearly the vital and permanent factors and qualities in imaginative literature; and in our day, when so much ephemeral and tawdry balderdash is accepted as literature, it is very necessary that a few audacious critics insist upon and emphasize those ideals of art which exist for thinkers.

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

DR. JUDAS: A PORTRAYAL OF THE OPIUM HABIT.*

Since Thomas De Quincey, in 1821, published the papers forming the nucleus of his "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," this peculiar literary field has been left in uncontested possession of its brilliant preemptor, and even daring mediocrity has been too thoroughly awed by the completeness of the great master's achievement to sound a variation of his theme. It is inevitable that any treatise upon opium-eating should be given its bearings by reference to and comparison with "The English Opium Eater." That half a century of almost absolute barrenness upon this inviting topic should have been passed over by the makers of literature, to be followed by a second strong and masterful work, entitled to contest honors on all points, and without odds, with this great precursor, is not more remarkable than the fact that this second classic on the subtleties of the poppy drug should take square issue with the invariably accepted statements of the former. It is not too much to say of Mr. William Rosser Cobbe's book that whoever has found sufficient interest in the baleful and fantastic nightmare of human misery exploited in the pages of the "English Opium Eater" cannot slight the consideration of "Dr. Judas"; and in the opinion of the present writer it will be but a question of time when he who speaks of De Quincey will feel compelled to mention Cobbe. The attitude of these two writers toward the opium habit stands out in sharp and sustained variance.

A strain of glamour, condolence, apology, and self-justification is apparent in the attitude of De Quincey; while a sound and unequivocal position of antagonism and abhorrence is maintained by Cobbe as he strips every shred and tinsel of glamour and sentiment from this hated enemy. He speaks as a free man; not as one who doubts which is the sweeter, liberty or his familiar shackles. There is no equivocation or

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timidity of statement. "Of all the ills that exist the opium habit is the most utterly barren of a suggestion of consolation," he declares in his preface; and in the same portion of the book says: "The pathology of the habit may clash with preconceived ideas in certain quarters; yet it must stand, because it is scientific truth. If accepted science has not yet advanced so far, this is no fault of the writer."

His position towards De Quincey is certainly not characterized by any false sentimentality and hero-worship. His mental attitude towards the great opium conjurer is set forth in his preface in the following bold paragraph:

What is written concerning De Quincey was essential toward a proper understanding of the subject. He is dead, it is true, and it is a good and charitable sentiment which urges that nothing be said of the dead except it be good. Yet the highest obligation is to the living and to those unborn. The evils of the fascinating "Confessions of an English Opium Eater" have been beyond estimate and are daily luring innocents to eternal ruin. With intense admiration for the genius of the man and infinite sympathy for his invincible weakness, the duty was laid upon me to puncture the inconsistencies and misleading evidences of the author of the Confessions, and it has been done in a spirit of kindness and charity. There may be an imputation of impertinence upon me in assuming a criticism of the corypheus of critics; yet impertinence may at times become a sublime necessity.

In the middle of the book the author devotes a chapter to "The English Opium Eater" in which he pays ample and beautiful tribute to the genius of De Quincey, and says:

I yield to no one in admiration of the superb genius of a man, who despite the befogging clouds and thick darkness of opium thraldom, could yet see the infinite glories of mind and matter, portraying them in beauty of coloring and glow of imagery such as it has been permitted few to equal and none to excel. Of him it may almost be said that he wrote as never man wrote before. The beauteous charm of his words is almost as seductive as the baleful drug itself. There is no pleasure in attempting the work of an iconoclast, but the same invincible hand that has thus far led me on will not permit any obstacle to obstruct the path of inexorable duty.

The life and confessions of De Quincey then undergo a close analysis at the hands of Mr. Cobbe, who finds a sentence of misrepresentation and hopeless slavery to the drug against the great opium-eater. Here is his summary:

Had De Quincey rested with the first two chapters of the Confessions, which appeared in the autumn of 1821, when, as he boastfully said, he had "untwisted, almost to its final links, the accursed chain" which fettered him, then had there been little to criticise; for although the insufferable vanity of the genius pervades every page, and the vaunting ambition to excel, even in weakness and cunning, led him into gross exaggerations, still the elaborate tale of his youth, supplemented with the all too brief account of the pleasures and evils of the drug, did serve to point a moral which he who runs might read and learn to his profit and warning. However, as all do know, the master of English was a persistent slave of opium; the untwisted links soon became twisted again. He boasted as one who had not tested his strength; for in August of the next year, 1822, followed his third chapter, which was supposed to be final, declaratory of his complete subjection to the Satan drug.

Confessedly unable to conquer, here he begins his apology for the monster; seeking to persuade men that his shape is not so hideous as he had been led to suppose when he thought he saw a way of escape from his dominion and power. This was bad

enough, sad enough, pitiful to weeping, that the strong should display the weakness, and the sinner should so unctuously urge to sinning; yet thirty-four years after, in 1856, when he had passed the limit of life named by David, at a time when age should have brought him penitence and contrite sorrow for the evil he had done in persuading others to take the road which is the very gate of hell—in this period of reflection and supposed good judgment, he set about to revise his book, and gave to the world a complete and full denial of the horrors of opium as recited in the original narrative of 1821. Here is what he says in 1856:

"What, then, is my final report upon its good and evil results?" Remember, this is the ultimate legislation of his mind; these statutes repeal all previous enactments that come in conflict with them. With all the emphasis he can command De Quincey declares:

(1) That in the habit there is not a tendency to increased quantities of the drug.

(2) That the power and efficiency of the narcotic do not decline with use.

(3) That the nervous depression, dire forebodings, and hideous dreams, so graphically described by him in 1821, were not the result of opium but of sedentariness.

(4) That he decreased his daily quantity from 8,000 to 300 drops of laudanum, and later to less than 150 drops (5 to 6 grains of opium, or less than 1 grain of morphine), maintaining the latter quantity, without increase, for many years and until his record was made.

(5) That he would have been dead thirty-five years before but for the "beneficent" drug.

To these final opinions of De Quincey the author of "Dr. Judas" makes a careful and detailed reply, as follows:

(1) The universal consensus points to increased quantities in the addiction. There is not an intelligent physician anywhere but that will ridicule the assumption of the "English Confessor."

(2) If the first proposition were true, the second would be axiomatic; but cell tolerance is an universally admitted law in the scientific world. If this were not true, largely increased doses of any toxic drug would be succeeded by death sure and certain. The author of "The Count of Monte Christo" was well informed in this matter, because he saves the members of a household from the devilish machinations of a poisoner by habituating her would-be victims to use of a drug employed by her in the execution of her murderous designs. A friend of mine who had the morphine and cocaine habit to excess was likewise a strychnine "fiend," having carried his daily addiction of the latter poison to five grains before his restoration. Were De Quincey's allegation true this gentleman would have been estopped forever when he reached his first grain of the alkaloid of nux vomica. Study of enslaving drugs has shown me that the bodily cells are the most accommodating substances to be found upon the face of the earth. They may protest, nay, they usually do protest strongly; but they finally adjust themselves to every vagary of their owner and cheerfully proceed to fit themselves to man's perversity. They despise gluttony in drugs as well as in nutritious food; yet whether in food or in toxics, it is unfailingly the same final tolerance. Unless shocked out of life by a sudden and overwhelming dose they speedily guard against surprises by adjusting themselves to possible future furious assaults.

(3) The fact that opium makes liars of all its slaves is fully demonstrated by De Quincey in this subterfuge. Confessing in 1821 to certain disturbances that were by no means exactly truthful, his master would give him no rest for thirty-five years until he made a sweeping denial of all. As elsewhere positively affirmed, the direct and invariable effects of opium are such as he ascribes to "sedentariness," and De Quincey is the only man, dead or living, who experienced them from that cause—"sedentariness." The coincidence of his being in the habit, and frightfully so, too, at the time of the dreams, phantoms, and visions, he does not regard; the modest retirement of his life accounting to his full satisfaction for the burdens and terrors that made him wish to escape from life by day and to take wings and fly by night.

(4) If De Quincey did what he claims, then does he deserve highest place among the

eunuchs of the palace of the opium sultan. Instances are of record where men by exercise of the most terrible exertions have maintained for years a stated daily addiction, but no case has come under observation in which that quantity was less than the highest point reached in the habit. Had De Quincey insisted that for thirty-five years he had not exceeded 8,000 drops in any single day, his testimony might be accepted, since others have accomplished the same feat—and it is a desperate feat at that, demanding constant exercise of all the strength and purpose that remain in the man; but it is taxing credulity beyond bounds to accept as true a claim that cell tolerance can be nearly but not quite effaced. Several times during the habit I succeeded for a short time in reducing the quantity lower than the lowest point named by De Quincey; but the clamoring cells would not be quieted until the usual supply was furnished them. There is no possible adjustment of the cells—it is physiologically impossible to fit them to conditions thus named by the great opium-eater.

(5) This position so strenuously maintained by De Quincey for the last forty years of his life has been considered elsewhere; it is passed here with the simple statement that a drug which suspends the power of life and so utterly disorganizes the secretions can scarcely be said to promote longevity in a consumptive or anybody else.

Mr. Cobbe's final estimate of the value of the "Confessions" and the responsibility of their author may be gathered from the following sentences:

Delirious with the riot of his own rich fancy and insanely jealous of men's approval, De Quincey, instigated of the Satan drug of prevarication, seems to have been divided between sanctifying opium slavishness and apotheosizing his own virtues. The simple, unvarnished truth is that the great author knew the weakness and the sin of the habit; for in his thirty-sixth year he made a strenuous fight to overcome it.

When he asserts that he renounced the habit altogether upon four separate periods, remaining out of the thrall at one time for six months, only to return to it again as the dog to his vomit, he draws highly upon his fancy for his facts. There is no opium "fiend" upon the face of the earth, who, if he had the strength to break the shackles, of his own will could be induced to return to it, so long as memory held a place in the chamber of his mind. Nothing that is said here or elsewhere in criticism of De Quincey could be interpreted into censure of the essayist. He had a disease which was incurable in his day, a leading effect of which is misrepresentation, that he could no more control than the fever-tossed patient can regulate the wild words of delirium that pass his lips.

The "Confessions of an Opium Eater" is destined to retain its place in English literature, because of the purity of its diction and the magnificent metaphors with which it is literally crowded; yet it is far from logical, and is most incomplete and unsatisfactory in arrangement, thereby proving the claim that the opium-eater is incapable of sustained labor or of completing any undertaking. More than one-half of the work is devoted to petty details of the uneventful life of a callow yet precocious youth of morbid temperament, sadly in need of a father's strong directing hand. This portion of the book has no connection whatever with the "Confessions of an Opium Eater," notwithstanding his very strained attempt to prove the logical arrangement by asserting that the privations of his youth led to the necessity for the drug in the man. The remainder of the work, scarcely one hundred pages, stands to-day full of exaggerated statements that are flatly contradicted by their author in the very work which contains them. Admittedly genius is not bounded by ordinary rules, and De Quincey is a genius or he is nothing. His book is a masterpiece despite the defects noted, and will have enthusiastic readers as long as there are men who delight in magnificent rhetoric and splendid figures of speech. What is complained of and what is mourned is that the master of English has, in his wantonness of fancy, led the unwary to ruin. As a contribution to science, it is misleading, untrustworthy, and absolutely valueless. That some of the statements are true need not be admitted, because that goes without saying. Yet it is a safe maxim of law, "discredited in one thing, discredited in all." The task would be a herculean one to sift out from the mass of contradictions, exag-

gerations, and downright falsehoods what might be presented as simple, unvarnished truth. Opium is a fiend that deserves no apologist; it is altogether infamous, and yields no good to any creature who may get within its merciless clutches. De Quincey's defense of it is absolutely indefensible, and also illogical and dishonest.

To indicate the stages of the author's nine years of opium servitude as they are carefully traced in the clear and concise English of "Dr. Judas" is impossible in the limits of this review. It is sufficient to say that apparently no significant feature or detail has been slighted. Some suggestion of the author's style and treatment may be gained from the following extract from his chapter on "Fantastic and Horrific Dreams":

The following extraordinary vision appeared in the eighth year of the addiction. It was in the month of January, and the weather was very cold without, a glowing fire from a large open stove dispensing warmth in the large sitting-room. Wearied with the duties and cares of the day I had thrown myself upon the lounge, and sleep quickly followed. Presently, so it seemed, a form rose up out of the coals, its eyes blazing balls of fire, its back white-heated, and its talons glowing with igneous warmth. While looking in terror upon the strange and mighty creature, it was recognized as a roc, the fabled bird that figures in the stories of Arabia. Making directly for the couch it buried its long claws into the quivering flesh of my side and breast, while with its merciless beak it tore away the muscles from cheek and chin and eagerly devoured them. I shrieked aloud in anguish and fought desperately with hands and nails; but the bird was of monstrous size and was utterly indifferent to the resistance offered.

The horny beak reached the jaw-bone, and the cruel claws penetrated far into the body. Blood poured from a dozen wounds, and the end seemed near at hand. Looking about for help I saw a score or more gnome-like creatures perched on the stove, upon the bookcase, piano, and table, all laughing gleefully as they rubbed their fat little hands. They encouraged the roc to its attacks by cheering words and urged it to complete the work of destruction.

Presently, when it seemed that nothing remained of the face but the eyes, from which the lids had been torn away, the bird suddenly ceased its attacks, and then seizing the body with a firm grasp extended its wings and rose despite the most desperate struggles on the part of its victim. The floor and roof offered no obstacles, and soon we were rising rapidly in the air. On and on it flew, higher and higher, farther and farther away eastward, while my legs hung limp and helpless, and the arms were drawn downward in excruciating pain. Upward the journey; the air fast grew chillier and rarer, breathing became more difficult, and the cold reached the very marrow of the bones. Swifter and swifter flew the tireless bird, the broad sweep of its mighty wings being more rapid, and the wind rushed madly by.

The sun had just climbed above the great lake when the journey began, but soon it was directly overhead; then it began its western descent, while still the flight was continued. Finally it went out of sight, and night succeeded without a gloaming.

Oh, the bitterness of that night of cold! The hands had long since become benumbed, the feet were as ice, and the heart pumped the life-blood so feebly that there was no longer any consciousness of the pressure. The raw rime encrusted eyebrows and mustache, and the feeble breath appeared to change into tiny snow crystals as fast as it left the lacerated mouth. The arctic cold upon the gaping wounds was as bars of iron white-heated pressed against the raw flesh, and it seemed that life was swiftly ebbing away. The stars gleamed bright but, oh! so cold and unsympathetic from their depths, and appeal to these, as well as to any other help, was utterly in vain. Leaden despair settled in upon the soul. Effort to pray was futile; the words would not come, nor was there power of directing thought upon a petition.

The lethargic state was steadily growing more profound, and there was willingness to surrender completely to it, in the feeling that death was preferable to such a condi-

tion of suffering, when suddenly the talons of the bird relaxed and I was released. Oblivious to the surroundings, there was cause for exultation, which voiced itself in a mighty shout of relief, if not of joy; there was consciousness of separation, the great bird rising and the victim falling through the air.

The triumph was short-lived, for a half-roar, half-shriek of furious rage proceeded from the huge bird fiend as it stopped suddenly in its course and then drew its wings closer for a rapid descent. Now followed a mad race in mid-air, the bird screaming as one possessed with a thousand harpy spirits; my heart taking on fresh pulsations in the excitement, and the soul shrinking within itself at thought of the fate that awaited should the pursuer again seize its prey. Gradually the distance shortened; closer, closer the bird drew; its hot breath could almost be felt, when there was a train of fire approaching with lightning swiftness straight in the line of our path. Its intense heat reached the body, and filled the soul with apprehension. Then there was a loud explosion, a loud, detonating sound that fairly deafened and shocked me. This was followed quickly by giant showers of feathers and bits of scarred flesh that fell all about.

The monster had been torn into atoms by a meteor, and I was free. For a moment there was exultation in the release, but a moment only; for then came a realizing sense that sure and awful destruction impended; a fate worse, if possible, than that which befell the ill-starred bird. The sickened spirit almost envied it the end it had met. Ah, how swiftly the body passed through the fast rushing air! What dizziness and what roaring there was in the ears! Ten thousand storms could not have produced greater din; dim light flashed before the dazed vision, while the tortured brain was fairly alive with heat. The intense cold had gone, and every part of the body glowed with unnatural heat. The blood could be felt and heard sweeping through the veins and arteries as the waters of the rain-swollen streams fast down the mountains. The systolic and diastolic action of the heart, while intermittent in intensity, was violent, and gave acute pain. Through all this frightful experience there was greatest possible suffering from the wounds in the face and breast, and there was an ever-present feeling that they alone were mortal.

Down and down, down and down, faster and yet faster, the brain dizzy and whirling, the ears roaring, the nose sending out streams of blood, down and still down, whirling over and over, bewildered, half-crazed, and choked almost to death! There was one supernal effort to remain suspended in the air, then I awoke.

For days afterward so real was the dream, there remained a memory of the pain from the gaping wounds made by the bird on the face and breast, and the pain continued as though the injuries were real.

Not less wonderful in substance and diction are many other chapters in Mr. Cobbe's book, and the learning and care with which the entire work is written is calculated to commend it strongly to the medical and legal professions as well as to the general student. The author has for a period of two years been absolutely free from the poppy's thrall, and his testimony should be entitled to its full weight.

FORREST CRISSEY.

SOCIAL GROWTH AND STABILITY.*

The earnest student of the progress of the human race, as well as the earnest sympathizer with its struggles and sufferings, will hail this book as one of the most important contributions of the day towards the understanding of social problems, especially those of capital and labor; and since it aids in their comprehension, it must also aid in their solu-

*"Social Growth and Stability: A consideration of the factors of modern society and their relation to the character of the coming state," by D. Ostrander. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, 1895.

tion. Written in a style of luminous clearness, packed with thought that seems to suggest even more than it expresses, demonstrating on every page not only the author's thorough knowledge of the subject, but his deep, humane interest in his fellow-men, it is a book that one wishes one could place in the hands of every intelligent laborer, as well as every intelligent capitalist, in the land.

Mr. Ostrander does not write as the partisan, special advocate, or apologist of any class. Rather from a plane of vision that enables him to overlook impartially the whole battle-ground of human rights struggling against the constantly varying forms of oppression, he delivers his message alike to oppressed and oppressor. His book opens with the terse and truthful statement, "It is no recent discovery that man suffers chiefly because he deserves to"; and when, a little further on, he says, "No one yet has been active enough to dodge the forked lightnings nor wise enough to study out the means of escaping from the consequences of his own actions," we have, in a degree, the keynote of the book. Mr. Ostrander places the responsibility for the sufferings of the human race precisely where it belongs, on the human race itself. "Life consists of relations and agencies, innumerable and complex. The interaction of these will produce either harmonious results or warring confusion as they are directed by wisdom and love or by folly and hate."

After a brief but most telling summary of the changes wrought by the introduction of machinery and the accumulation of capital in the hands of the sharpest and most foreseeing, Mr. Ostrander gives us a vivid picture of the condition of things in this present year of 1895:

> Never before were granaries and warehouses so full; universal plenty prevails, and there is now presented the strange paradox of want and distress arising from an excess of abundance . . . production must stop for want of a market, and the workingman is without employment because the products of the workshop and the farm must be sold at prices that compel their owners to cease operations. [To remedy this state of things] "Not charity but statesmanship is wanted."

In his chapter entitled, "Society to Protect its Members," Mr. Ostrander says — and it delights the heart of the lover of his race to read such just and humane words:

> One cannot say to the factory operative whose place at the mill has been filled by a "late invention," nor can he say to the common laborer who is folding his hands in idleness, that "There are wide stretches of untilled prairie in the new states of the West," for it has often been demonstrated that he who goes with his family into a new country without the means of providing shelter from the storm and cold, without seed and a year's provision, without a team and the necessary implements for tilling the soil, is no better assured of subsistence than if he had remained at home unemployed. . . . Nor can one say to these persons that "They should form coöperative associations, aggregate their capital, build factories, and employ their own labor," for this also is easily seen to be impossible.

What is to be done? The remedy must come, according to Mr. Ostrander, not through the *laissez-faire* doctrine of the Spartans and Herbert Spencer, but through the principle of the brotherhood of man.

Wise lovers of their race, wise statesmanship, must find a way out—the strong for the weak.

Man has other properties besides mind and muscle. These doctrines [of Sparta and Spencer] are destitute of sympathy, and cannot be applied in any state of society advanced from barbarism.

Again the human sympathies of the writer are expressed in these extracts from his chapter on "The Brotherhood of Man":

There is a brotherhood and sisterhood of the race which no law of evolution can annul. From among the lowest ranks of life have arisen some of the noblest characters that have given to the different civilizations their special preëminence, that have stimulated the worthiest aspirations, and beckoned the race onward to the realization of its best possible ideals. Out in the streets, among those who are faint with hunger and cramped with cold as they seek in vain for work and food on bitter wintry days; down in hovels where are haggard and heartsick men and half-fed, frozen wives and children, are found those who have in their hearts and bear about in their not quite hopeless misery the image of their Maker. . . .

The poor man who stands among his untaught and famishing children, knowing that he is powerless to answer their pitiful appeals for help, while there are glutted markets and a surfeiting abundance about him, sorrowfully realizes, without perhaps knowing how, that he and his family have been made the victims of some stupendous injustice.

It is the strong, the well-to-do, the prosperous, the intelligent, upon whom the duty and the necessity is laid of changing this state of things. It is necessary in order to the preservation of the republic that intelligent citizens should assume this responsibility, for, as Mr. Ostrander says:

It may as well be expected to gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles as to expect that public affairs will be faithfully and intelligently administered and property and liberty made secure while the voter is without shirts and potatoes, and with only confused and nebulous ideas of his rights and duties as a citizen.

Again, according to Mr. Ostrander:

The weak have claims upon the strong, the poor have claims upon the rich, and it is not more a duty than it is an interest of society to enforce these claims through the instrumentality of its governmental machinery. . . . No provision of relief will be permanent that does not rest upon a business basis. The principle of *equitable compensation* must be affirmatively recognized in every act. The oppression and artificial relations that have gradually grown out of conditions no longer existing should yield to the necessities of the new era, in reference to which other rules of action must be formulated. . . . The wage-earner is entitled to share with capital all the benefits that proceed from the better application of mechanics to natural forces, [chiefly shorter hours of labor and greater supply of comforts, and] the person supplying the labor is as much entitled to be recognized as a producer as the man supplying the capital, and should share in the benefits of improved machinery to the extent of being required to work less hours with no reduction of pay.

Only one more quotation can be given, out of the whole pages that one would wish to give illustrating Mr. Ostrander's thorough sympathy with the laboring man. In his chapter on "The Eight-Hour Day" he says:

The writer has for many years been brought into the closest relations with the laboring classes of the West, and while he is ready to admit that their condition is su-

perior to that of the working-men of either Europe or England, he has the incontrovertible evidence of his own experience and observation that life to a large portion of the common laborers and factory employees of America is without comfort and adequate rest. For several years he was accustomed to see many of these poor fellows, often half-fed and half-clothed, going in the winter season to the factory before light in the morning and not returning again to their destitute families till after nightfall. He has watched their anxious, care-worn faces while working at bench or lathe, and has gone with them to their cheerless homes; has seen their faithfulness during long, weary hours of work; has witnessed their devotion to wife and children, for whom no hardship, endurance, and self-denial on their part were sufficient to procure more than a scanty subsistence. He has found many of them persons of good thought, generous and manly impulses, and nearly all worthy of better opportunities than they enjoy. . . . The question has been presented to his mind, What is there in the industrial conditions of so much press and urgency as to justify this sacrifice? No satisfactory answer has ever been made. There is an abundance of everything that comes from either factory or field; more than can be sold or used . . . and yet for ten and eleven hours each day hurrying and tired hands are adding to unsold and unsalable stocks. . . . What great good does this boasted age of material progress and mental enlightenment bring to the average "factory hand"? What part has he in this abundance? New inventions are to him new obstacles in the way of winning bread. Every discovery of mechanical science to him signifies only the discovery of additional methods by which his worn and feeble hands shall be made to compete with the infinite and tireless forces of nature. He finds that there is a mistake about his being the "heir of the ages"; that by some hocus-pocus, not wholly comprehensible, he is being cheated of his inheritance. . . . The restlessness and discontent of the working-man under these circumstances should not be regarded as so unexpected and extraordinary, nor does it prove him the vandal and barbarian that many suppose. . . . Is the production of superfluous merchandise of so much importance that it must be had at the cost of a lower intelligence and a cheaper manhood? Are the conditions of commerce in this country such that social progress and national well-being depend more upon continuing to force production than in so adjusting the rules affecting labor that a higher and safer type of citizenship may be developed? This is less an appeal to sentiment than to cold, calculating selfishness. The success of business enterprises and permanence of the state depend largely upon the same things. They both refer to staple conditions and to the intelligence and contentment of the middle and lower classes. . . . The underfed and overworked citizen is not one on whom the state can rely in time of peril. The division of American society into opposing classes is to invite antagonisms that will endanger both.

Following these earnest and eloquent chapters comes a consideration of possible remedies for the unhappy and injurious social conditions of the present day — conditions that are injurious alike to labor and capital. Mr. Ostrander believes that until we have assimilated, educated, and given remunerative employment to our own laboring classes, immigration should be restricted; he believes that competition in trade must go, and sees in the wise and humane combination of manufacturers the death of competition. He believes the government should own the means of transportation, but does not believe that the government should become a manufacturer, because

It will require the inspiration of a personal interest in manufacturing and art to develop the best capabilities of the directing mind. . . . Largeness and strength can come only to those who are charged with duties of unusual difficulty. . . . Men of high aspiration must not perform tasks which others set.

In extraordinary cases the state should furnish employment.

The state in time of great peril may protect itself by the use of extraordinary powers, and why may not these powers be called into activity in the interests of peace as well as war? . . : Within proper limitations the state ought to have a paternal care over those who are too weak to care for themselves. . . . It may happen that a partial failure of crops, added to the long-continued prostration of business, will result in bringing into painful prominence a million of people for whose labor there is no longer a demand. These people will need to be housed, fed, clothed, and warmed, and if unable to provide these necessities for themselves they must be provided by others; otherwise they will be driven to the alternative of beggary or of crime, taxing benevolence or preying upon society. Laying aside all moral and humane considerations it will be much easier and more to the advantage of the state to furnish employment for these idle hands than to provide for them as subjects of charity or violators of the law. The question will, it is feared, be soon presented whether support shall be given this idle population in poorhouses and prisons, in misery and shame, as the consequence of disorder and violence, or in employment for the public benefit in making better streets and roads and in such other useful ways as will supply the relief needed without its being offered as a gratuity.

The following chapter on "The Duty of the Hour" contains these stirring passages:

The people of this country are now entering upon a new era, and it should be a better one. This will depend wholly upon the wisdom with which they adapt themselves to the changed conditions. There exist all the elements of greatness and prosperity; if these are saved from waste and wisely employed the future will be full of the happiness of this people and of the glory of their institutions. . . . If ignorant, hungry, degraded men possess the power of government, in their triumph they will make it a tyranny. . . . It is better for them to-day, and better, far better, for their children, who may have chiefly to deal with this matter, that the schools and the workshops should be kept full, and that prisons and poorhouses be empty. . . . Government should be made honest and strong. In an emergency like the present its influence and power should be directed to the relief of indigent laborers. . . . When it becomes a matter of starvation and ignorance for the citizen, then it is the duty of the government to provide work for willing hands and education for all. Those who will not work should not eat. No person should be compelled to wait for an opportunity to earn his bread, and, this opportunity afforded, no person should be permitted to beg. The proper functions of government must frequently be decided by circumstances; it may become paternal when acting in such character the best interests of the governed will be promoted. The wealth of the United States is enormous. Life, liberty, and property are all sacred rights, but under a judicious system of taxation for the purpose of internal improvements the value of property may be largely increased and at the same time be made more secure. Roads may be built, canals dug, irrigation provided for vast regions of fertile but arid soils. The undeveloped resources of this nation defy computation, and its ability to profitably employ labor is almost inconceivable. The men who stand idle in the market to-day, fasting, or eating bread they have not earned, might be thus employed in a manner that would save themselves and their families from want and at the same time contribute to the public good.

The closing chapters of Mr. Ostrander's book are given to the following topics among others: "The Building of a State," "Character as a Social Factor," "Christianity as a Social Factor," "The School House as a Social Factor," "Compulsory Education," "The Coming Man Merciful," "The Divinity of Justice," and "Belief in God Necessary." There is not a page that the reader can afford to skip; there is not a chapter that is not rich in clearly stated truths, wise generalizations, and helpful and inspiring suggestions to every student of social science.

The book is neither large nor expensive. It is beautifully printed in clear, large type, on fine paper; and were its value and interest known it would have a reading as wide as Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" or Kidd's "Social Evolution," with which books it ranks in humanitarian interest as well as literary merit.

HELEN E. STARRETT.

THE MESSAGE OF MAN: A BOOK OF ETHICAL SCRIPTURES.*

A unique idea, admirably carried out, is this beautiful book of Ethical Scriptures compiled by Dr. Stanton Coit. It is a book that appeals most strongly to the tastes of all book-lovers who not only love books for art and beauty, but feel the force of the moral purpose that must inhere in all true thought. It embodies the modern gospel of the religion of love and service as it is shadowed forth in literature, and has been treasured in the minds of many lovers of both literature and humanity, who search in literature rather more for the consecration of genius than for the art that lures into a temporary forgetfulness of all that makes human life ugly and depressing to contemplate. This is a comparatively modern note in literature, although, to be sure, the ball was set rolling when Luther made his fight for a free Bible, and the valiant thinkers of the Renaissance poured in through the narrow gut he had hewed to expand the freedom of the human mind in all directions. Still old traditions die hard, and the revival of learning did not bring with it those broader conceptions of humanity, those elastic interpretations of spiritual law, which we now recognize in literature, and which for us began with the overthrow of classicism in France and Germany, about the middle of the last century.

Voltaire, Rousseau, Lessing, Richter, Goethe, Wordsworth, Burns, Coleridge, Kant, Hegel, Carlyle, Emerson, these are some of the names that occur to one in thinking of this succession of genius that gave us our existing intellectual freedom of opinion and investigation; and it is in this great body of literature, in which the ferment of the spirit seemed suddenly to break loose and permeate the world of thought from end to end, that Dr. Coit finds the most of his materials for a compilation, which has surely demanded as much imaginative scholarship and creative penetration as a work more categorically creative, but not nearly so original in design and execution. I do not mean to imply that Dr. Coit has restricted his outlook in compiling his philosophy of conduct entirely to these modern writers, simply that this broadening and deepening spirit that followed in the wake of the romantic movement is the dominant note in the book, and is the guiding principle in the selections that have been made from the older literatures — from the sacred books

* "The Message of Man: A Book of Ethical Scriptures," gathered from many sources and arranged by Stanton Coit. Cloth; $1.75; 323 pages. Published by Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., London, and Macmillan & Co., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

of Buddhism, the Bible, the saints of the early Christian church, the Greek philosophers and poets, and the early English writers.

Perhaps the best and fullest idea of the scope of the work is to be found in the compiler's explanation of his guiding principle and purpose. He says:

The thought has occurred to many a reader—although research does not confirm it—that the *De Imitatione Christi* is not the product of one man's brain and pen, but that some pious compiler, for his soul's need, sifted the Christian sands of his time and gathered up a little measure-full of the grains of gold. It seems to have been written by a man of no great originality save in self-obliteration—a man whose wants and capacities were like everyone else's, so that what appeared rare and beautiful to him has seemed the same to many since.

To-day we still read the writings of long past ages, for our higher self's sake. But they are now for us only the sands, and each one as he reads sifts for himself and gathers out the gold dust. Haply one who has so done is not acting amiss in offering his labor's yield to the public, for perchance it may prove precious to many.

But when, with no solicitude except to be faithful to his own personal want and sense of truth, the compiler has gathered the best utterances—the best for him—concerning the Moral Life of Man, he finds that he has stored up something more than a mere heap of unrelated particles even of gold; he discovers that the thought-edges of one saying match with those of another, and the emotional flush of one mounts into the warmer glow of another, as if each had been made for each.

It could not be otherwise. The compiler's fidelity to himself would allow him to select nothing that had not its counterpart in his own inward pattern of the perfect, the true, and the helpful. The writings, besides, of the Seers of to-day, of the Saints of the Church, the Apostles, the Prophets, the Stoics and the Sages of Athens and the East—where there is kinship in thought and feeling—are alike also in imagery and in simplicity and dignity of phrase. Lastly, the Moral Life itself reflects in literature not only its variations but its own identity, which marks it everywhere, and is of yesterday, to-day and forever.

If the compiler has not failed, the book thus becomes more than a mere collection of quotations; the once separate parts lose themselves and find their meaning in the whole. Each piece, therefore, need not be labelled with the name of the quarry whence it was taken. For curious readers, however, an index appended to the book should cite the author, the volume, and chapter, so far as possible, of the original of each selection; where any portion of a sentence has been left out, the fact should be stated; and wherever a few words have been inserted (as here and there a little filling in of cement makes the whole evener and firmer), this, too, should be confessed. When, however, these precautions have been taken, no charge of theft or mutilation can be just.

Almost all thinking men, and especially those who have cut themselves adrift from the dogmatism of the orthodox creeds, have, in seeking their way through literature, blazed a path for themselves to which they return ever and again throughout life for refreshment and consolation. But very few have taken the trouble to put this well recognized mental practice into a concrete written form, and we are sure we are making no overstatement when we say that this book of "Ethical Scriptures, Collected from the Most Diverse Fields of Literature," so free from the slightest taint of dogma or ritual, will come to many readers with the nearness and reality of reminiscence of a personal spiritual experience. It is a book which, bearing the fruit of so many precious argosies, cannot fail to find a delighted acceptance among the

ever increasing throng of young men and women, who, being caught in the spiritual franchisement that is the chief end and glory of modern science, are addressing themselves to the great social and psychological problems of human life with a seriousness, that was totally foreign to the unstirred complacency of a spiritual dominion, backed by the dignity and terrors of the political state. In a word, the breaking up of ancient ways of thought, the apathy toward old church institutions, and the stir and ferment of agnosticism in our day, are all indications that there is a profounder religious leaven working through society to-day than has been known, probably, since the stormy days of the Reformation.

As the present writer is one of the curious readers who is glad to know where the matter has been quarried, he cannot end this notice without commenting upon the admirable fulness and simplicity of the index, without which the book would have lost half its attractiveness and value. As it is, the index will be indirectly the means of introducing thousands of readers to a wide field of literature lying outside of the scope of the book itself. The index also suggests one further thought, and that is the spiritual communion of all great thinkers of all ages and times down to our own day, from which, by the way, Dr. Coit quotes quite liberally; and the further fact that all true thought is in its essence moral — in a word, religious.

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

EVOLUTION AND THE IMMANENT GOD.*

This work is another and by no means the least successful of the many attempts which in recent years have been made to harmonize religion and science. The author, Dr. English, is the pastor of the First Congregational Church of East Windsor, Conn.; and while he accepts evolution to the full, he uses it in order to clear the ground for the acceptance of the Christian system.

He asserts, truly enough, that evolution fails to explain many things. It leaves the origin of matter, as well as the origin of light, as much in the dark as ever; and it fails to account for the beginnings of plant life, with its power of assimilation, growth, and reproduction. At the same time he acknowledges that it has rendered necessary the rejection of the ordinary Judaic conception of God as a Being acting on the universe from the outside, and the acceptance, in the place of this "Transcendent God," of the idea of the "Immanent God," that is, of God as immanent or present everywhere, acting in and through every substance and thing; in short, as the "soul" of the universe. This, he says, is not pantheism, because pantheism rejects the idea of the personality of the Deity, and regards God, not as the soul of the universe, but as the uni-

* "Evolution and the Immanent God," by William F. English, Ph. D. Pp. 122; price, cloth $1.00, paper 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

verse itself. Dr. English pertinently asks whether the laws of nature do not "require for their explanation nothing less than the presence and potency of the Immanent God," and whether we must not "consider them as the expressions of His will." The author points out that this idea of the immanence of God was held by the early Christian writers, who had come under the influence of the Greek philosophers; and he contends that the reintroduction of the Judaic idea of the transcendence of God was due to the hierarchy of the Latin church.

Dr. English also acknowledges the futility of the argument from causation as proof of the existence of God, while at the same time he asserts that the argument from design has been strengthened by the doctrine of evolution. It is doubtful whether evolutionists like Spencer and Huxley will agree to the latter contention. Be this as it may, however, Dr. English affirms that the evolutionist is obliged to admit the introduction of new elements or forces from time to time, in order to account for the changes observed; quoting from Mr. Wallace's recent work on Darwinism, that great naturalist's division of the evolutionary process into three principal stages. These are as follow: first, the passage from the inorganic to the organic, when the principle of life was introduced, as in the vegetal kingdom; second, the introduction of sensation or consciousness, marking the distinction between the vegetal and animal kingdoms; and third, the introduction in man of new faculties which raise him above the brutes. Dr. English then goes on to contend that the Incarnation was the introduction of a new force in the same way. In his own words: "The culmination of the processes of Evolution, and the final and most complete manifestation of the Immanent God, are both found in the Incarnation of Christ" (p. 95).

With regard to the old but ever-new question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Dr. English believes that, though immortality is not demonstrable apart from revelation, natural theology provides a presumption in its favor; that evolution and the doctrine of the persistence of force seem to require a belief in at least some form of existence after the death of the body; and that evolution demands some belief in immortality as a satisfactory and worthy end for its processes, looked upon as a whole.

Though Dr. English's work may not be accepted by evolutionists of the thorough-going type as conclusive of the questions which it discusses, it will supply them and others with much food for thought on the deepest questions which agitate the human mind — life, death, and immortality. It is written in excellent style, and in a liberal and tolerant tone which is in itself a happy augury of the time — not far distant, let us hope — when the truths of religion and those of science will be universally seen and acknowledged to be in harmony — as, indeed, every truth must be with every other truth. J. T. F.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"OUR SONGS," by R. H. Randall. Cloth; pp. 80. Published by R. H. Randall, Chicago, Ill.

"THE WEALTH OF LABOR," by Frank Loomis Palmer. Cloth; pp. 219; price $1. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York.

"LIFE WORK OF MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND," by Harrison D. Barrett. Cloth; pp. 759. Published by Hack & Anderson, Printers, Chicago, Ill.

"EVOLUTION AND CHRISTIANITY," by Horace N. Mateer, M. D. Paper; pp. 20. Published by the Herald Printing Company, Wooster, Ohio.

"THE JUDICIAL MURDER OF MARY E. SURRATT," by David Miller DeWitt. Cloth; pp. 259; price $1.25. Published by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"THE SOCIAL OFFICIAL ETIQUETTE OF THE UNITED STATES," by Mrs. M. V. Dahlgren. Cloth; pp. 88; price $1. Published by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"ETHICS OF LITERATURE," by John A. Kersey. Cloth; pp. 572. Published by E. L. Goldthwait & Co., Marion, Ind.

"MADAME SANS-GENE." Translated by L. R. Heller. Cloth; pp. 400; price 50 cents. Published by the Home Book Company, New York.

"THE AMATEUR EMIGRANT," by Robert Louis Stevenson. Cloth; pp. 180. Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago, Ill.

"A SIREN'S SON," by Susie Lee Bacon. Paper; pp. 192. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"HIS EGYPTIAN WIFE," by Hilton Hill. Cloth; pp. 214; price $1.25, paper 50 cents. Published by the Home Book Company, New York, N. Y.

"UNCLE SAM'S CABINS," by Benjamin Rush Davenport. Paper; pp. 271; price 50 cents. Published by the Mascot Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON DAY BY DAY," by Elizabeth Bryant Johnston. Cloth; pp. 207; price $2.50. Published by Cycle Publishing Company, New York.

"PAGES FROM A YOUNG MAN'S JOURNAL," by Edwin Casterline. Paper; pp. 215; price 50 cents. Published by Smith & Eaton, San Jose, Cal.

"LIFE-POWER," by Arthur T. Pierson, D. D. Cloth; pp. 214; price $1. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, N. Y.

"MERRIE ENGLAND," by Robert Blatchford. Paper; pp. 206; price one penny. Published by Clarion Office, London, Eng.

"The Sons of Ham," by Louis Pendleton. Cloth; pp. 328; price $1.50. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"Prince Zaleski," by M. P. Shiel. Cloth; pp. 207; price $1. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

"Samantha among the Colored Folks," by Josiah Allen's Wife. Cloth; pp. 387. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, N. Y.

"Social Growth and Stability," by D. Ostrander. Cloth; pp. 191. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"Martin Hewitt, Investigator," by Arthur Morrison. Paper; pp. 264. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"Rodger Latimer's Mistake," by Katharine Donelson. Cloth; pp. 378. Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago, Ill.

"Iesat Nassar," by Peter v. F. Mamreov. Cloth; pp. 713. Published by the Sunrise Publishing Company, New York.

"Judge Ketchum's Romance," by Horace Annesley Vachell. Cloth; pp. 296; price $1. Published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York.

"On India's Frontier," by Henry Ballantine, M. A. Cloth; pp. 192; price $2.50. Published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York.

"Under the Corsican," by Emily Howland Hoppin. Cloth; pp. 333; price $1. Published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York.

"Demon Possession and Allied Themes," by Rev. John L. Nevius. Cloth; pp. 482; price $1.50. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago.

"How to Govern Chicago," by a practical Reformer. Paper; pp. 118. Published by Charces H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

"Outlines of Louis F. Post's Lectures." Cloth; pp. 108; price, cloth $1, paper 50 cents. Published by Sterling Publishing Company, New York.

"A Breath of Suspicion," by Frances Isabel Currie. Paper; pp. 288. Published by F. I. Webb, Publisher, New York.

"A New Gospel of Labor," by A. Roadmaker. Paper; pp. 229; price 50 cents. Published by S. Wegener, Seattle, Wash.

"Elementary Biology," by Emanuel R. Boyer. Cloth; pp. 235. Published by D. C. Heath & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

"Midnight Talks at the Club," by Amos K. Fiske. Cloth; pp. 298; price $1. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

"Beyond the Bourn," by Amos K. Fiske. Cloth; pp. 222; price $1. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

"Roland Graeme, Knight," by Agnes Maule Machar. Cloth; pp. 285; price $1. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

"The Divine Indwelling," by E. Woodward Brown. Cloth; pp. 315; price $1.25. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

"Why? Says Gladys," by David Christie Murray. Paper; pp. 241; price 50 cents. Town Topics Publishing Company, 208 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"Un-American Immigration," by Rena Michaels Atchison, Ph. D. Cloth, pp. 198; price $1.25. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

"Institutes of the Christian Religion," by Emanuel V. Gerhart, D. D., LL. D. Cloth; pp. 938. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

"A Buddhist Catechism," by Subhadra Bhikshu. Cloth; pp. 107; price $1. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Currency of Canada," by William C. Cornwell. Paper; pp. 86; price 75 cents. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Hidden Depths," by F. M. F. Skene. Paper; pp. 260. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"Slavery," by William W. Wheeler. Paper; pp. 110; price 25 cents. Published by William W. Wheeler & Co., Meriden, Ct.

"In Wood and Fields," by Augusta Larned. Cloth; pp. 157. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"The Income-Tax Law," by David B. Hill. Paper; pp. 90; price 10 cents. Published by Brentano's, New York.

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Columbia. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Dr. J. W. Babcock, president; E. E. Jackson, treasurer; M. W. Lovell, secretary.

Florence. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Jessie Sudlow, secretary.

TENNESSEE.

Nashville. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. T. W. Hurst, president; B. H. Enloe, M. D., secretary, Cumberland Presbyterian Building.

TEXAS.

Corpus Christi. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Hannah M. Conklin, secretary.

VIRGINIA.

Culpeper. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Mrs. Orra Langhorne, secretary.

UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

MONTHLY TOPICS.

The following topics have been chosen for discussion :

June. Child Life — Kindergarten.
July. Manual Training in the Public School.
August. The Abolition of Capital Punishment.
September. Women Wage Workers.

CONSTITUTION.

The following constitution, submitted in July, 1894, has been adopted by the Local Unions for Practical Progress throughout the country, without a dissenting vote. Accordingly, it is hereby proclaimed to be the

CONSTITUTION OF THE NATIONAL UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

I. *Name.* — The name of this association shall be "THE UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS."

II *Purpose.* — Its purpose is to unite all moral forces, agencies, and persons for concerted, methodical, and persistent endeavor in behalf of the public good, and especially for the abolition of unjust social conditions.

III. *Method.* — The Union aims to work, wherever possible, through existing organizations instead of forming new ones. It aims to secure the concerted action of the constructive elements of society once each month in opposition to some present-day evil or in the forwarding of some one positive reform measure, thus raising a definite moral issue every month and designating a common rallying-ground for all friends of progress.

IV. *Membership.* — Three or more persons of good character, if not infringing on the field of any previously organized Union, may form themselves into a local Union, and may become attached to the general organization by sending an application to the National Executive Committee, accompanied by one dollar registration fee.

V. *Organization.* — The national organization of the Union for Practical Progress shall consist of the National Advisory Board, the National Executive Committee, and the General Council. Each of these bodies shall organize in its own way and elect and prescribe the duties of its own officers.

VI. *National Advisory Board.* — The National Advisory Board shall be composed of moral leaders of national reputation, twenty-five in number, who shall be named by the National Executive Committee. It shall choose the monthly topics for simultaneous discussion, and each member shall offer his best thought and advice to the National Executive Committee concerning all the affairs of the Union.

VII. *National Executive Committee.* — The National Executive Committee shall consist of seven members, four of whom must reside in a single city. The Executive Committee shall have charge of the business of the Union. Every action of this Committee, however, shall be subject to veto at any time by a majority of the General Council. The Committee as a whole and every member thereof shall be subject to recall at any time by a majority vote of the General Council; otherwise the Committee shall fill its own vacancies and choose its own successors.

VIII. *General Council.* — The General Council shall be the supreme power of the Union for Practical Progress. It shall consist of the two chief officers of every local union, and the two chief officers of each central conference or local body of delegates representing ten or more *bona-fide* organizations. But in cities of more than fifty thousand inhabitants, where more than twenty organizations have delegates in the central body, there shall be four members each from the local union and the central conference.

IX. *Voting.* — A request signed by the head officers of one-fourth of the local unions shall necessitate a vote of the General Council upon any subject whatever, including an amendment to this constitution; and a majority vote of the General Council shall be decisive until reversed by another vote. Any local union, by making application to the National Executive Committee and paying costs, shall be entitled to receive a list of all the local unions attached to the general body.

THE PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY.

THE EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT OF THE UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES.

Correspondence courses will be given in any department of study. Especial attention is given to the following valuable courses bearing on the higher ethics: 1, The New Political Economy; 2, The Social Ideals of the Hebrews; 3, The Social Ideals of Christianity; 4, The Evolution of the Modern Social Question; 5, Social Prophets, Past and Present, critically studied and compared; 6, Christian Socialism; 7, The Land Question — historical and theoretical; 8, The Evolution of the Family; 9, Money, and Mechanism of Exchange — historical and theoretical; 10, Money (brief course — three months). Each course is arranged to cover nine months' consecutive study, requiring about nine hours a week. In addition to all special communications the student will receive a monthly outline of work with a question to be answered in review of the previous month's work. The tuition fee for each course is uniformly ten dollars. If desired the secretary can secure the text books at wholesale prices. An extended outline of each course may be secured by application to the secretary.

People not able to undertake the heavy work of systematized study can avail themselves of our reading courses. Any person registering with us and paying a fee of two dollars will be guided in their selection of books for one year's reading course. Classes or circles reading the same topics and dealing with us through their secretary, as a single individual, can take a course for the same fee.

All communications should be addressed to H. C. Vrooman, Secretary.

LECTURE COURSES.

To facilitate speedy and systematic arrangements for a lecture course, please indicate under the months and evenings of the week, your first and second choice. The figure 1 under one or more months would indicate when the course might begin; figure 2 would show the next choice; and 3 the next. Your preference as to the evenings would be shown in the same way. Example:

SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.
3	1	1	2		1	4	
	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.	
	2	1	I		2	3.	

Next, go through each of the divisions of the following list and place the figure 1 against all lectures and entertainments which have your preference. Then go through once more, and place the figure 2 against those you would select in case your programme cannot be filled out from those marked 1. When these reports come in, everything will be mapped out before the manager, and he will know your wishes and to what extent they can be met. He will then report, for your acceptance or rejection, a programme and terms. In case it is desired to keep this list for future reference, please copy the list so marked and send instead.

SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.	MAY.
	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	

Do not fail to state in your note how many and what kind of entertainments you desire, and about what sum you can raise.

A course of five monthly lectures may be given at a minimum of about sixty dollars; for five consecutive nights for much less money: while others, including stereopticon, vary from thirty to seventy-five dollars a single lecture; but these last figures are the exception.

We have no inferior talent on our list; but our workers' prices, owing to their interest in the work, are but a trifle above their travelling expenses.

1. We can give you *terms far more favorable than could otherwise be secured.* Appreciating and approving the purpose of the Union for Practical Progress, those whose names appear on the list have generally reduced their terms appreciably, thereby bringing within reach of those who desire them, lecture courses of marked ability, which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

2. By means of the People's University there is brought to your notice such an array and variety of talent to select from, and such an opportunity to fix upon convenient dates, as to save you a vast amount of trouble and correspondence, and enable you to get more nearly what you want than would otherwise be possible.

3. While securing your own advantage you are at the same time assisting others to make use of like advantage. Because YOU have a lecture course, entertaining, instructive, and elevating, it is made easier, not to say possible, for others to have one. The good you thus do extends far beyond your own community.

The necessity of prompt action is obvious. It is hoped that immediately on receipt of this the attention of the Union for Practical Progress, the church, or other society with which you are associated, will be called to the plan set forth, and, if approved, a committee be appointed to arrange with the University for a lecture course.

That course can be as brief or extended as you may desire, and of suitable variety. We have in reserve talent adequate to all demands of large cities and colleges.

REV. H. C. VROOMAN,
Secretary People's University.

17 Pierce Building, Boston, Mass.

LECTURERS.

I. REV. JOHN B. KOEHNE. — Rev. S. W. McCorkle, moderator of the Northwestern Pennsylvania Association of Congregational Churches, says: "The lecture on 'The New Aristocracy' is one of the most entertaining and thought-inspiring I ever heard. I have listened with delight to Beecher and many others, and I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Koehne has the elements of great success. Among the younger men on the American platform he stands well to the front."

A. McLean, Acting President Bethany College, West Virginia: "Mr. Koehne's lecture gave great and universal satisfaction. The audience listened with increasing interest for two full hours. Professors and students regard this lecture as one of the best ever heard in Bethany."

A. B. Miller, LL. D., President Waynesburg College, Pennsylvania: "One of the most original and impressive men on the platform of to-day."

Howard M. Ticknor, the well known Boston dramatic critic: "Mr. Koehne's diction is to be marked for its variety of illustration, its picturesque imagery, its native force and directness, these qualities uniting in the production of individual and striking addresses."

Subjects: 1, The Genius of Christ; 2, Christ and Reform; 3, Christ and Civilization; 4, Strikes and Progress (Labor); 5, The New Aristocracy. These lectures form a series for five successive nights; they are also given singly. 6, A Reply to Ingersoll.

II. HAMLIN GARLAND, author, poet, reformer. His lectures deal especially with economics and the cause of poverty. *Subjects:* 1, Poets and Reformers; 2, Living Issues; 3, Present-Day Reforms; 4, The Ethics of Modern Fiction.

III. PROF. D. S. HOLMAN, the celebrated microscopist of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science. His lectures on physical and biological science are illustrated by the tele-microscope, which projects upon a screen nearly all conceivable experiments. His wonderful instrument reveals the wonders of science on canvas, so that they can be understood by children. He explains all in a fascinating and scholarly manner. He can either give his feast in the wonderland of science, and present the objects of the new movement the same evening, or he can follow his scientific lecture by a social reform mass meeting the next night. *Subjects:* 1, Musical Tones made visible, and the Nature of Color; 2, Motion in Living Matter; 3, Motion in Not Living Matter; 4, The Circulation of the Blood; 5, Persistence of Vision; 6, The Constant Facial Angle in the Skulls of Animals.

IV. PROF. FRANK PARSONS, of the Boston Law School, author of "Our Country's Need," etc. *Subjects:* 1, Public Ownership of Monopolies; 2, What shall we do with the Slums?; 3, Poverty's Causes and its Cure; 4, The Liquor Traffic and the Gothenburg System; 5, The Initiative and Referendum; 6, Woman Suffrage; 7, Proportional Representation and Multiple Voting; 8, Sound Finance; 9, The Gospel of Industrial Redemption; 10, The Philosophy of Mutualism.

V. JOHN MITCHELL, a man of wide experience in reform lecture work. All with stereopticon views. *Subjects:* 1, Heredity and Environment; 2, New Social Ideals; 3, Vampirism, or Man's Inhumanity to Man; 4, Woman's Rights and Privileges; 5, The Struggle for Bread and Shelter; 6, Poverty, its Cause and Cure; 7, Civic Duty; 8, The Aim and Method of the Union for Practical Progress; 9, The Nation's Shame (Temperance lecture); 10, The Commercial Phase (Temperance); 11, The Thermopylæ of Reform (Temperance).

VI. REV. ALEXANDER KENT, pastor of the People's Church, Washington, D. C., is a strong, logical speaker, and an earnest worker in the radical social reform movement. He is conversant with all phases of the social problem.

VII. W. D. MCCRACKAN, M. A., author, Boston. Especially familiar with everything that relates to the Swiss methods of government, such as the referendum,

the initiative, and proportional representation. *Subjects:* 1, The Referendum and Initiative; 2, Proportional Representation; 3, The Land Question (Single Tax, with stereopticon); 4, The Life of the Swiss Peasantry; 5, Three Romantic Heroes: William Tell, Arnold Von Winkelried, and François Bonivard.

VIII. Rev. Flavius J. Brobst. He has but recently stepped upon the American platform, but is winning his way to popularity and esteem. He invariably speaks without notes. *Subjects:* 1, The Summit of the Nineteenth Century; 2, The Power of the People, etc.

IX. William Jackson Armstrong. General Miles, of the United States Army, says: "I have heard all the great speakers of the United States, and I place William Jackson Armstrong among the foremost. *Subjects:* 1, The Russian Nihilist; 2, The Industrial Question; 3, The Masses and the Millionnaire; 4, Hard Times; 5, Gambetta and France; 6, Capital and Labor; 7, London Society.

X. Miss Josephine Rand, journalist and poet, is a good platform speaker. She presents the questions of the day in a masterly way. *Subjects:* 1, Wanted, Volunteers! — a Plea for Patriotism. A call to young men and women to enlist in the cause of human rights; helpful suggestions as to how to set to work; existing conditions and the vital phases of the social problem. 2, Signs of the Times, or Present Conditions. Living facts and general statements concerning the dangers of the present and future; monopoly and its stronghold; to what it all tends. 3, Nationalism, or Possible Conditions. Coöperation and its beneficent results; lessons drawn from the "trusts" and "combines"; a nation's prosperity dependent upon the prosperity of its individual members; each for all, and all for each. 4, Ethical Side of the Labor Question. 5, The Problem of the Unemployed. Dealing with the land question and the money question, as being the underlying factors in the problem of the unemployed; also with state management of industry; shows the needlessness of present appalling distress. 6, The relation of the Church to Social Problems. Every social problem at bottom a religious problem; Christians bound to heed Christ's teachings; the pulpit the place to plead for a just and humane system of living; Christ's denunciation of the oppressor of the poor; His command to break every yoke. 7, Union for Practical Progress. A plea for the new movement.

XI. Mrs. Harriette C. Keatinge, M. D., Sci. D. *Subjects:* 1, Physiological and Psychological Heredity; 2, The Great Predisposing Causes of Crime, and Some of the Remedies; 3, The Ethics of Suffrage; 4, Womanhood; 5, Law, Justice, and Morals; 6, Intemperance; 7, Health, and How to Keep It.

XII. Rev. Harry C. Vrooman, a man with a thorough grasp of social and economic literature and of wide experience in reform work. He is pastor of the Congregational Church at East Milton, Mass., and general secretary of the National Executive Committee of the Union for Practical Progress. *Some subjects:* 1, Social Ideals of Christianity; 2, The Evolution of the Social Problem; 3, Present-Day Phases of Reform; 4, Christian Socialism. Given in a series or singly.

XIII. Diana Hirschler, secretary of the Union for Practical Progress at Philadelphia, Pa. *Subjects:* 1, The Union for Practical Progress; 2, Social Problems.

XIV. Rev. J. H. Larry, pastor of Richmond Street Church, Providence, R. I., active in Christian sociology. *Subjects:* 1, The Mission of Machinery; 2, Money; 3, The Slavery of To-day. Illustrated Lectures: 1, From Nile to Nazareth; 2, Land of Scott.

XV. Rev. Edward T. Root, pastor of Congregational Church, Baltimore. *Subjects:* 1, The Cause of Poverty; 2, Christian Citizenship; 3, Christian Socialism; 4, Union of Moral Forces; 5, Men in the Churches — a discussion of the causes for the small proportion of men in the churches.

XVI. Percy M. Reese. "There is but one opinion at Chautauqua concerning these lectures, and that is that they have never been surpassed by any illustrated lectures given here. Mr. Reese possesses all the requisites of a successful lecturer — a voice of great clearness and carrying power, which was heard without difficulty in remotest corners of the new amphitheatre; a clear, incisive, deliberate style, and an almost faultless enunciation, making it a pleasure to listen to him. He is a careful student of art history, a discriminating critic, a cultivated and interesting lecturer on art topics, and an enthusiast and an authority upon the whole subject of Roman and Italian history, ancient, mediæval, and modern, to the investigation of which he has devoted years of study and travel." —*Editorial, Chautauqua Assembly Herald, Chautauqua, N. Y., the official organ of the Chautauqua Assembly.*

Subjects: (With Stereopticon Views.) 1, Ancient Rome and the Cæsars. The great size and population of Imperial Rome. Views and maps of Ancient Rome. Matchless records left and late additions to them. 2, Early Christian Rome and the Catacombs. Everlasting attraction of Rome. We must go outside the walls and *underground* for traces of the first three hundred years of Christianity in Rome. The Campagna and its wonderful, solemn beauty. The Appian Way and its tombs.

Catacombs. First Christian arrivals in Rome. Paul's school and converts in light of Lanciani's late excavations. The earliest picture (caricature) of the Crucifixion. Comparison of earliest Christian with Pagan epitaphs. The Symbols. Nero and the persecutions. Marvelious growth. *Seven million graves, and six hundred miles of galleries.* Views of chapels, altars, and slabs. The Sarcophagi and their sculptured scenes from Holy Writ. 3, Mediæval Rome and St. Peter's. 4, A Glimpse of Rome as She is To-day. 5, A Roman Mosaic. A few items of the world's debt to Rome in the fine arts. 6, Social Economics in Rome and in America (without Stereopticon Views). An address (without pictures) on the lessons furnished us, in the causes that led to the decline and fall of the all-powerful Roman Empire; showing that very many of the evils and problems which are perplexing nineteenth-century civilization had their counterparts, and proceeded to their natural consequences, in Imperial Rome; and that in study and profit by the warnings of history lies a strong defence against the almost inexorable tendency of history to repeat itself.

XVII. Prof. Thomas E. Will, A. M., professor of political economy at Kansas State Agricultural College, formerly secretary of Boston U. P. P. *Subjects:* The Union for Practical Progress, and all phases of scientific economic problems. Singly or in courses.

XVIII. Rev. Walter Vrooman speaks extemporaneously on every subject relating to social reform. Is accustomed to out-of-door meetings and large assemblages. He has had considerable experience as an organizer.

XIX. Rev. R. M. Webster, of Los Angeles, Cal., is a man imbued with the higher ethics of our time, a clear thinker and a good speaker. He treats all phases of practical social reform.

XX. Col. Richard J. Hinton, soldier, author, and orator, is one of the most eloquent of our reformers. *Subjects:* 1, The Nazarene and the Laborer; 2, Walt Whitman; 3, Money and Misery; 4, Public Functions and Public Ownership; 5, Karl Marx's Place in History; 6, Labor as a Commodity; 7, Opportunity and Unity — A Policy for True Democracy.

XXI. Rev. Perry Marshall, a man thoroughly conversant with all the ethical phases of the social question. *Subjects:* 1, The Problem of the Unemployed — Public Ownership; 2, Temperance and Monopolies; 3, Travels in Britain; 4, Travels in the Low Countries; 5, Travels in Italy.

THE NATIONAL TREASURER'S APPEAL FOR ONE DOLLAR PLEDGES.

The National Union for Practical Progress has accomplished an encouraging amount of substantial work during the past year, and it is steadily attracting to its ranks the reform elements in the different cities of the Union, and is growing both numerically and in its hold upon the interests of the people.

Among the measures which the Union for Practical Progress has agitated and brought before the people and the different legislatures are the sweating system, measures for the relief and employment in public works of the unemployed, and parks and playgrounds for children.

We are glad to learn that the president of the Baltimore Union for Public Good, Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, who is also a member of the executive committee of the National Union for Practical Progress, has drafted a bill against the sweating evil, and that, with the aid of the Union and Arena Auxiliary Club, the measure has become law. The Union and Auxiliary were also instrumental in securing a law against child labor.

The agitation against the sweating system in Philadelphia has been carried on so vigorously by our Philadelphia Union under the splendid and effective direction of Miss Diana Hirschler, that we entertain strong hopes that a bill will pass at the next session. Many columns have been given to this work in the Philadelphia papers, and a strong public sentiment has been worked up.

From all parts of the land come calls for organizers and literature. The harvest is white, but the money required to put the earnest and willing workers into the vineyard is wanting. In view of what has been done, and keeping in mind the gravity of social and economic conditions to-day, we feel that this cause should appeal with especial pertinency to the minds of all who are concerned for the welfare of civilization and the progress of moral ideas. We feel it our duty to put the matter with considerable urgency before the reform and social and Christian elements in our community, because there are so many conditions in our social state that demand immediate remedial measures, and threaten grave social developments if too long neglected.

We do not ask anything unreasonable, but wish to submit a plan with which almost every reader of these lines can comply, and which will enable us to put lecturers and organizers in the field and supply various cities and towns with literature, so that within a year we shall have a union of the moral forces in every town and village from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We earnestly desire the reader to bear in mind that these lines are addressed

TO YOU.

The plan is as follows: We desire you to send in at once your pledge to pay one dollar to the National Educational Fund, to enable us to put organizers and lecturers in the field immediately and to keep them there, and to distribute literature giving directions for the formation of unions and outlining work. We earnestly urge *you* to fill out the following blank. You will not be called on for the money until *one thousand* pledges have been received. If you desire to pledge more than one dollar we believe it will be the best disbursement of money you will ever make, because we believe it will go farther toward hastening the New Day than if expended in any other way.

The Subscription Pledge.

I hereby subscribe one dollar to the Fund for the National Lectureship of the Union for Practical Progress, and will pay the same on demand when the National Treasurer shall have received one thousand similar subscriptions.

I also hereby agree to pay one dollar annually to the same subscription fund.

Signed.....

City.....

Street Number.....

County.....

State.....

When you have filled out your pledge and forwarded it to us, see if you cannot get some friend to follow your example.* If they know you have signed and forwarded your pledge, it will have a good influence on them. There is nothing like showing faith by works. The ARENA office has opened this subscription by signing for twenty one-dollar pledges.

Now friends, in the name of the great republic, in the name of peace and a higher civilization, in the name of human brotherhood and for the cause of justice and progress, will you not help us to the extent of at least one dollar?

* We will send as many blanks as you desire.

NOTES ON CURRENT EVENTS.

Women Legislators.

Since the issue of the January ARENA, in which there was a series of articles on the age of protection for girls, bills to place the age at eighteen years have been introduced in a large number of the state legislatures, and have in a number of cases passed one house or the other, but are still pending, so that at this writing it is impossible to say just what the outcome will be. In Missouri the bill passed the house 101 to 11, and its friends have written us that there is no doubt that it will pass the senate.

In Colorado the bill was introduced by Mrs. Holley, one of the first three women legislators in the country, and although her bill asked that the age be made twenty-one years instead of eighteen, the age which is asked for in most states, it passed promptly. This would seem to indicate that the presence of women in the legislatures does tend to secure better and more prompt legislation to protect their sisters. It is significant, too, that in the first legislature in which a woman ever sat this bill to protect the girls was introduced by one of the three women, and that it passed immediately. There is an old, time-worn saying that women are not so kind to women as men are, and that men would legislate better and more generously than would their sisters. At the present writing this does not appear on the surface as particularly accurate, since I believe there is not on record any legislature composed of men, where, during its first session, it hastened to the rescue of the honor of the little girls of the state.

Colorado is now the banner state. Two others, Kansas and Wyoming, had the age already at eighteen, and since January in three others, at least, it has been placed at eighteen. Later, we will give the full account of the fight in all the states where the bill has been introduced, and attempt to give the arguments against its passage, and the influences which worked for or against it. We shall be glad, too, to give credit to those earnest and energetic men in many of the states who have worked most loyally for the bill. It is significant that in many cases the member who has introduced the bill and made the opening speech has been a physician, in which case he has not failed to point out the fact that the age at which most of the states withdraw their protection from a girl is the age at which she most needs it; the age at which nature is her antagonist; when she is no longer a child and yet when she has not reached the poise of womanhood; when she is nervous and restless and unstrung; when she is easily influenced for good or for ill; when, in short, she does not understand herself. From twelve to sixteen years of ago every physician knows and every mother knows that this is the case; yet these are the years at which almost all of the states have placed her age of responsibility on the one subject which means, under our present social conditions, entire outlawry for her if she makes a mistake of judgment. Surely nothing could be more cruel, nothing more irrational, nothing more unjust.

H. H. G.

A Righteous Cause Loyally Supported.

In a number of the legislatures this winter, the members, being profoundly stirred on the question of the "age of consent," have been unwilling to run the risk of a single bill failing, so they have introduced house bills and senate bills, worded a little differently, but intended to cover the same case. From one state a senator wrote me: "I am a father, a physician and a state senator. As a state senator and physician, I shall do everything in my power to see this bill passed. As a father, I shall do everything I can, whether it passes or not, to protect my little girls against the outrage in sentiment which is implied by our present laws. I want this law made what it should be, and whether it is or not, there is a father with a shot-gun behind it."

Letters have poured into THE ARENA office from every state from men and from women, from legislators and constituents, wanting to know what could be done; offering services, saying, "We never understood this before." So many demands were made for the January ARENA that we put the articles on that subject into a five-cent pamphlet, which has been sent for by the hundred from all parts of the country. Women's clubs, the W. C. T. U. organizations, the White Ribboners, men's organizations, and individuals have sent for them to distribute, to make public sentiment. In fact, the whole country seems to have been aroused on this subject to a degree, and whether the bill is carried in many of the states or not, the seeds have been sown, and the results will be not far to seek. Letters were sent from this office to every individual of the nearly nine thousand legislators of the country, asking each personally to give his reasons over his own name for objecting to the passage of such a bill. Replies have come by the hundred from those who are in favor of the bill, but those who are not in favor of it do not appear to be especially anxious to appear in print for the inspection of their constituents. Possibly this also is significant. By the time of our next issue we hope to be able to give a full account of the progress and achievement of the winter in this direction. H. H. G.

Two Congresses.

Two congresses have just closed in Washington. One was the Fifty-third Congress, composed of three hundred fifty-six members besides the delegates, "representative men from all parts of the country," so Speaker Crisp said in his farewell speech. It was the largest male Congress yet convened in this country. The other was the second Triennial Congress or Council of representative women from all parts of the country. Both were convened to represent and discuss varied and important measures. In the one there were a number of barroom brawls, several incipient fights on the floor, a number of blackguardly quarrels, a display of temper and drunkenness. In the other none of these features were present. Difference of opinion there was, but no undignified encounters or display of personal feelings. Nobody swore, fought or got drunk. A report says: "Then the resolutions on religion came up, and the discussion grew warm. One resolution voiced a protest against the persecution of any people on account of religious belief, race or condition, and after a long argument this was finally amended by inserting the words '*or unbelief*,'" notwithstanding it has always been claimed that the first thing women would do in public life would be to make social and religious distinctions and laws that would be unbearable, and that they would lack self-control and dignity. Let us pause and consider these two representative congresses which have just closed. Which of the two better represented the brain, dignity, honor and capacity for bettering the condition of the country? Which was more sincere in its desire to do so? Which was freer from intolerant, petty personalities? Let us pause and consider. H. H. G.

The People Plundered and the Credit of the United States Impaired — Was it Not a Crime?

Through the deliberate action of President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle the tax payers of America have been plundered of more than sixteen million dollars, through the *secret deal* compassed by the *agents of English Shylocks*, aided by the *former law partner of Mr. Cleveland*, as parties of the first part and the United States, represented by Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle, as parties of the second part. So unparalleled and shameful was this secret deal that it calls for more than passing notice. (1) Through it the people are plundered, as before observed, out of over sixteen million dollars. (2) The credit of the nation has been wantonly impaired. (3) The Shylocks have the option of all bonds that may be issued for months to come.

Let us suppose that President Cleveland was employed to conduct the busi-

ness affairs of an association of twenty-five business men who had believed in his pretensions of special holiness and integrity, and who regarded him as fairly shrewd. Now let us suppose that a certain amount of funds was needed and the paper of this syndicate was to be placed; capitalists were eagerly waiting for bids, while a general clamor had been raised for a popular loan, which would be held for investment by small capitalists throughout the land in which the twenty-five lived. Yet in the face of all this let us suppose that Mr. Cleveland renews his former law partnership, and enters into a deal with some agents for foreign capitalists whereby the friends of his *former law partner* pay one hundred four for paper which, according to the rate which was paid a short time previous for less favorable paper by the same syndicate, was worth at least one hundred nineteen. And let us suppose that Mr. Cleveland, as the trusted representative of these twenty-five men, pledged their paper to such an extent that they were the losers to the extent of sixteen million dollars; that is, if Mr. Cleveland had taken bids or favored a popular loan his clients would have saved sixteen million dollars that through the secret deals conducted by Mr. Cleveland's former law partners and some agents for foreign Shylocks as parties of the first part and Mr. Cleveland, as representative of the twenty-five men who had reposed confidence in him, as party of the second part, had been lost to them. Now what would have been said or thought of such action?

Again, does any sane man regard the President as such a hopeless imbecile as to suppose he would have acted as he has acted as representative of the government if it was his private fortune he was manipulating?

What, then, shall we call this secret dicker which has by a single stroke taken from our people sixteen million dollars for the enrichment of the foreign Shylocks? It will not do to raise the baby cry which such political tricksters as Senator Hill, in his new *rôle* of President Cleveland's Man Friday, has raised in defence of the discredited administration, and say that the president did the best he could. As was pointed out in Congress, he could not know what he could do till he had given the people an opportunity to bid. He knew that the twelve-year bonds were taken at one hundred ten, and that, *pro rata*, these thirty-year bonds would readily bring one hundred nineteen. But without permitting the people to have a chance to bid, without entertaining the plan for a popular loan, he deliberately enters into a secret compact with foreign Shylocks, represented by his *former law partner* and two New York bankers, by which the tax payers are to be robbed of sixteen million dollars. The most kindly construction that can be placed on the president's action, without doing violence to common sense, is to regard the consummation of this infamous dicker as the result of a desire on his part to force the members of the Senate and of the House to violate their pledges to their constituents and do the bidding of the autocratic president who seems to yield to no will but that of the Bank of England and Wall Street.

Mr. Cleveland seems to imagine that it is a crime for a senator or a member of the House to differ from him. It never appears to enter his head that (1) he (Cleveland) can be mistaken, or (2) that a representative of the people should be loyal to his constituents when that loyalty conflicts with his views. A monarch in England who dared to arrogate such power would be promptly reminded of the fate of King Charles.

The infamous character of this side deal has called forth bitter denunciations; and that our readers may see how others regard the action, I give below several editorial leaders from the New York *World*. I quote from the *World*, (1) because it is the Democratic organ which enjoys the largest circulation of any paper in America — over half a million copies daily, — and belonging to the party of the president its words have special significance; (2) because there is not a stronger gold organ in America than the *World*, and hence it cannot be

accused of misjudging the president owing to its leaning toward silver. This Democratic gold organ found it impossible so to stultify itself as to remain silent when the American public was being betrayed so shamefully. Hence in a leader published on February 13, the *World* said:

The refusal of the administration to permit Congress or the country to know the details of its secret bargain for gold with the bankers is most extraordinary. It was bad enough to be informed by the president that he had consented, confessedl, at the dictation of the gold gamblers, to a degradatiot of the nation's credit by a sale of bonds on the basis of an interest rate of three and three fourths per cent. No bids were invited. No opportunity was given to the country at large to maintain the nation's credit. By private arrangement with a syndicate of bankers, consummated in the White House itself, highly desirable long-term bonds were sold outright at a rate of interest nearly one per cent above the last issue and one and one fourth above the rate on English consols. The ten days' option offered to Congress of supplanting this issue with three per cent gold bonds was a subterfuge. That the bankers understood it to be a mere bluff was proved by their course in proceeding to apportion the bonds and gather the gold to pay for them.

But as if this were not enough, it now appears that there are conditions in the bargain which the administration does not wish to reveal. Except for the interview with Mr. Belmont, obtained by the *World* and printed yesterday, Congress and the country would be in ignorance of everything relating to the transaction save the bare facts stated by the president. Nothing can justify secrecy in such a matter in time of peace. The people who must pay the bonds, even to the last penny of blood-money, have a right to know the conditions under which their credit is lowered and their future is mortgaged. Publicity is essential to liberty and to the perpetuity of free institutions. The House of Representatives should call for this contract and make it public. The nation is not in such a strait that it needs to be saved by dark-lantern financiering. Turn on the light!

On the following day, February 14, the *World's* leader read as follows:

The popular protest against secrecy in the bond sale has had its effect. The text of the secret contract is at last made public. The secrecy was scandalous but not surprising. The contract is not one of which its authors should be otherwise than ashamed. It discredits the government without any shadow of necessity. It involves the secret sale of bonds to a syndicate of bankers at a rate far below the market price, far smaller than might have been obtained, and at a rate of interest which is grotesquely out of proportion to that at which England and France, with far smaller resources and far larger debts, borrow money without difficulty.

At the time when the secret negotiation was made United States four per cents were worth over one hundred ten in the open market. Yet the administration sold to this syndicate of bankers $62,000,000 of four per cents at about one hundred four. Surely some explanation should be given of this remarkable fact. The four per cents which were then selling in the open market at one hundred ten have only twelve years to run. Those sold to the syndicate have thirty years of life before them. If the twelve-year bonds are worth one hundred ten the thirty-year issue should have sold for about one hundred nineteen. Why was it sold at one hundred four? Again, the value of government four per cents is so certain and fixed that even this surprising act of the treasury in discredit of the government has not lowered the market price. The old fours, with only twelve years to run, are still readily salable in the open market at one hundred ten and above.

Why, then, has the administration sold $62,000,000 of new fours at about one hundred four to a syndicate represented by the president's late law partner? Why did it not demand and get the market price, one hundred nineteen, or at the very worst the one hundred ten at which buyers take the older and less valuable bonds? Why did it not sell these bonds in the open market? Why did it waste the substance of the people to the extent of many millions, and above all why did the treasury make itself the agent for impairing the government's credit?

On February 15, the *World* said:

THE BOND SALE SCANDAL.

The folly of the new bond contract, now that its terms are published, is almost incredible. The resources of our country are immeasurably greater than those of France or England. Yet the administration has based its bargain with the bankers upon the assumption that three and three fourths per cent is the lowest interest rate at which we can expect to borrow money, when French rentes and British consols are everywhere deemed desirable investments at two and one half per cent. Our own four per cents with twelve years to run are eagerly sought for investment at one hundred ten and above, which would make these new bonds worth about one hundred nineteen. Yet the treasury has agreed to sell sixty-odd millions of them at about one hundred four.

The treasury thus consents to a bargain which puts us as a nation upon a credit basis scarcely better than that of a South American republic. It consents to pay a rate of interest which, if it were applied to British or French securities, would breed instant panic. In addition to this the government has placed itself helplessly in the hands of this grinding syndicate for eight months to come. It has agreed that it will sell no bonds to anybody between now and next October without giving the syndicate the option of taking them.

It is a bad bargain and a foolish one from beginning to end. It throws away sixteen million dollars or more at the outset. It permanently impairs the national credit. It threatens to make further borrowing to meet emergencies impossible upon any reasonable terms. It is no wonder that when such a bargain was to be made the negotiation was conducted behind closed doors, and that an effort was made, even after the contract was concluded, and despite the foolish denial of Secretary Carlisle, to keep its terms secret—an effort that was abandoned only after the *World's* call to "Turn on the light."

On February 17, the *World* supplements its protests as follows:

A DISCREDITING DICKER.

Until the government dickered in the dark with a syndicate of bankers for this last loan its credit was very high. Its four per cents with only twelve years to run were worth one hundred ten or more in the market. Its four per cents with thirty years to run were therefore worth about one hundred nineteen. But in this dicker the government discredited itself in a most extraordinary way. It sold thirty-year four per cents for about one hundred four. Thus, as the *World* showed yesterday, it assented to the theory of the bankers that our national credit is smaller than that of the negro colony of Jamaica, whose four per cents are worth one hundred eleven; smaller than that of British Guiana, whose fours are worth one hundred seven, and not much better than that of the Fiji Islands, whose four and one halfs are worth one hundred two.

Now let us make some comparisons nearer home. At a time when the treasury itself fixes upon one hundred four or one hundred four and one fourth as the proper price of government fours, and sells them at that rate, the fours of Athol, Mass. (did you ever hear of Athol?), are selling in the market at one hundred seven and one fourth; Boston Water fours at one hundred eleven to one hundred fifteen, according to term; the fours of Brockton, Mass., at one hundred seven; those of Cambridge, Mass., at one hundred eight and one hundred nine; those of Detroit at one hundred seven, those of Haverhill at one hundred eight and one hundred eight and one half, those of Hudson County, N. J., at one hundred eight and three fourths, those of Lawrence, Mass., at one hundred nine, and so on through a list that might be extended to great length.

Of course the credit of the government is not by any means so bad as this extraordinary treasury operation would suggest. It is so good, indeed, that even such a blow has not been able to depress the price (one hundred ten) of the old fours and the new bonds presently to be issued to the syndicate at one hundred four are already eagerly bid for at one hundred eleven and above. No explanation or defence that has been offered excuses this wanton degradation of the credit of the United States The refusal of Congress to authorize a popular loan did not warrant a secret sale of bonds by the president to foreign bankers on their own terms—and such terms! The bottom of this scandal has not yet been reached.

February 18, the same journal took Mr. Cleveland's Man Friday, Hill, to task in the following manner:

SENATOR HILL'S DEFENCE.

In his speech on Saturday Senator Hill made a chivalric defence of the president's course in connection with the late bond sale. He said that "the president was hampered by an old statute that absolutely dictated to him substantially the terms under which he could issue bonds." And he added that if the president was "driven into a corner and compelled to make a harsh bargain in behalf of the country" it was "because of the non-action of Congress." This excuse lacks the essential element of accuracy. The old law under which the president acted authorizes the secretary of the treasury to issue bonds for the purchase of gold with which to meet the obligations of the government. But will Senator Hill pretend that the law requires the president to make the bargain in secret? Does it preclude the competition usual in such cases? Does it forbid an appeal to the country? Does it "absolutely dictate" to the president that he shall sell the bonds, without calling for bids, at from twelve to fifteen points less than they are worth?

The worst feature of this transaction is the manner in which it was conducted. It is bad enough that the national credit should be degraded, and that a syndicate of bankers should make a needless profit of over sixteen million dollars out of the people. But to have this done without public bidding, and absolutely without competition is most scandalous. It is this secrecy and the extraordinary result of it that cover the affair with suspicion. The private manipulation of a bond sale of such dimensions, begun by an agent of the treasury in Wall Street and completed in the White House by the bankers themselves, with a former partner of the president as their counsel and witness, was neither contemplated by the law nor required by the exigencies of the situation. The price which the forthcoming bonds already command, and the actual sales in the daily market of other securities of the government less desirable than these, prove that the bargain was a bad one for the treasury. The evidence is equally clear that the sacrifice of credit and of money was as unnecessary as it is shameful. The excuse put forward by Senator Hill is not valid. Does Congress purpose to leave the scandal as it is?

On February 19, the *World* published an extended report of the dark-lantern deal by which the tax payers of America are to be robbed of millions of dollars. It first describes J. Pierpont Morgan as "a financier of the first water," a churchman high up in the management of the princely Trinity property, "a man treated

by a good portion of the financial world as representing the *very acme of corporate greed and extortion*," and feared by all financiers "for his far-reaching influence and relentless methods in selling scores." After this preliminary description of the man who, by the aid of his former comrade, Grover Cleveland, has been able to levy an enormous tax on the wealth producers of America, which will last for thirty years, the *World* describes how this proceeded, and continues:

He wished secrecy and was in a position to command it. Why should he not? There was seated in the chair of the United States presidency a man who had fattened on fees paid by his checks. As a banker, with many and varied interests, he had need of much legal talent and he had it next door in the Mills Building, and on the door appeared the name of Grover Cleveland. When the name was transferred to the doorplate of the White House, the law business was attended to by Francis Lynde Stetson, a sharp and clever young practitioner, who, for eight years this very month, has been the active law adviser of the great house of which J. Pierpont Morgan was the head.

When Grover Cleveland went into that law firm, he became the paid worker for the banker. When the administration and the syndicate head drew around the government table in Washington to consider the contract, who should sit there with the contract he had himself drawn but Francis Lynde Stetson. It was quite like one of the old-time conferences between counsel and client in that upper room of the Mills Building. Ex-partner Cleveland of course found nothing awry in the contract, drawn probably on his own vacated desk in New York, and surely there were no hard words for his old-time employer, the banker of international renown.

The tax payer, out of whose pocket the exorbitant interest of the famous bond contract was to come, was not present, and now his only part in the interesting drama is to "put up and shut up," in the rough and ready language of the paddock. . . .

Yet these same bankers, knowing the methods of J. Pierpont Morgan, saw in the London cables of the same day and in the growing politico-financial gossip from Washington an explanation of the whole matter. It was plainly seen that Mr. Morgan was engineering one of his characteristic deals, and a week later came the outline of the plan. Then under the pressure of a legislative inquiry the formal contract was made public. Every step only added to the damning record, and if now the *sub rosa* understanding which is generally believed to exist between Messrs. Morgan and Cleveland could be made public the surprise of the posted ones at the one-sidedness of the contract would rise to paralyzing astonishment.

Day after day brings to light new bearings of this astounding financial freak on the part of the government. Every petty county and township, every village and city having bonds to sell for local improvement or for the refunding of old debts, will have to face the sneering comment of the bond-buyer or the professional promoter who acts as wholesaler in these deals: "What! Does Haytown, or Pumpkinville, or Squash Hollow imagine it can float a three per cent bond when the United States grabs at a three and three fourths per cent, and for thirty years, and in gold, too?" There is so much good American money seeking investment that a town of good credit has only to insist upon proper rates to get them, but the Cleveland-Carlisle-Curtis group of bond floaters have made the task harder for every village finance committee the country over. It would not be surprising to find a stiffening of rates all along the line, and so in a jiffy millions more are added to the burdens of the working class as the ultimate taxpayer, simply because Messrs. Cleveland and Morgan got behind doors and hatched up one of the most monstrous deals on record.

Mr. Morgan will find it in the history of his house, and there are old employees in the treasury department who could have informed Mr. Carlisle as head clerk and his master, Mr. Cleveland, too, that in war times loans aggregating over two thousand million dollars were floated by the government. The houses generally employed were those of Jay Cooke, of Fisk & Hatch and of Henry Clews & Co. What did they get? They got just one-eighth of one per cent commission, and no more — the regular Stock Exchange rate, and a rate which made millions, not only for these houses but for many other lesser houses that shared in the division of that small commission. The national banks all over the country, each in its own territory, assisted in gathering the ready money the government needed, and these bank presidents felt well repaid with a one sixteenth commission. . . .

The department just now is doing some lively work suppressing news. It is one of the hardest of tasks to even get the facts of the progress of the loan. It would seem that the relation of client and counsel still exists between Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Morgan, and that the former had received sharp instructions from the latter to see to it that the bond deal was put through without publicity.

On the same day, February 19, the *World* published two more editorials relating to this humiliating scandal. They are as follows:

The appropriations committee of the Senate by practically a unanimous vote, has moved to put a stop to secret bond sales. In an amendment to the sundry civil bill discretion is given to the secretary of the treasury to issue one hundred million dollar three per cent short-term certificates to meet any deficiency in the revenues. It is provided, however, that:

"Hereafter any United States bonds sold or disposed of shall first be offered to the public for

a period of not less than twenty days, under rules and regulations to be prescribed by the secretary of the treasury, and shall be sold to the highest bidder in case such bids, or any of them, are satisfactory."

This action was obviously inspired by the recent secret sale of bonds to a private syndicate of foreign bankers upon terms involving the extortion of over sixteen million dollars from the taxpayers of the country. It ought not to be necessary to have a law to forbid such dickers in the dark. But since it has been demonstrated that the thing is possible Congress should prohibit it in the future. It is scarcely probable that there is cuckooism enough in either house to defeat the adoption of this significant and necessary provision. Let us have no more dark-lantern financiering between Wall Street and the White House.

Francis Lynde Stetson says in the *World* to-day that in the bond negotiations he represented J. Pierpont Morgan. He adds that he has been Mr. Morgan's counsel since 1887. From 1889 till 1892 Grover Cleveland was a partner of Mr. Stetson. It seems, therefore, that in secretly selling sixty-odd millions of government four per cents to a syndicate for sixteen million dollars less than they were worth Mr. Cleveland was dealing with a former client through his own former partner.

I would suggest that our friends interested in the prosperity of the industrial millions cut out these *World* editorials for future reference, and also bear in mind that Senator Hill played the *rôle* of Man Friday to Mr. Cleveland in this despicable affair, and sought to deceive the people in his apology for his master.

B. O. F.

The Progress of Villany.

We are about reaching the critical hour in the history of this experiment in democracy, when an impartial and unprejudiced observer can, with some security, put his finger on the causes that will produce that grotesque irony of perversion, that seems to be the heritage of human wits, and the fate of all the fair enterprises devised by them.

It is difficult for hopeful and greedy partisans to realize this, and it is a matter that equally eludes their desperate dupes, only too anxious to grasp at any hope of diminishing their calamities by assuming fresh burdens, which their posterity will be called upon to meet. But let us withdraw for a moment from the clamor of the political and economic world, and regard the game with the calmness and sense of remoteness with which we read a Greek tragedy. Let us suppose that the Fates we see at work in the contemporary show of life do not in any way involve our own identity and security — in a word, that we stand entirely outside the game. Let us suppose that we see the present with the easy and complacent eye of the retrospective historian and philosopher — with the wise foresight with which, in reading the histories of other civilizations, Rome for instance, we can all predict the final catastrophe for unbridled greed and lust, which in devouring others desolates and destroys itself. Looking at the factions and issues in the political and social life of this republic to-day, with this alien eye of the mere observer, to whom all human activity is a matter for mere surgery, mere philosophical and scientific criticism and speculation, the future seems to indicate that one more great disillusion awaits the faith and hopes of the race.

It is held to be rather unscientific nowadays to cast any sort of doubt upon the pathetic belief in an impending millennium of justice and humanity, a reign of love and law; but the fact remains that this process of so-called Evolution has not yet been established as a law of nature, on either the physical or the moral and intellectual plane, and there is a vast aggregation of indubitable facts in history and in the existing conditions of governmental systems and society to contradict it as a theory. This does not mean that the present writer believes that the Universe is not governed by law, for on the contrary he does believe that it is; but until the Evolutionists have settled one or two moot questions it seems premature to assert that it is governed by any law of Evolution. It may be that it is governed by a law of continual action and reaction, which would allow for all the activity of mankind, and assert the continuous operation of Nature without change.

At any rate, leaving this wider aspect of the question alone, we can safely assert that history affords certain instructive parallels to the economic and political phases which exist in this republic at this present hour, and that they give a

clue more to the perpetual recurrence of catastrophe in the history of human affairs, through the operation of the eternal instability of human nature, than to any theory of the evolution of an ideal state of society. There is nothing essential in the spectacle of the contemporary political and industrial life of to-day for which history does not afford a parallel, so far as the operation of the passions of mankind is concerned; and experience seems to point to the theory that, instead of changing, the passions of mankind will always be stronger than any social or political theories. In the United States society began with some slight divergence from the theories and customs of society then commonly obtaining, but in a very little while the theory and experience were at variance, and to-day we see that we have simply evolved the old types of tyranny from out of slightly different conditions. We have arrived at an oligarchic state of society; and it is not by any means extravagant to expect that it will in time revert still further to the customs which are necessary to provide a secure foundation for such a government, and turn industrial servitude into its logical extremity of chattel slavery. It is all very well to laugh and say that such a retrograde movement in human experience is impossible; that new factors of education and machinery have entered into the government of society. Average intelligence is a more vital factor in human society than any mere system of academic training, and we know that the average intelligence of American democracy is not higher than the average intelligence of ancient Greece and Rome; moreover we have no clearer vision of life than the ancients and no better grasp of the essential elements of law and government. As for machinery — that could be the most potent factor in establishing slavery; for since machinery now decides the fate of millions, whether they shall work or starve, it can perhaps be developed to the point where the disproportion between the value of the services of the machine and its tender will be so great that the latter can easily be deprived of the franchise as being of no value or significance in the social state. Coercion already achieves this end, and with the rapid progress of militarism, and the expansion of judicial power, it may be an easy matter to convert popular franchise into proprietary franchise. Already all laws are property laws; to deprive the masses of citizenship and include them among the possessions of Capital, would be but to extend the interpretation of property. If this is not done it will probably be because mankind is largely swayed and governed in its passions by words, and the attempt to abolish a euphemism might awaken a clamor that would precipitate the crash which awaits civilization at some turn in future history, just as surely as Rome was borne down by the weight of her own rottenness. Supposing the change is accepted with the philosophic resignation with which industrial slavery is now accepted, the crash is indefinitely postponed. The dissensions and rivalries in the oligarchy will produce a Cæsar, and then the crash may be expected, when the state is overweighted with its own horrors and has again completed the circle of human experience, and has found that in riveting the bonds of the millions it has left itself unsupported and unprotected. Slavery inevitably brings the doom of the masters, and chaos.

But all these possibilities are not things of to-morrow. They may, indeed, take two or three centuries to thoroughly mature; but the drift of social development in the United States is toward a repetition of the experience of all oligarchies and despotisms. Perhaps chattel slavery would be a melioration of the evils of the masses rather than an increase of them, for to multiply the number of proprietors is to lessen the power of the despot and encourage the benignity of caution even in an oligarchy.

And now for a glimpse of the "evolution" of this solution of the perils of democracy.

The first step toward the usurpation of popular governments is government of the government by a conspiracy of financiers and usurers. Their machinations fasten a burden upon the whole of soci-

ety, and in the ramifications of commerce, affect every class of producers, debtors and wage earners. This power is already at work in our society and is producing the desired result of a special class of moneyed aristocrats who live by usury, and are opposed to any political or social movement that will secure to the producers a fair share of their product and so increase the value of commodities and decrease the rate of interest, which multiplies invisibly with every increase in the premium on gold.

We have just received an instructive lesson which should teach how completely the machinery of government, under the single gold standard, is in the hands of the conspiracy of money lenders. The richest country in the world, with a superabundance of all the necessaries of life, is declared to be on the point of national bankruptcy because it cannot play a foolish game with gamblers, who have "put up a job" on it, and win. It cannot manage to issue gold bonds for gold and keep the gold reserve up to $100,000,000. Of course it cannot, because there is not sufficient gold in the world to supply the needs of exchange of the whole world, and consequently gold is a commodity which the usurers can speculate in an endless circle of deals — lend, on gold notes, and demand gold, relend, demand, and relend, and so on *ad infinitum;* and with each operation they make a great profit and increase the burdens of the debtor nation, which in a time of absolute peace and commercial prosperity can, under this gold-god, roll up a national debt that could never be diminished, much less wiped out. It is the old doom of Sisyphus over again — only instead of a rock it is an ever-increasing snowball that we roll up hill, to have it again descend and crush us.

All this is to come out of the taxes of the producers and wage-earners, and as gold continually appreciates in value there is the natural and inevitable shrinkage in all values measured by gold. This means the ever increasing downward tendency of prices, the continual lowering of wages, the suspension of industries, strikes, lockouts, bankruptcy, millions of men without employment, a compound increase on all indebtedness, with the depreciation of all real and personal property; the assistance by the state of those on the verge of starvation, the failure of taxation to meet the necessities and obligations of the government; and then more bonds, and more increment to bond holders, who are not concerned with production, but only with the breeding of money.

This process, as can easily be seen, means the bankruptcy and annihilation of all small producers and small traders, and the extension of the system of trusts and monopolies which have already shown their power to control every avenue of modern commerce. This once firmly established means nothing less than absolute industrial slavery for the millions, compelled not only to serve their taskmasters on the wages of mere subsistence, but also to enrich them, because they cannot procure the necessaries of life from any other source. These gigantic monopolies are also interested in the maintenance of the gold standard which makes money scarce and more precious than commodities, because they have a monopoly of the markets for commodities and can also demand their share of the taxes on commodities and luxuries by demanding that the currency they are paid in be redeemed in gold, which, held at a premium, enriches by the merest passage from hand to hand.

In a little while all property will be in the hands of a very small number of persons, and as we may be sure that the progress of militarism and the perversion of law and legislation will keep pace with the development of the plutocracy, it is not extravagant to suppose that, when monopoly of production shall have destroyed its own market through the extinction of purchasers, and when the insolvent and starving millions can no longer meet the increasing demands of an insolvent government, it will be an easy matter to change industrial slavery into chattel slavery. And perhaps with some assurance of a bellyful we shall all be better off, and we may not have to stand

in the market places unbidden for, because if we are superfluous as "labor," we can at least hope to pander to Dives' vices. And, thank God! — there is always the open door of Epictetus.

W. B. H.

A Thread of Gold and Patriotism.

There is one thing that is beyond all question, and which the most casual reader of even the daily press can discern, and that is the rapid growth of lines of sympathetic opinion in the United States, as definite and natural and well marked as the geographical divisions of the continent. This sectional antagonism is not yet as clearly and definitely settled as Mason and Dixon's line, but it is only a question of time when the gold-threaded patriotism that binds this union of states in a remorseless grip into an organic whole, will be put to a most severe strain. Whether it will stand that strain, or whether the passions and interests it binds will shrink or swell, it is impossible to say; although we may safely declare that human nature is human nature and will likely remain so, gold thread or no. Perhaps those who have the tying of the knot will discover in time that there is not enough gold thread to hold this portentous package of diverse interests, and will seek some other thread to loosen the bonds and allow all a chance to breathe.

There is plenty of other thread at hand, but — Well, human nature is human nature; and it seems, since gold thread is so scarce, that the folks who hold it all cannot understand why the rest of the world objects to being strangled with it. It takes a wild, mad, crazy anarchist to see *both* sides of any question; and so it will be very unwise for any one to prophesy that it will be discovered, in time to save patriotism from breaking violently in two, that silver thread pieced on to the gold thread, would help out greatly, and give all inside the string elbow room enough to get something out of life. But just here we must remember that Judas Iscariot in London holds the end of the gold thread, and takes in a reel or so every now and again to make sure he has a bite; and so it will be very ridiculous to wax optimistic and sentimental over the chances of any epidemic of wisdom. This Judas will not go and hang himself — at least not until he has got us dangling high in the air on the gallows; then, possibly, our sheer weight may lift him off his feet and he may get his turn. But that is all very far off and visionary.

In the meantime the golden thread may become so oppressive that millions will be strangled, and those good believers who insist upon sticking their feet in the others' faces may get seriously hurt. It will be too bad; but it will be human nature.

To drop the metaphor of the golden thread — patriotism, like charity, begins at home. It begins among the fields upon which men toil and moil, in the shop, the factory, the home that is mortgaged to some far-away alien, whose interest doubles and trebles as prices decline, and whose principal increases year by year at the same ratio, beyond all hope of clearance. A patriotism that includes the abstract idea of interests and peoples outside the home depends upon the animating power of freedom, unfettered aspiration, and a belief in the general virtue and helpfulness and goodness of others — not any mawkish sentiment, but the give and take of social and commercial intercourse.

Patriotism never includes the contemptible cur of a hangman whose cord is round a man's neck; and the patriotic bondholders and usurers whose great organ of inspired divine wisdom in the East is the New York *Evening Post* can make the application of this gentle hint, if they choose. And to give both sides of the picture, the patriotism of the hangman never includes the poor debtor inside his loop, who is to swing for having abstracted a loaf of bread to stop the cries of his starving little ones.

If the opinion gains ground that one section or body of men is bleeding another from mere greed and lust of gold, then patriotism, while it is not exploded, changes its character. It may be long suffering, but it finally narrows down to

the bled and ceases to include the bleeders; and the same laws and the same speech cannot overcome this first law of nature. The golden thread will not bear the strain of the mighty uprising of nature; and those who deprecate the violence of Nature's laws must set about and "lobby" her — or lengthen the thread with some more elastic material. This is the choice which the Judas Iscariots who believe in the divine dispensation of 1873 which came from the Lord's anointed, the Rothschilds, and demonetized half the currency of this country, the old metal that had served all the old and great civilizations, and serves China to-day, will be called upon to consider within the next few decades.

The newspapers we have always with us and they manage to make such a damnable din that only very cool heads can hear themselves think. But ultimately human nature, and not the newspapers, governs this mad old world; and so the golden thread must be pieced out with silver or there will be a snap and a crash, and Judas may hear a clamor far more terrible than that of the mangy hyenas of the Press he has established and subsidized on this continent for our education and discipline.

Any one whose eyes and ears are open, and who is not paid a salary to be silly or sottish, knows that there is growing a well defined feeling of antagonism between the debtor and the creditor sections of these United States, and that the debtor section feels that it is producing all that keeps the creditor section alive, and is making it wealthier year by year, and is growing itself more and more in debt, more hopeless, more desperate, and while producing more and more than ever before, is surely passing from debt to bankruptcy and from bankruptcy to tenantship and the grand old feudal system of that glorious home of Judas Iscariots, Great Britain.

It only requires the merest glance at recent legislation to show the widening gulf of opinion and sentiments and interests of the people living in the Northeast and those living in the South and West. This strong and insurmountable distinction of interests and opinion will grow, and every election will emphasize and intensify it, whether the old parties stem the tide or are broken to pieces. The money question is the great question which divides the Northeast from the rest of the United States — the wheat and cotton, coal and iron producing sections — and the money question underlies every problem of civilization; it involves the destinies of the race, the choice between advance and barbarism, freedom and slavery. In significance it outweighs the old problem of slavery, and it must be settled for or against the interests, moral and physical and spiritual, of humanity. It enters into every question; it bites into every public man's morality; it unsettles religion, obstructs science, creates desolation out of abundance, and shakes God almighty on His throne — in the minds of men.

For the debtors and producers to keep pace with the appreciation of gold under the single standard would be more miraculous than any of the labors of Hercules. It is astonishing that the appreciation of gold was not included among the ten plagues of Egypt — but perhaps the good God thought that such a desperate resort would involve His good name in too great and permanent an odium. This devilish whim was left to the descendants of Israel in our more fortunate day and generation, in which the science of usury has reached the acme of its perfection, and promises to reduce our wants by the protracted process of reducing us to such an extremity that we have not sufficient vitality left to reproduce ourselves. This gang of Jew usurers who rule all the kings and kingdoms, governments and empires of the modern world, has hit upon a surer method of depopulating the earth than any suggested by Malthus or Schopenhauer — they have outdickered the very Devil. They play with our stakes, win, and we pay the forfeit.

The old sectionalism in this country was founded upon the institution of slavery. The new sectionalism will be more bitter, because it will come home directly to every man who is a producer,

who is a wage-earner, who has amassed a little money and tried to build a home, — and it is based upon the money question. The Northeastern states believe in a single gold standard because they are mostly occupied in the arduous occupation of drawing interest and cutting coupons. The South and West believe in bimetallism, because they are engaged in feeding and clothing and pleasuring the coupon cutters, and trying to meet interest charges, which with the continual appreciation of gold and the shrinkage of all other products and properties, demand twice and thrice as many products to obtain the money to satisfy them as when the debts were contracted. The fact that the principal of these debts can never be satisfied under this system does not alarm the creditor, for he is paid ten times over and more in interest, and if ever the interest fails he forecloses and goes on receiving rent with an equanimity which should send anarchism to its God, to plead for pardon for rash imaginings.

The people in the South and West, however, are possessed of the absurdly irrational idea that they did not enter upon the great labor of building up that vast domain for the benefit of Eastern and foreign capitalists and money lenders and mortgage sharks in combination with the railroad companies. They object. It is passing strange, but human nature is different in different localities — that is, it is centred on different aims — and so we see a much to be deplored antagonism, a certain asperity that threatens to become something sharper than an asperity, and will certainly produce radical political changes. The people in the South and West are, relatively speaking, debtors, and as the purchasing power of the dollar increases they feel their pecuniary burdens become heavier and heavier to bear, although nature is more bounteous than ever.

And so this country is becoming divided in spirit, and the golden thread pinches patriotism tighter and tighter. Pessimists begin to talk of a conflict of interests that render a political union of this vast continent artificial and unnatural. They predict a split. It is common talk among Europeans, and is not such rank heresy here as never to be heard of. Is this possible? If so, is it to be averted? And what is the secret of amity? Justice! Let the East stop playing blackleg, and thimblerig, and return to the sound money of the Constitution. Otherwise, when the pessimists croak let us lend attentive ears. There may be something in this direful portent, if not for us for our posterity; and we must build for the centuries and not for the day.

W. B. H.

New Legislation on the Age of Consent.

Just as THE ARENA goes to press this cheering bit of news comes to us:

The New York State Medical Society, which met in this city on February 12, 13, and 14, by a unanimous vote passed the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That the proposed legislation limiting the legal age of consent in this state to eighteen years instead of sixteen is a measure calculated to limit the social evil with its attendant diseases and physical as well as moral degradation. Therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the proposed legislation meets with the cordial support and approval of the Medical Society of the State of New York."

The above resolutions were proposed to the Medical Society of the State of New York at its annual meeting held in Albany, Feb. 5, 6, and 7, 1895, and were unanimously passed.

(*Signed*) FREDERICK C. CURTIS, M. D.,
Secretary.

The New York State Homœopathic Medical Society unanimously passed similar resolutions at its meeting one week later. Other organizations and societies have added their voices of approval to these. The bill in New York was introduced by Dr. George W. Brush. It has passed the house by an almost unanimous vote, and is reported as likely to have little opposition in the senate. If the medical organizations of each state will follow the splendid example set by those of New York there can be little doubt of results. I am glad to say that the bills are championed in most of the states by medical men.

The best bill yet reported to us and which we would recommend introduced elsewhere reads thus:

A BILL

To amend section 6816 of the Revised Statutes of Ohio.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly in the State of Ohio*, That section 6816 of the Revised Statutes of Ohio be amended so as to read as follows:

SECT. 6816. Whoever has carnal knowledge of a female person forcibly and against her will, or being eighteen years of age or older carnally knows a female child under eighteen years of age, with her consent, is guilty of rape.

SECT. 2. That said Section 6816 as amended March 8, 1887, be and the same is hereby repealed; and this act shall take effect and be enforced from and after its passage.

This bill was drawn and introduced by Senator George Iden.

It will be seen that youth of either sex is hereby protected against vice from without and inexperience from within. This is most heartily approved.

H. H. G.

The New Political Economy.

In this issue we begin the publication of a very valuable series of articles outlining the scope of the New Political Economy, and showing wherein it differs upon social and ethical grounds from the orthodox economics of the Manchester school, which dominate the government and business of society in our day. The series comes from the pen of one of the most able and thoroughly equipped writers on law and economics in the country to-day — Prof. Frank Parsons, of the Boston University Law School. Professor Parsons has devoted his life to the study of these subjects, and he is recognized as one of the most scholarly and authoritative writers on law in the United States. His textbooks are familiar to students all over the country.

It is especially a matter for congratulation among reformers that the sympathies of such an acute and conservatively trained mind should be enlisted in the cause of scientific economy, in opposition to economics founded merely upon custom, existing abuses, and the assumption that selfishness and greed are the only laws governing human conduct. There is no other study which can give a man such a sound grip of all the elements of economical science, as the science of law, if rightly interpreted. Mr. Parsons, therefore, addresses h m self to a discussion of the moot questions of the New Economics with such a mastery of the subject, and so many advantages over the ordinary unscientific writer on economical theory, that his articles should carry a great deal of weight, even with those whose interests and opinions are in conflict with the philosophy of this great subject.

Mr. Parsons is, happily, not simply a master of law, and a strong and keen and conservative scientific thinker, but he recognizes that no science can be said to be established which conflicts at every point with the fundamental and well established dogmas of ethics, and the permanent, inherent, intuitive ethical faculty of mankind. Thus he combines these two important intellectual qualities of scientific exactitude of mind with a keen and constant perception of ethical law — a quality of intellectual temperament which, unfortunately for the progress of scientific law, is denied to many otherwise competent scientific men; and treated with such contempt and unscientific indifference by all the orthodox economists as at once to put their speculations outside the pale of scientific inquiry.

The paper in this issue deals with "The People's Highways," and it should be carefully studied by all who realize the importance of a settlement of the railroad problem, if civilization is to progress and endure with any benefit to the society living under its restrictions.

The general scope of the series will be to deal directly with the great modern economic contradiction of Monopolies. It will cover monopoly in transportation, commerce, manufacture, property, finance, and the making of law. The specific topics will be: "The People's Highways," "The People's Lamps," "Trusts," "Immoral Dollars," "Wealth Diffusion," and "Government by and for the People." W. B. H.

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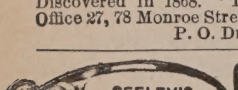

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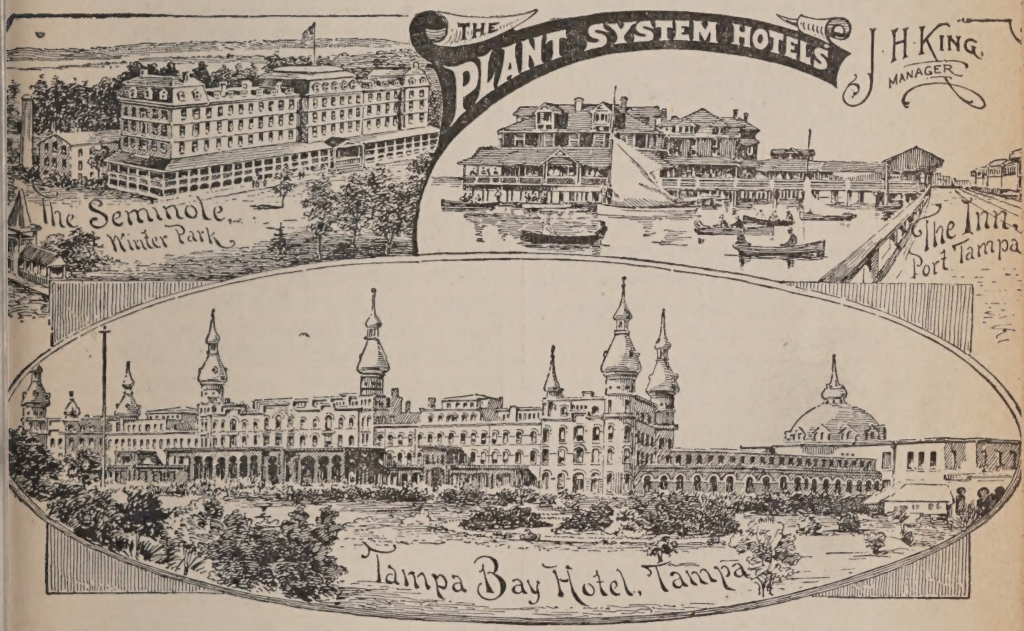

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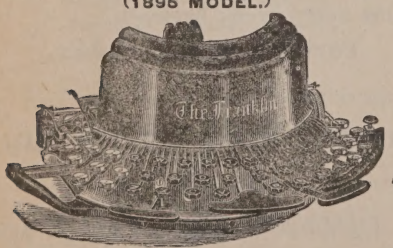

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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

The Mystery of Evelin Delorme* — Two Reviews.

I.

"The Mystery of Evelin Delorme" is a very fascinating and skilful bit of writing. There is a certain powerful quality in the author's style — one might say hypnotic itself — which keeps the reader's mind vibrating in sympathetic wonder, and commands the interest to the end. While Mr. Paine does not undertake to discuss the claims of hypnotism through this story, or to throw any new light on a theme which is attracting so much serious attention to-day, its subject-matter deals directly with the practical use to which hypnotism, or mesmerism, can be put. To the impressionable mind the question will suggest itself, after reading this book, whether hypnotism after all is not a greater agency for evil than for good, so far as concerns those weaker-minded ones who are generally more subject to its powers.

Unlike most stories which deal with psychical science, the literary flavor is not subordinated or sacrificed to the incidents and to what the matter-of-fact mind will consider the supernatural happenings which the author has chosen as his theme. On the contrary, the author has a nice sense of the harmony of words, and uses them to express his thoughts in such a way that they become something more than sounding brass or tinkling cymbals. But the author's evident purpose in this instance is to get the reader's attention fixed on an imaginary case of hypnotism, out of which he makes the plot of his story. And while the trend of the novel, dealing with questions of to-day, depends less than ever before on mystery and plot, it may not be untimely to remark here that, from all indications, hypnotism will be a favorite and fertile field for the imagination of the novelist of the future to cultivate.

Mr. Paine's story deals with a girl who led a dual life through the medium of hypnotism. Eva Delorme is an innocent, pure-minded, gentle type of girlhood, of superior breeding and quiet manners, who, after studying the mesmeric science and believing herself to be a good hypnotic subject, applies to a well-known hypnotist to put her under his test. From this she awakes a gay, heartless woman of the world, the exact opposite to what she seemed before voluntarily undergoing the experiment. In her dual character, as Eva Delorme and Evelin March alternately, she sits to an artist who paints her, and who believes

* "The Mystery of Evelin Delorme: A Hypnotic Story," by Albert Bigelow Paine. Side Pocket Series. Cloth, price 75 cents. Arena Publishing Company.

that he is painting two separate persons, as distinct from each other as light and darkness. Each wields a great charm and fascination over him; one's personality makes its appeal to his heart through the spiritual, and the other through the senses and animal passions; but the former makes the lasting and permanent impression, and rouses the deeper love, while in the presence of the other he is weak and plastic, and cannot but yield to the intoxication of the moment.

All this is sketched in a firm outline, rather than followed in detail, a great deal being left to the imagination of the reader. We infer, from the jealousy and hatred of her rival, whose picture she sees in her lover's studio, that Eva March was never conscious of her dual existence in the gentler personality of Eva Delorme, her other self; but we get no hint as to whether the pure-minded Eva Delorme was conscious or felt the burden of the grosser qualities which belonged to Evelin March. But this is part of the mystery. One of the striking remarks in the book, and which in a certain sense explains the unexplainableness of the mystery, reads:

Nothing in life is real — it is all a dream. You think your being is reality, and that you hear my voice speaking. . . . We are the figures — the mimes in some vast hypnotic exhibition — the shadows in some gigantic spirit's disordered dream. Hypnotism has, in fact, proven that no one can distinguish the real from the unreal.

JONATHAN PENN.

II.

ANOTHER WITCHCRAFT ERA. — The fact that within a short time the plea of hypnotism has been presented and accepted as valid testimony as an excuse for crime, shows that this subject has reached a danger point that renders it a live and burning question for our immediate consideration. — Extract from a letter of Professor Carpenter's in the Boston *Transcript*.

HYPNOTIST TO HANG. Minneapolis, Minn., March 11. — Harry Hayward was this morning sentenced to be hanged, June 11, for the murder of Miss Ging. On the evening of Dec. 3, 1894, Catherine Ging, a Minneapolis dressmaker, was murdered by Claus A. Blixt. The crime was planned by Harry Hayward, who wished to secure insurance money amounting to $10,000. He made Blixt kill the woman by means of hypnotism. — Boston *Post*.

A man who is hypnotized and kept asleep for a week in full view of the public, is one of the attractions of the London Royal Aquarium. — Boston *Evening Transcript*.

Truly in this very year of grace which, if the mystics of the East are to be believed, lies very close to the end of a great cycle to be closed in 1896, the subject of hypnotism, or mesmerism as it used to be called half a century ago, seems to be an all-absorbing one. It is met with everywhere. The most popular dramas just now upon the stage are those which turn upon the use of hypnotic suggestion. Novels of all sorts and sizes, from the penny-dreadful to the latest production of the brilliant and phenomenally successful artist Du Maurier, hinge upon the use or abuse of this tremendous power, god-like in its efficacy for healing and uplifting, if invoked with a reverent desire to accomplish only such result; diabolical if wielded for selfish or sensual aims; and harmful in most cases where it is used simply for curiosity or mere amuse-

ment. While there may be differences of opinion as to the wisdom of making the use of hypnotic suggestion a subject for legislation, it must seem to any person who has observed closely the effect of it upon even one person of his acquaintance, that as a plaything for fools or children or men and women actuated only by desire for sensual pleasure, it is no more fit than a can of dynamite.

"The Mystery of Evelin Delorme" is no mystery at all to such an observer, but simply the naturally-to-be-expected result of the interview with "the well-known hypnotist" described in the author's introduction. One wonders, indeed, if a conscientious, reputable, and wise hypnotist, knowing the fact that so fine a hypnotic subject as he found this unprotected girl to be, would surely be liable to become self-psychologized after he had once opened the way, through the aid of hypnotism, to a double personality for her, would so nonchalantly accede to her wish to be thus changed, for even a day, into the appearance and under the domination of her lower self. But, shutting one's eyes to the incongruity of such a desire on the part of such a paragon of virtue as this very Jekyll-Hydish young woman seems to have been in her normal state, one accepts the explanation of the doctor, who has the grace to confess naively that he had "always felt a great and somewhat (?) guilty curiosity as to the final result" of his experiments, and, having been prepared by the introduction and the prologue for the solution of the question which arose in the hypnotist's mind, plunges into the story of this double life. It is not a long story, and it is well told. Pleasant reading it can hardly be to those who care only for a love-story, where the end is sure to be, "And so they were married and lived happy ever after," but it is exciting and suggestive, and well worth reading at one sitting.

The book, one of the uniform Side Pocket Series, is beautifully brought out in white and silver, dainty and pleasant to the eye and touch. The scenes in the artist's studio, the sudden growth of real love and gross passion between him and his strange sitter, are well and delicately managed, and the dramatic situations, as the tragedy begins to manifest itself and finally approaches its culmination, are intense yet not improbable nor overstrained. In the conversations of the artist and his friend there is sometimes much food for thought. For instance this:

"Good and bad are relative terms only. Every man fulfils his purpose. I can put a stroke of paint on my canvas, and you will call it white. I put another beside it, and by contrast the first appears gray. Still another, and the second has become gray, the first still darker. And so on until I have reached the purest white we know. It is the same with humanity. Men are only dark or light as they are contrasted with others; nor can they avoid the place they occupy on God's canvas any more than my colors can change their places on mine."

"You believe in fate, then, and the absence of moral freedom," says his friend.

Space and time are here too limited to quote more of the conversation

or the allusions to the hypnotic exhibition (pp. 50–54) which hold the gist of the teaching of a certain school.

As a study of the light and shadow in man's dual nature and the danger of allowing the darker to overbalance the lighter, the book holds its place as an educator, while the story itself moves on so swiftly and becomes so absorbing that the interest does not flag until the end.

J. A. Dawley.

"One Thousand Dollars a Day."*

Quite recently Grant Allen, in an optimistic state of prophecy, said that one of the characteristics of the literature of the twentieth century (and he gives those who demur from this until the year 1920 to answer him) will be that it will be profoundly informed and inspired by the ethical spirit, that it will be sociological, and that it will deal with social and economic questions which will give it a sharp new flavor. Just about that time a book was already going through the press of the Arena Publishing Company, which now appears before us in a neat red cover, entitled "One Thousand Dollars a Day," by Miss Adeline Knapp. It only requires an attentive hour's perusal to find out that Miss Knapp has anticipated, by a quarter of a century, Mr. Allen's most sanguine predictions; for her book is imbued with all the above-mentioned qualities, and it not only has a sharp new flavor attaching to it, but one which every thinking mind must certainly acquire a taste for. It is an original compound, though some of the ingredients it contains are old ones, chief among which is abstract justice, which, when applied in Miss Knapp's original way to all the latest conditions of society, carries with it an original and forcible moral.

Economics is a subject which has lately attracted many writers of fiction, though they have generally dealt with it in a very crude and therefore futile way. The spirit with these writers is often true, but the pen is unable to express it; earnestness predominates, but tact is wanting; wrongs and injustice are felt, but discrimination is lacking, righteous indignation alone proving a weak weapon. As Rome was not built in a day, so the foundations of Utopias are often frail and unsafe-looking in many a novel. Miss Knapp, however, sees and feels too deeply at present to do more in her book than to call the attention of the thoughtful men and women of America, to whom it is appropriately dedicated, to certain facts, phases, and conditions which obtain to-day between man and man, capital and labor, state and subject, city and citizen, and also to the results of the application of technical law — made deliberately for the protection of property alone — to peculiar and isolated cases.

This little book contains five sketches, mostly in parable and fable form. The lesson, in its clearness, which is taught throughout these pages is like unto Christ's parable of the vineyard and the laborers.

*"One Thousand Dollars a Day: Studies in Practical Economics," by Adeline Knapp. Arena Publishing Company.

The fable is a grand style of expression to adopt when one has a burning truth to tell, a lesson to teach, a simple "Wherefore?" to ask; though only to a few is given the necessary talent to use it effectively. Miss Knapp has used this form of expression with much skill and nicety of proportion, in a truly original way, which suggests new possibilities and greater freedom of style for the writer of the future, rather than reminding us of Æsop, La Fontaine, or Lessing.

That money itself is artificial and valueless, and that labor, being necessary, is priceless and invaluable, is proved to us in "One Thousand Dollars a Day," in a style as easily and simply grasped as the proposition that 1, plus 2, less 3, equals 0. It pictures a state of affairs where every adult citizen receives from the Anti-Poverty Government one thousand dollars a day. The outcome of this state of things is that, all having more money than they can store away, no one can obtain the necessaries of life, as all the people who used to be the hewers of wood and drawers of water refuse to continue their occupation, there being no longer any necessity to work for money. The people solve the problem for themselves, and they make the natural exchange of the country Labor instead of Money. A carpenter performs work for the same amount of the work of the digger, and the digger exchanges his labor for that of the plumber, and so on. Labor proves to be the only true and natural passport to possessions; the laborer is always worthy of his hire; and the idle man is a useless incumbrance on society. The true basis of a nation's wealth is its industrial productiveness. This being proved, it would take a pettifogging mind to argue the morality of the present industrial system, where the idle minority steals for itself and generations of its posterity the actual earnings and rewards that rightly belong to the industrious majority, practically making slaves of the unborn millions of to-morrow and the day after — taking a mortgage on their bodies and minds before they enter this world. This is a powerful piece of work, and the moral is written in letters that "he who runs may read."

"The Sick Man" deals also with our upside-down economics. In this fable Miss Knapp draws a vivid analogy between the nation and the body corporeal. The brotherhood of man is shown to be the only reasonable state of society. In this remarkably clever and suggestive piece of writing the writer gives us the arguments *pro* and *con*, in a dialogue between the little corpuscles in the sick body, on the equal distribution of the circulation, as under its present state the liver gradually absorbs the resources of the entire body, leaving many of the corpuscles in an unhealthy condition, which react on the body, making the entire organism unsound. Miss Knapp's little corpuscles' arguments are elastic, and they can be applied, without any veneer or varnish, and carry their own satire against those who prate about the necessity and sanity of cut-throat competition and famine-producing overproduction. "Fatty degeneration of the liver. That organ had diverted to itself the living of

the entire organism, and death was inevitable," is the significant *post mortem* report on the death of the sick man.

Perhaps the most striking of the sketches is "The Discontented Machine: An Economic Study." Its lesson is taught in a very insidious manner; and it is evidently calculated to set one thinking seriously over the labor-saving machine problems, and the future of the worker. The Discontented Machine stops work — goes on strike — because it feels, after turning out so much valuable work, that simply to get oiled, kept in gear and in good running order, is to be imposed upon. It wants to be paid something for itself, "as labor is." The owner, who has discharged a lot of his men for the sake of this ungrateful piece of mechanism, explains to it that labor made *it*, and that not one of the men it replaced ever made more than "a bare living," and that it was even much better cared for than any of the men used to be on their "living wage." The owner, however, is a little reserved even with his steely employee, and refrains from telling it that the reason it is better cared for than the men, is because the men are so cheap, and as soon as one grows rusty and wornout a hundred new bodies are ready to be broken in, and the employer saves oiling expenses. The point raised by the author in this story is that the laborer to-day is not paid anything for *himself*. Labor gets wages to keep it in working order for a time; but what gets the laborer? The expenditures which the employers put out in wages are for mere labor — "in order that it may live." The laborer in laboring is bound to deliver himself with his labor for nothing. Only his work is wanted; but the power to perform being the man, he, with his endowments, is thrown in *gratis*. The writer leaves open the question as to whether or not this is as it should be, but pointedly suggests that the laborer must do a deal of thinking himself before any tangible solution of this problem is presented.

"Getting Ahead," a sketch from life, is a tragedy of western farm life, on land owned by combinations of capital and guarded and tyrannized over by their agents and middlemen; and shows how the cause of "law and order" operates against the desperate, oppressed, horny-handed sons of toil. The theme and treatment of this sketch rank with Hamlin Garland's "Under the Lion's Paw."

On the whole, these are the best stories we remember that have been written dealing with the social and economic questions of the day. Incidentally they give the lie direct to those who argue that a woman's mind is so constituted that she cannot grasp the complex problems presented in political and economic science. It has always been claimed that a woman's logic could not comprehend the universal; but this is precisely our author's strong point. She goes right to the heart of the matter, and none of the sentimental sophistries and side issues of partisan clamor distract her for a moment. Very few writers, men or women, have such a certain touch, shown in every word, as is revealed in these short sketches. Miss Knapp's style does not betray

any weak "feminine" touch. It is direct and straight to the point. It is a "well-groomed" style — without a superfluous word, but every aim she takes hits the mark. She makes her appeal to the judgment and intelligence rather than to the emotions, which latter only bring about flash-light resolves and a quick, lightning-passing sympathy, leaving no traces behind. Miss Knapp brings much sympathy to her subject that has a true ring to it. In "Getting Ahead" we feel it to the end; and yet the author never comes before the footlights to impress it on us, nor does she measure it out in parentheses. The spirit of the author broods over the grouping of her characters, and her strength is in telling a simple truth clearly and without repetition. Her sympathy is not blurred and only half seen through tears; it is a sympathy which takes in the whole perspective and surroundings with questioning, burning, dry, wide-open eyes, and which enables her to give a graphic, vivid picture that leaves a deep impression on the reader's mind and heart.

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

TWO NOVELS BY W. W. WHEELER.*

LIFE.

This book, by W. W. Wheeler, whose portrait, as shown upon the cover, has a surprising likeness to that of the president of a certain occult society in Boston, is indeed a new departure in the field of romance, and, despite its crude style and evident signs of over-hasty or careless editing, showing that its author was more concerned for the matter than the manner in its preparation, it will repay careful and considerate reading. In the guise of a novel and the character of a successful lawyer unsophisticated as to women's ways, and ignorant of most things outside his own especial province, the author has succeeded in presenting most of the theories and teachings of the hypnotists, spiritualists, phenomenalists, theosophists, mental scientists, faithists, theorists, and all the other ists who are clamoring to be heard in these latter days. And he has done this in such a fashion that whether one is a believer in any of these things, or a believer in nothing, an agnostic or a materialist, a student of occult lore or a veritable Gradgrind in search of "Facts, sir, facts," each will find in the book something to arrest his attention and awaken his interest, and, it may be, to cause him to change all his preconceived opinions and his former point of view.

The story opens with the announcement of a death, which, coming to the eye of our lawyer-author, causes him to proceed at once to Meriden, in the "land of steady habits," to offer sympathy and service to the sister of his deceased(?) friend. How unexpected complications caused

* "Life, a Novel." by William W. Wheeler. Paper; pp. 287; price 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company.

"Rest, a Novel," by William W. Wheeler. Paper; pp. 280; price 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company.

him to marry a woman whom he and everybody else had deemed insane a few hours earlier; how, being a married man, he yet had no wife; how the supposed dead man, resuscitated by hypnotic power from a longer trance than any he had before experienced, received his new-made brother-in-law, — all this and the description of other ludicrous situations hold the attention of the reader on the *qui vive* until the end of the story; while the relation of Joe's experiences, the arguments and objections of the hypnotic specialist, the matter-of-fact acceptance of the situation by all parties except the creed-bound churchwoman, appeal to one's reason, and force one to give respectful attention to the expression of views perhaps heretofore unconsidered. There is a marked difference in style, too, when these subjects are discussed; and the reader, having no longer to note or excuse grave errors in construction or infelicities of expression, is carried along in the current of discussion and roused to healthy thought, whether he accepts the speaker's view or not.

Of course, as may be supposed from the title, the "reason for being" of the book is to elucidate the views of Life held by the author; its philosophy and reason, of which, as he says, there is always something to be taught and something to be learned; something about its possibilities and its probable outcome; not so much what it has been in the past or might be in the future, as what it is in the ETERNAL NOW of which the Gnostics teach. His views are at least worth respectful consideration, and may cause some earnest reader to study further into the "Power of Will and Working of Wisdom," the mode of motion we call LIFE.

J. A. DAWLEY.

REST.

Perhaps it is only a fancy of the present critic's that all the little cherubs at the top of the front cover of this strange book look askance in round-eyed wonder toward the portrait at the left, below, whose "dome of thought," as Bill Nye says, would certainly delight a phrenologist with its display of mirthfulness and ideality, marvellousness and destructiveness and all the rest of the "nesses" which go to make a capital story-teller. Maybe the little old "Art-for-Truth" man who looks so dignified wherever else he appears in the familiar trademark of the Arena Publishing Company, does not *really* seem to have puckered up his mouth on the same cover, as if to say, "Well, did you ever? Adam and Eve in their —teenth appearance on this planet, gallivanting about here and 'in the astral' — whatever that may be — with two or three of their great-great-greatest grandchildren! It certainly surpasses" ——

The book is announced as a novel; but who in the world ever heard of a novel in which there was no love-making, no rivalry, no heartache, and not a single "weep"? — not even so much of a tragedy as that contained in a deliciously funny condensed last chapter where it is said,

"The man took his defeat, offence, his hat, his stick, his gloves, his departure, his revolver, and his life." Go to! "Rest" is not a novel but a fairy-tale for grown-ups.

"Go to," in this case, means go to the dictionary, and, behold! the critic finds under definition of "novel," with a little *obs. and rare* after it, "That which is new or unusual." Well, then, after all, it *is* a novel, no doubt, much as it seems like a new version, duly enlarged and adapted to the comprehension of grown-up people — who, as we all know, have wandered so much further from the truth in most cases that it is not easy to amuse or instruct them — of the story which delighted us most in childhood. No matter what we called that story, who wrote it or in what language, it always "turned out" well, and one need only *wish* for a thing, however wild the wish might seem, and presto! there it was.

"Perfect REST" (big, big letters if you please, Mr. Compositor), said Adam, "is a condition of intelligence where to wish a thing is to realize its existence." Now that sounds promising; not a bit like that "rest for the weary" of which we sing, which ludicrously associated itself sometimes in the not-too-reverent mind of someone well known to the present critic, with the childish, man-made idea of heaven as a place where one would "sing 'puzzlems' and wave a palm-leaf fan forever."

"When you can do these things," says our somewhat Monte-Christo-ish Adam, referring to certain astonishing creations of his own (p. 184); "when your wish is a creative act; when knowledge is attracted to you as the filings are attracted to the magnet, and any knowledge is yours by extending your wish as a point of attraction, which is not a question of time but of development . . . your condition will be one of REST, where exertion is unnecessary and strife is at an end."

The book will repay reading, whether one only skims through it and laughs at the ludicrous adventures recorded — for a hearty laugh "does good as doth a medicine" — or whether one reads between the lines as well as on them the lesson of concentrated will-power and the creative power of Thought.

It is to be regretted that our author, in this instance as in that of his earlier book "Life," allowed it to appear without a more careful revision as to style of construction and glaring faults of ungrammatical expression which jar on one; but these may be excused in view of the real merit of the composition as a whole, and avoided altogether in a future book by the same writer on this same hypnotic hobby of his, which,

> "When John Gilpin next doth ride,
> May we be there to see."

J. A. D.

Young West.*

This is the latest Utopian romance dealing with the social millennium. It purports to be a supplement to, and complement of, Mr. Bellamy's famous "Looking Backward." In this work, Mr. Schindler undertakes to cover many details and fill in the gaps in the nationalistic programme, which Mr. Bellamy in his book omitted. The subject — which, necessarily, covers a great range — is one that could not be exhausted even in a dozen novels; although only in the hands of certain skilful writers, such as Mr. Bellamy and Rabbi Schindler, can it be made effective and instructive. But it will be written over and over again by many; no one system of socialistic government can altogether comprehend the intricacies and complexities which would arise, owing to the fundamental heterogeneity of the race.

Like most stories describing the practical workings of socialism, or rather nationalism, the scene is set in a future century; that is, the hero, "Young West," is born into the year 2001. A few years previous to his advent on earth, his father was found in a Rip Van Winkle sleep in an ancient structure, which must have been built in the nineteenth century. In this comatose condition he had lain for over a century; but through the mesmeric influence of an eminent doctor the sleeper was awakened, and by degrees consciousness and memory were restored to him. He found himself living in a practically new world from that he had originally known. Competitive strife had been done away with, money as exchange belonged to past history, and people all eagerly contributed their share of work to the common good. Everyone lived in comparative affluence, and society generally was now one great brotherhood. After a couple of years, in which time he gave lectures to the people on the customs and manners of the nineteenth century and married a great-granddaughter of his former nineteenth century *fiancée*, he died, leaving a son, "Young West."

Young West's life begins in the palatial state nursery, the custom being that children, at an early age, are placed in national nurseries and trained and disciplined there, on the the theory that only certain scientific and competent nurses are fitted to guide the steps of the first stage of life — parents almost never. An elaborate primary-school system is described, where the youth of the community acquire their early education. From one school they are promoted to another; their special capacities are studied, and everyone has a chance to develop his or her individual talents. "Young West," having shown a talent for invention and a predilection for tools and draughtsmanship, was therefore sent to a college in which his natural faculties received special attention.

But the story is too full and complete to allow of any satisfactory or adequate summary, and must needs to be read before one can acquire or apprehend its deep purpose and meaning.

*"Young West," a sequel to Edward Bellamy's celebrated novel, "Looking Backward," by Solomon Schindler. Arena Publishing Company.

The age described enjoys the benefits of vastly improved automatic machinery, and electricity is put to many uses which are undreamed of to-day. Cremation is the accepted custom. The funeral ceremonies, however, which precede this inevitable practice, are even more elaborate than ours of to-day. The different members of the profession, or trade, to which deceased belonged, make speeches in which they state what services the deceased has rendered in the cause of humanity, and then express the world's gratitude therefor. One after another they give testimony on the same lines. To the writer the description of these ceremonies rather gives the impression of our expert court witnesses of to-day; but in the age described there is concord and agreement, whereas our expert witnesses are sure to disagree. Some invisible mechanism then conducts the casket out of sight, to the accompaniment of plaintive, dirge-like music, and fifteen minutes later the urn containing the deceased's ashes is deposited in the city mausoleum.

Other-worldliness is absent in this age, and no hope of a future life is preached. The present duty is the religion and inspirer of all effort. "To deny a personal existence after death is as presumptuous on our part as to affirm it," is the attitude and reasoning of this agnostic social millennium. "To live nobly and to enjoy fully the one life of which we know most, and by our work to aid contemporaries and coworkers that they may enjoy the measure of time assigned to them, as we do, must be our foremost duty." This idea embodies the Golden Rule of that time; and it may be noted that there is some resemblance in its meaning to our more simply stated one of to-day and of the earliest ages. But alas! the Golden Rule has not been at fault. The trouble has been that it has never been applied to life; the chief use made of it was to quote it.

However, in the time of "Young West" science and the changed conditions not only make the application of this moral rule natural, but make any other alternative impossible. With mesmerism to combat evil in every form, the brute instincts and bad impulses are checked. This, no doubt, is a state of things "devoutly to be wished"; but the writer cannot help questioning whether the physicians who will mesmerize us into a more ethical frame of mind might not also exorcise the individuality out of man, and make of him a mere negatively moral and virtuous citizen — through no fault of his own, and in spite of his natural impulsive and degenerate nature? This, too, might be considered desirable; it would do away with "anarchists" and anarchist-makers. No doubt the levelling up of the millions at the expense of the levelling down of a single individual is the wiser and better course to pursue than *vice versa*, even if a great mind like Renan's can only grasp the contrary. But still the thought suggests itself that a system which makes no special provisions for the wayward and unconformable-minded minority, could hardly be as sound and firm and sure as that pictured in "Young West" unless some levelling process were resorted to.

A good deal is said with regard to improved sanitation which might be read with profit by those interested in the subject. Verily the index to man's moral status, intellectual perfection, and degree of civilization should be looked for not in the skilfully made tools he uses, but in the sanitary conditions with which he surrounds himself. Young West's talents and work placed him at the head of the provincial system of sewerage, and through him the sewerage system attained to such a degree of perfection that sickness became almost unknown. But not satisfied with the immense waste of material, which he conceived should be employed to strengthen the earth, instead of being sent to the depths of the ocean, he discovered a chemical process by which offal was deodorized and every infectious germ destroyed. This was his principal contribution to the state; and, "having made three blades of grass grow where formerly but one flourished," he was duly honored by the people. The author's evident purpose in going so deeply into this question was twofold: first, to prove that under a socialistic state individual effort would retain its natural interest and impetus; and, second, to show that only that man is great who helps on the cause of progress for progress' sake. Sanitation and improved sewerage systems may not be very interesting subjects to the reader of fiction; but Mr. Schindler's book is one with a purpose, and he has waived nothing and conceded nothing to tickle the palates of the *dilettanti* and the admirers of mere beauty. He has dealt more with material and physical progress; he has shown us to what a number of uses aluminum will be put; mechanical music and aëroplane travelling are features of the new time; and everyone is instructed in the universal study of Volapuk, which is to be the international language of the world.

"Young West" is a book that will interest all those who believe in to-morrow; and who, notwithstanding the slowness of evolution and progress in the direction of united humanity, still hope and look forward with faith to a time when all men will be brothers, and women their equal sisters. This book is written in plain, simple, straightforward, unpoetic English. The subject is not a poetic one; but such prose is the foundation on which the poetry of the future will build.

Perhaps the literary socialists, however, make a mistake in laying such emphasis on the material and physical perfection which characterizes their Utopias. It unconsciously arouses a fear of a grinding monotony of institutional life, and up to the present time institutions suggest, if not actual tyranny and deprivation, at any rate monotony and the prosiest and loneliest phase of existence. We are not yet educated up to the institutional ideas of the future. For, after all, society generally is an institution; the earth is an institution, or was intended to be; and wherever two or three are gathered together, we have an institution in the broadest sense of the word. It is a word which will be synonymous with comradeship in the days of the social millennium. The institutions

of socialism or nationalism will insidiously and gradually win over the most individualistic individuals.

"Young West" should be placed alongside of Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward"; and, indeed, should be regarded as volume number two, without which many of the questions which Mr. Bellamy's book evokes are left unanswered.

The incidental love-story helps to keep up the reader's interest; and other changes in woman's condition are noted and will be endorsed by all lovers of justice. There are many things with which one may not agree; nevertheless they should be read with respect.

JONATHAN PENN.

TWO NOVELS OF SOUTHERN LIFE.*

Thousands of people who are able to snatch a little time for rest and recreation during the summer season turn to literature for diversion. At such times they do not wish to encumber themselves with the tragedies of life or with deep, profound, and perplexing problems; they rather seek something that will prove a restful recreation. And such literature has its place; if it be true, pure, and wholesome it will prove a medicine to the mind, soothing the brain and enabling it to accomplish far more for the rest. In selecting such reading, however, many people fall upon a class of works which if diverting are not restful, and if interesting are also feverish and unwholesome. They give false ideas of life; they unduly excite the brain, and though they may not be prurient or low, they are nevertheless pernicious because they create an artificial excitement, describe artificial life, and are unreal to the core. But there are other works which are pure, interesting, and wholesome. They deal with life and love, with the ever-young questions which hold such powerful fascination for all normal natures and which touch some of the deepest wellsprings in the human soul. They may be only stories of common life, but they are luminous with the fine thought, lofty aspiration, and deep affection which give value to life and draw men and women together and upward.

I have recently read two novels dealing with American life, which are so pure, so true to real life, and so interesting that I desire to present them to the notice of those seeking wholesome and pleasing summer reading which will rest while it entertains. They are both stories of Southern life. One is a charming chronicle of a Southern plantation after the war. The other deals with Southern life during the fifties, when the South was well-nigh all-powerful in national politics. The former is from the pen of a lady, the latter is written by a man.

* "Redbank," by M. L. Cowles. Pp. 370; price, cloth $1.25, paper 50 cents. The Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

"David and Abigail," by B. F. Sawyer. Pp. 360; price, cloth $1.25; paper 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

"REDBANK."

I have recently enjoyed reading "Redbank," a pure and interesting story of Southern life. It is plain and direct in style, the dialogue is bright, and though there is now and then a sentence which lacks something in literary form, the work on the whole is so entertaining, noble, and true that any defects in style are lost as one peruses the story. The brightness and interest of the dialogue are sustained from the opening chapter to the closing line, although there is no attempt at anything feverish or artificial. The melodramatic quality is absent. The story might be termed "The Chronicle of a Southern Plantation." The central figure, Jessie Holcombe, is finely drawn — the work of a woman of keen, deep insight, although perhaps the characterization is a trifle ideal. That of the fortunate lover, Waverly Brooks, is an excellent picture of a strong-minded and rather imperious man, too true to a certain type in Southern life to be ideal, but by no means an unpleasant individual. In the character of Harry Holcombe the author has displayed something akin to genius in her really fine portrayal of a well-defined type which is becoming far too numerous in our land. This delineation is superb. Indeed I have known more than one Harry Holcombe, though the tragic fate of this one was somewhat better than the end of those I have known. Little Lillian is a fine and delicately drawn piece of work; the author has shown in this that she is something more than a writer — a mother. In the description of Philip Winston we have another really excellent piece of character-drawing, the representative of a type which, like Harry Holcombe, is found too frequently in this rapid and artificial age of greed and passion. There are some very fine glimpses of negro life, with admirable bits of the quaint and winsome dialect which will soon be a thing of the past. Here, for example, is a delightfully natural dialogue between the heroine of the story and one of the old colored women of the plantation:

As she passed Aunt Lucy's house, a cheery voice called to her: "How d'you do, Miss Jessie? Where's you gwine, honey? Can't you stop an' see me a minute?" The old woman was sitting near the open door, carding as usual. The girl did not enter the cabin, but seated herself outside on the doorstep.

"'Pears it's a long time sense I'se seen you, honey," said the negress; "de sight o' yer face is good for sore eyes. I ain't seen you fur nigh onto two weeks. Miss Lillian's better, I knows. You looks sorter white an' tired. Is you well, honey?"

"Yes, I believe so," answered Jessie; "and how are you, Aunt Lucy?"

"Right smart, thank 'ee," replied the old woman. "I'se scarcely ever sick, Miss Jessie; an' does you know why?"

"No; tell me, please," said Jessie.

"It's all kase I won't sot around like dese tudder colored folks. Now, ef I'se got a pain, I never hopes to sot it off — I walks it off. Up an' down, side o' dis ole wheel I goes, a-singin' de very bes' tune I can find in dis ole head, an' de pain it gits better right off."

"Perhaps that's a good plan, Aunt Lucy," said the girl with a smile; "I know it is not always well to yield to one's feelings."

"Dat's true as gospil, honey. I don't b'lieve in a-humorin' myse'f any more dan I b'lieves in humorin' tudder folks, an' dat's not a speck. Now, when my gals says dey's

got de fever, I jes' gins dem de cards an' a pile o' cotton, sted o' quinine. Dey knows better dan to tell me dey's got de fever. Haf de talk 'bout de fever is lazeness, an' dat's wusser dan all de fevers in de worrel, kase dere's no medicine fur to cure it— 'less 'tis a hick'ry stick"; and Aunt Lucy lay back in her chair and laughed heartily. It was impossible not to feel the contagion of her cheerfulness. Jessie laughed too. "Dere's times, I can tell you, when a hick'ry stick is rale good medicine; you 'plies it to de back in de shape of a blister"; and she laughed again.

"I'm sure you, at least, never need such medicine," said the girl; "you are always busy. Why do you work so hard, Aunt Lucy? You are free now."

"Now, you knows well 'nuff, Miss Jessie," exclaimed the negress, "dat freedom ain't made no diff'rence at all to de niggers. Dey talks a heap 'bout freedom as if 'twas a-gwine to set us all up in fine houses an' dress us up in caliky, an' put fans in our hans ter fan off de flies and skeetos wid: but dat kind o' talk is all shucks. I'se got no more patience wid it dan I'se got wid lazeness. Freedom's jes' gin us de right to work for ourse'f; it's not gin us de right to be lazy. I foun' dat out purty quick— I did. I was jes' fool 'nuff, Miss Jessie, to sot roun' myse'f a while; but den I see, plain as de nose on a nigger's face, dat I'se got no smoke-house full o' meat, an' ole Marster's smoke-house it was locked up arter freedom. I'se jes' got to be smarter dan ever steppin' roun', or dar'll be no bacon or cornmeal eder in dis house. Don't talk to me 'bout freedom." And the old woman gave a contemptuous grunt.

"But you are glad to be free, Aunt Lucy, are you not?" asked the girl.

"Yes, Miss Jessie, I is; it makes me sorter proud to feel dat I b'longs to myse'f, an' dat nobody ken tuck up my chillen an' carry dem off an' sell 'em. But den I'se allus had a good marster, an' I'se not a-gwine to cuss him now I'se frec. Ole marster's gin me 'nuff terleat all my life, an' good clo'es to wear — better'n I'se got now to save my soul. No, I'se yet to see what freedom's done so much fur de niggers. P'raps you can tell me, Miss Jessie," said Aunt Lucy, looking at the young lady with her small, keen eyes.

"You may never see the difference, Aunt Lucy," Jessie answered, "but your children and grandchildren probably will. The negroes are now free to make what they can of themselves. They can learn to read and write, and, if they are industrious, they can save money and buy land for themselves, and get comfortable homes. But these things cannot be gained without hard work."

"Jes' what I says," exclaimed the old woman; "ef I'se free I'se got to work all de harder, an' I specks to go on cardin' and spinnin' all de same till I dies. But, Miss Jessie, offen I'se full o' doubt 'bout de time when I gits too old to spin. Who's gwine to look arter me den? Reuben he'll chaw all de same, an' never hab no money to buy nothin' but 'bacco. Dat's de question, honey, dat offen bothers me."

"Take no thought for the morrow, Aunt Lucy; do your duty now and leave the future alone."

"I know dat's gospil truf, Miss Jessie, an' the Lord allus looks arter His'n; but all de same He specks us to step roun' purty spry fur ourse'f. Brudder Jerry, he says so. He prays loud an' strong, but he hoes de cotton an' de corn all de same."

There is not much moralizing in the work. It is only now and then that the author drops into philosophizing. Here is one example:

"The strong purpose in a man's heart to do something great and good lifts him above the common herd. He is no longer a mere atom—a mere drop. He becomes a force. I believe in the power of the human will. If a man determines to do a thing, and works steadily towards that end, he succeeds at last. The struggle may be severe, but the success is as certain as anything human can be."

"Yes, I believe you are right," she said; "our wishes and our hopes, if they are earnest enough, become prayers."

"And prayers are not merely words, but acts. That I really pray for, I work for," he added. "The mass of mankind are too feeble in purpose and too indolent in temperament to accomplish much. And some are too selfish to care for anything but the accumulation of treasures for themselves, and so the world drags on; human progress

is so slow that angels as well as men must sometimes feel discouraged. It is a beautiful world, and it ought to be the brightest planet in the skies."

Harry, the wild, wayward Harry, was by no means a shallow thinker, and occasionally when he discussed facts in life and history he stated vital truths in a few words. Here is an instance:

"Human governments are made by men, and they have the faults and failings that men have. Only agitation and actual insurrection can force the governors to attend to the sufferings of the governed." He spoke with a passionate indignation that was not usual with him.

"But when the agitation or insurrection is suppressed by arms, and the leaders are led off to execution, while the helpless followers are shut up in prison, where is the benefit?" she asked.

"Even then public opinion is more or less affected by the new ideas, and the governing classes are compelled to modify their tyrannical proceedings. Without such struggles on the part of the people, all governments would crystallize into absolute despotism. It is surprising how soon the possession of power makes a man a tyrant. Let a man rise from the ranks as did Cromwell or Napoleon, and just as soon as he becomes a master, he begins to forge chains for the people."

But, as I have said, there is little moralizing or philosophizing in this bright, pure, simple, fascinating story of life and love on a Southern plantation. It is a work which will be enjoyed by a healthy imagination which desires a refreshing, inspiring story, which, while not exciting, possesses so much real interest as to hold the reader from cover to cover. It is a most delightful book for summer reading.

DAVID AND ABIGAIL.

Far more dramatic, and in a way more powerful, as a literary creation is "David and Abigail." But this novel is most perplexing. Did I not know that such is not the case I should unhesitatingly attribute the work to two hands. Thus the first half of "David and Abigail" is one of the finest examples of the modern school of fiction of life I have ever read. The characters are drawn with wonderful strength and distinctness, the action is well sustained, and a dramatic force is present on every page which is rarely found in works of this school of writers. But there is nothing strained or unnatural during the first 228 pages. Had the author written one or two chapters in the same style and up to the same literary standard of excellence, after the powerful portion depicting the death of Israel Hardie, he would have produced a distinctly great book, one which would take a high place among the finest works of the modern school of veritists.

But from the close of Chapter XII. the story takes on an entirely different character. From page 229 it belongs to the melodramatic school, of which Mr. Gunter is a fair example. The dramatic strength is preserved, but probability and fidelity to life in detail are absent; only at times does one behold a flash of the genius displayed in the earlier portion of the book. This work has greatly puzzled me. It is as if Mr. Howells should write half of a story and the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York" should complete it; so boldly do the earlier chapters con-

trast with the latter, or, rather, so clearly are two distinct schools of composition represented. To the novel reader who desires only to be entertained and amused by an absorbing story this seeming incongruity will count for little, and the tens of thousands of persons who eagerly read melodramatic fiction will be delighted with the closing chapters of "David and Abigail," especially with the heroic rescue of the fair Abigail by the brilliant young southern statesman; but for lovers of the fine, healthy, promising modern school of fiction, the work, after page 228, will be disappointing.

The story of "David and Abigail" is unique in many ways. Very fine are the pictures of Southern life in the stirring fifties. The South was then wealthy, and as powerful in politics as, thanks to her subserviency to Northern Democracy, she has permitted herself to be a cipher in national affairs in recent years. The description of an exciting congressional campaign is very fine, and the delineation is a superb piece of work. Perhaps the characterization of Abigail may be a little idealistic; she certainly is not represented as an ordinary woman, especially in the latter portion of the work. But here, as I have before observed, the story becomes melodramatic.

This book will probably become quite popular. It really deserves a far wider reading than many novels which have reached an enormous circulation and which are far less meritorious and no more dramatic. If the first half of Mr. Sawyer's work is an earnest of what he will do later I should predict for him a bright future. B. O. Flower.

After the Sex Struck; or, Zugassent's Discovery.*

After the publication of that unique work, "The Strike of a Sex," which has reached a sale of over thirty-five thousand copies, the author was overwhelmed with letters, begging him to give the writers "Zugassent's Discovery." Men as well as women were interested in the discovery mentioned in Mr. Miller's former work, and many weary women, borne down by repeated trials through enforced maternity, implored relief, if relief could be hoped for in an innocent and moral way. "Zugassent's Discovery" is a sequel to "The Strike of a Sex," and tells the secret. Incidentally a striking picture of the wrongs of enforced motherhood is given, which will make many thoughtless husbands pause and with shame review their past. If men had to endure the pains and dangers of childbirth, and if the husband had to share a portion of the pain of a wrecked constitution and the premature age which is the part of thousands of wives at the present time, there would be far less talk about men not being able to control their passions. This is a very suggestive book, and should have a wide reading.

B. O. Flower.

* "After the Sex Struck; or, Zugassent's Discovery," by George N. Miller. Pp. 124; price, paper 25 cents. Copley Square Series. The Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

A Scientific Solution of the Money Question.*

It is almost a quarter of a century since Professor Jevons launched upon the world his new celebrated work, "The Theory of Political Economy," in which he demonstrated the possibility of treating economics as a purely mathematical science. He showed how all the terms with which it deals involve the consideration of quantities — are, in fact, strictly quantitative terms — such as utility, value, capital, interest, supply, demand, and so on. This treatment of the very ambiguous and theretofore mysterious subject of value was the beginning of what might be termed a new era in economic science, so far as the theory of value is concerned, a theory which has held the attention of economists more exclusively during the past twenty years than any other branch of the science. It is to the work of Professor Jevons that we are indebted for having rescued this most important subject from obscurity and confusion, and for having brought the two terms, utility and value, into some sort of coherency.

But in spite of the great and important changes which have been effected in the whole complexion and character of economic theory — for it has never yet assumed any sort of scientific certainty, every economist adding more confusion than confirmation to the labors of his predecessors — the labors of Jevons and his followers do not appear to have conferred any practical benefit upon the actual social affairs, of which they are the alleged interpretation and philosophy. The practical aspects of economics and the theory seem to be as divorced as ever. The changes wrought since Adam Smith have not become a definable factor in the activity of the commercial and industrial world in relation to money, trade, labor; to those things and conditions which it is, or should be, the aim of the science to elucidate and facilitate.

And yet this is the great pivot of all human activity, the one great factor that determines the health, comfort, knowledge, progress, or retrogression of the race. There is nothing of more importance to society, to humanity at large, nothing that stands in greater need of the light of science, than this subject of exchanges. But society is as much divided, and the opinions of the economical philosophers and of so-called statesmen and men of affairs are as contradictory, upon all commercial and financial questions as they were when Jevons commenced his famous work. In spite of the able and voluminous contributions to the theory of value, the money question — which is indissolubly associated with it and depends almost wholly for its solution upon a correct and scientific interpretation of this word — remains in the same unsettled, unsatisfactory condition as it did prior to the rise of the modern English and Austrian schools.

The question arises, then, Is this science of economics capable or incapable of solving the all-important social problems with which it deals?

* "A Scientific Solution of the Money Question," by Arthur M. Kitson. Price, paper 50 cents; cloth $1.25. Arena Publishing Company.

Is the science to begin and end in mere theories — theories which, apart from the mental exercise they afford, have no practical bearing upon the affairs of life?

This is the question which every thinking man who has looked into economics and into natural science must ask himself, in view of the chaotic stupidity that obtains in the actual political and commercial world, and oppresses humanity in the name of financial wisdom, common sense, and political economy. It is this wisdom which puts all the practical affairs of the world, the lives and fortunes of the whole world of producers, toilers, and makers, into the hands of a little gang of Jew usurers in London, which grows more and more powerful as the means of exchange rises in value as a commodity above all other commodities and necessaries — above life itself. This is the grave question which is the starting-point of Mr. Arthur Kitson's "A Scientific Solution," and he undertakes to examine the assumptions of the professors of the so-called science of economics, and show in the light of science that these gentry, in "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," outrival Bret Harte's heathen Chinee.

Mr. Kitson believes that a true science of economics can and must answer satisfactorily and conclusively all the riddles that have been for ages propounded by the social sphinx. He holds that such a science should embody the highest moral aims, or else morality is lost, is a delusion and a snare to be put aside forever; for it must be proved to have a scientific reason for existing, a reason conducive to the welfare and happiness of mankind, or it is simply an artificial restraint upon the liberty of thought and action. This is the claim of every true science; it is moral, that is, it secures the highest possible good to humanity. This is the inspiration of all the investigations of physical science. We should laugh with scorn at a science which set out to discover Nature's laws with the idea of thwarting and destroying them. We can destroy ourselves, our politics, our civilization, but we can never hope to detroy Nature's laws. And yet this is precisely what orthodox economics stands revealed by all the greatest thinkers — by John Stuart Mill, by Carlyle, by Ruskin, Proudhon, by Spencer himself, before he got bitten with the ambition to cozen the great — as attempting with barefaced impudence and Machiavellian depravity to do. But it takes ages of wrong to wear out the hope and patience of the highest types of human character, and so though the spectacle of modern life is appalling there are hundreds of intrepid thinkers who in spite of universal scorn and contumely address themselves to the work of emancipating mankind from its ignorance and fatuity and apathy. The pioneers of physical science are unwittingly preparing the way for the great economic revolutions which must surely come in the future — near or distant, no man can say.

Theology, philosophy, and economics have always been the servants of the few, the exploiting class, and all the philosophy of the past

has been constructed to uphold the theory that the millions existed for the pleasure of the few — that millions must toil and labor that the few can live in idleness and luxury, the victims of grotesque ambitions, of strange vices, or ambitious of conquest even more irrational. There is very much more to be said on rational grounds for the life of a criminal libertine like old King George IV. than for the gang of usurious Jew maniacs who have revenged their race upon the world by holding the whole modern world in abject dominion. Modern science is going to revolutionize all theology and all philosophy, and the old economics, which has so long masqueraded as science, cannot possibly escape exposure — although it may be that the masses are so ignorant and so bestial in their imaginations that the world of thought will ever remain closed to them. If it does, it will not be that they have been abandoned by the thinkers. Great and brave and noble souls have sacrificed all for humanity — they have suffered agonies of mind, body, and spirit; they have been persecuted and scorned, whipped, burned, crucified, for God's truth and humanity. If, as we are told every day — it is thrown into the face of every man of high and uncorrupted aims and thought — the people, comfortables and uncomfortables alike, do not care for serious things, hate thought, love sloth, and only want to be amused — to carouse, eat, drink, and whore — then we cannot pretend to regret the day that shall see civilization swing round again to despotism, when art and beauty and philosophy will flourish in the isolation and under the hospitality of a despotic court.

There are some modern philosophers, who, regarding simply the integrity of their intellectual life, would not be averse to such a condition of things; and one can scarcely blame them, considering that the intellectual dominion of the many begins and ends in a mere lechery of ideas, which excludes all real thought, all high ideals, all moral aims and aspirations, and simply drowns the spirit in life in a clamor of the beast. But this is the pessimistic view — the far and gloomy view. It may be that the preponderating mediocrity that in every generation lies an indifferent, unstirred weight in society, will as in the past preserve its grim apathy toward both morality and immorality of the active and destructive sort, and so save civilization from any violent catastrophe. We cannot help believing that though there is no intrinsic virtue or merit in mediocrity, it is to its tenacious hold of ideas hallowed by conventional usage that we must look for the stability of society; for the evolutionists and reform thinkers make one serious error in their calculations: they include an activity of intelligence and aspiration in the mass that does not exist in reality.

However, this does not deny the unconscious evolution of society, and it may be that the machinations of the enemies of society may be thwarted or checked and diverted by the very materialistic aims and ideals of the mediocre mass, whose comfort they endanger. In the meantime it is the high privilege of men of calm scientific minds to analyze the problems that beset and threaten society — though scarcely

humanity, for Nature will surely see to it that her scheme of the perpetuation of the race is not defeated by all the wisdom and cunning of the divine dispensation of Jew financiers, and their dupes and creatures, the statesmen and political economists.

There is a slow process of social and intellectual betterment in civilization; although the social state is still based upon the ancient theory of the beneficence of slavery; and since the one divine gift of reason is its exercise, we can cordially welcome any writer who seeks to reduce the absurd tangle of lies upon which the philosophy of the modern constitution of society is based to its true elements and proportions. It may be true enough that human passions will always outweigh human reason, but we must welcome the truth for its own sake, even though it can bring us no material good.

There is no doubt in the present writer's mind that greed and lust of power and preëminence have always been more potent forces in the world, and always will be, than love and sympathy; but this conviction does not exclude a keen enjoyment, intellectual and moral, of the work of a man who stands for the plain, unalterable truths and facts of life, and that interpretation of Nature's laws (surely not framed by God Almighty for the perpetual pain and embitterment of his poor pawns!) which strips them of the mystery of theologic cant and economic humbug, and leaves them revealed as the divine provision, sustenance, joy, comfort, inspiration, and consolation of the race. Such a revealing work is this brave, outspoken book by Arthur Kitson. It reveals more, perhaps, than even the author is aware; but this is the special function and glorious privilege of science. It throws open God's free world to all unfettered imaginations. It is the true poet's domain; and no land of imaginative retrospection, of romance and chivalry and oriental glamour and splendor, can rival its potent allurements for the truly poetic imagination. The poets must seek enfranchisement in the domain of science before they can step out of our narrow world, with its distracting, corroding penury and pain, into the beautiful world of the spirit, which is not far off and distant, but all around and within us.

But this world can only be real to the few, and we may as well confess as much with Renan. Still that fact need not lessen our hospitality to honest thought, for in this view we are driven to accept Renan's other conclusion, that the world is in labor, and exists ultimately for these few fine spirits. I am sceptical of all millenniums; but I admire and respect those who believe in them.

Our author believes that a true science of economics would enable mankind eventually to abolish want and the fear of it — and there can be no sort of doubt about that; but then such a science is the chimerical vision of those whose insight is too clear for the understanding of the dull clods who constitute that conspiracy of common sense which outlaws every idealistic and humane thinker with ridicule. Such a science would create so great an abundance of wealth that all would have

enough and to spare; but those who have a superabundance to-day at the cost of the penury and misery and perversion of the multitude will never consent to any economic system that deprives them of the power of holding the destinies of their fellow-mortals in their hands.

There could be no possibility of starvation under an equitable and reasonable economic system; overproduction would simply mean a profusion of provision, and such a distribution of leisure as would insure a chance for development to all the superior intellects in the community; its antidote would be found in satiety instead of starvation. There is no reason why economics should not do for trade and industry what the science of mechanics has done for the mechanical arts, or medicine and surgery for human life — except this, that the governance of this world is never given to the best intelligences, but to the acutest sort of low cunning, and the majority of men are as incapable of reasoning as sheep. Their philosophy of life is to eat, drink, and shout, and for the *summum bonum*, abandon themselves to lechery and the multiplication of unfortunate offspring predisposed to the same activities without reflection.

But the reward of the thinker is his thought, and so this consideration has but little weight with men of science who do not anticipate any comprehension from the masses, even though all their endeavors are for the betterment of their condition.

In "A Scientific Solution of the Money Question," the thoughtful reader will find an elaborate and masterly attempt to sketch the direction in which a true science of wealth must inevitably lead, as well as the foundation upon which it must be built. Although dealing mainly with the money question the author has found it necessary, in order to present a logical survey of the subject, to make an entire examination of the main tenets and dogmas of the accepted so-called Manchester school of economics. He enunciates a few of the leading principles to which the true science of economics must conform. He points out where, in his judgment — and in ours — economists have invariably gone astray — a fact which explains the barrenness of the science and its failure to bear tangible fruit, as the other sciences have done. A scientific theory of hydrostatics or electricity that broke down in physical experiment would scarcely be admitted by scientific men as science.

One error — probably the most serious of all economic errors — and one which prevented Jevons from developing his theory of value into a practical reform of the highest importance, he detects and nails with especial emphasis. It shows the heedless conjury with words which is common even with the most eminent of economists, when reasoning forces them into some palpable contradiction of established custom, in the interest of the proprietary class. A chemist or a biologist who was as vague in his use of terms as the ordinary orthodox economists would forfeit the confidence of every reputable scientific student. But the economists surround themselves with fog and mystery, trusting to the palpable bribe that is offered to all critics in the rewards and honors

of our excellent social system and to the apathy and ignorance of the public, to secure them in peace and quietness from being denounced as dishonest and fraudulent reasoners.

After defining value as the "ratio of exchange," and showing that it can be expressed only in terms of the ideal — numbers — Jevons commits an almost unpardonable solecism in writing of "a standard unit of value," as "a fixed quantity of some concrete substance defined by reference to the units of weight or space."

What "a fixed quantity of some concrete substance" has to do with a "ratio," and how a substance can become a standard "ratio," are questions that Professor Jevons failed to answer. In spite of the clear definitions with which he set out he afterwards confused his subject by employing the word "value" in a double sense: first as the ratio of exchange; second, as purchasing power; and thus, when speaking of a standard unit of value, he evidently means purchasing or exchange power, i. e., the power conferred upon a commodity whereby it can be exchanged for a certain quantity of some other article of utility. Again, how can "a fixed quantity of some concrete substance" represent a power not possessed by, nor residing in, any substance, but merely conferred upon certain objects by human desires — a power that varies and fluctuates, that appears and disappears, with those desires.

There is only one way in which a commodity can be rationally and logically considered to represent a unit of "value," i. e., purchasing power. We may select a given quantity of a certain commodity, $25\frac{8}{10}$ grains of gold for example, and say that whatever the purchasing power of this amount of gold happens to be upon a certain day, or at a given time, shall represent the unit of purchasing power. But this is a very different thing from selecting $25\frac{8}{10}$ grains of gold as a *permanent unit of value*. No fixed quantity of any substance — not even gold — represents a fixed quantity of purchasing power for any length of time. It is only at a given instant that we may consider a commodity to have a certain amount of exchange power. The mistake of Jevons and other economists was in omitting the element of time from their definition of a standard unit; an error similar to that of disregarding the degree of temperature at which the metallic bar that serves as the standard of length is to be taken. But of course the introduction of time destroys all hope of our ever possessing a *material* unit of value or purchasing power — a thing to which altogether too much importance has hitherto been given. Values are ideal creations and can only be properly expressed in terms of the ideal — numbers.

"Value," says Proudhon, "is the corner-stone of the economic edifice"; and as this is the most important as well as the most ambiguous and perplexing conception with which all economic writers have to deal, it is well for the lay reader of Mr. Kitson's book that this is one of the phases of the science to which he has given most study, and which in the light of his inexorable logic he has made most clear and certain. A

vast amount of literature has been produced on this subject, and very conservative critics, with professorial chairs to fill to the satisfaction of employers like Rockefeller, look askance and horrified at any writer who does not smother his thought in judicial discounts in the face of awful authority. But it is not strange that there is so much confusion on this question when one considers that all these weighty writers are trying to reconcile existing conditions with a theory that will deceive the multitude and look plausible and just, and are not concerned with the discovery of the true laws of the science of economics at all. The simple reason for the success of Mr. Kitson in putting before us a clear and logical presentation of the real nature of value, is this: he has no fear of being tried for economic heresy and thrust out of a professorial chair; he has no political ambitions to serve; he cares only for the Truth and not for the approbation of gravity with its tongue in its cheek. With Proudhon his sole animating purpose has been to get to the bottom of a black conspiracy against Truth and against morality and against the race; he has pursued the Truth through the ruins and the rubbish.

Fifty years ago John Stuart Mill said, "Happily there is nothing in the laws of value which remains for the present or any future writer to clear up; the theory of the subject is complete." In the light of the literature since his day this remark is amusing. So far was this statement from the truth, that since it was written, an entirely new economic school has been established, founded upon a wholly different conception from that propounded by Mill and the school of Adam Smith. It is true, however, as Mill says, that "almost every speculation respecting the economical interests of a society implies something of value, and the smallest error on that subject infects with corresponding error all our other conclusions; and anything vague or misty in our conception of it creates confusion and uncertainty in everything else." This is doubly true when considered in its relation to the Money Question. In fact we might almost say that the solution of this question depends upon the interpretation put upon the word "value." This term is so indissolubly bound up with the word "utility" or usefulness that we cannot treat one without regard to the other.

Every commodity presents itself to us in two ways. When we think of consuming or enjoying a thing we have regard to its usefulness; when we contemplate disposing of it we have in mind what we can get in return for it. This consideration is from the standpoint of its value. These two different aspects of goods were noticed by Aristotle more than 2000 years ago. The connection or relation between these two aspects of all goods has been the ground of contention among economists for years. Adam Smith used the word "value" in the two senses, prefixing the words "use" and "exchange" according to its application. He says: "The word value has two different meanings, and sometimes expresses the utility of some particular object, and sometimes the power of purchasing other goods which the possession of that object

conveys. The one may be called 'value in use,' the other 'value in exchange.' The things which have the greatest value in use, have frequently little or no value in exchange; and on the contrary those which have the greatest value in exchange have frequently little or no value in use. Nothing is more useful than water, but it will purchase scarce anything; scarce anything can be had in exchange for it. A diamond, on the contrary, has scarce any value in use, but a very great quantity of goods may frequently be had in exchange for it."

The unfortunate application of the same term to these two aspects of commodities, viz., utility and exchange, is entirely responsible for the great confusion and ambiguity into which this question has been brought. The term use-value is becoming obsolete, and the much better word utility or usefulness has taken its place. Smith employs the word utility in a positive sense. Certain things are known to be absolutely essential for the support of life and are termed the "necessaries" of life. The utilities of such Smith and his school regarded as inherent properties. Value and usefulness or utility were considered to be independent qualities. Modern economists employ the term utility in a very much wider sense, viz., capacity to satisfy a desire or serve a purpose, irrespective of the nature of the desire or purpose. Thus, Prof. Jevons says: "Anything which an individual is found to desire and labor for must be assumed to possess for him utility." So Professor Smart writes: "The economic 'want' is not necessarily a rational or healthy want." The Austrian school divides value into two parts: subjective or personal value, and objective value. In treating these two divisions Professor Smart says: "Value in the subjective sense we may call, generally, the importance which a good (commodity) is considered to possess with reference to the well-being of a person. Value in the objective sense is a relation of power or capacity between one good and another good. In this sense a good has value when it has the power of producing — or 'avails' towards — some objective effect. There are consequently as many objective values as there are objective effects. Thus while the subjective value of coal to me is the amount of good I get from the fire, its objective value is the temperature which it maintains in the room, or the amount of steam it can raise in the boiler, or the money it brings me if I sell it. This kind of value is very much synonymous with the word power or 'capacity'; it is as common to speak of 'heating power' as of 'heating value.'" (Introduction to the "Theory of Value.")

Economics, however, deals not with the "powers" and "values" of objects which are purely physical, such as the power of steam or the heating value of coal. It is merely exchange values and purchasing powers that the science deals with — that is, the social relation of commodities and their relation to the wants and desires of men.

According to this same school value depends upon utility, and it is the "utility on the margin of economic employment," or what is termed

its "marginal utility," that determines the value of a commodity. The ability of commodities to satisfy human wants and appetites creates a desire on the part of men to possess them. This ability to satisfy wants is termed utility or usefulness. The desire for possession prompts men to undergo exertion and make sacrifices in order to obtain the means for satisfying wants. They are willing to give something, either labor or some commodity, to possess what they want. Now the quantitative relationships which men, in their desire to obtain possession of them, establish among commodities is termed value. Objective exchange value is all we are now considering. It is expressed by the ratio of the quantity of one thing that men are willing to exchange for a given quantity of another thing. Thus both utility and value are merely relations. They are neither qualities nor properties of things. They are not inherent, but merely "accidents of a thing arising from the fact that someone wants it" (Jevons).

It is the proportion of the number and degree of urgency of these wants for a thing, to its available supply, that determines its value. In fact, the difference between the useful and the valuable is a quantitative one. Value arises only where things are limited in quantity, that is among things where economy is necessary. Economic value is therefore purely a quantitative term. "Value," says Le Trosne, "consists in the ratio of exchange which takes place between such and such a product, between such a quantity of one product and such a quantity of another." "Hence it is clear," says Macleod, "that value is a ratio." "Value in exchange expresses nothing but a ratio," says Jevons, "and the term should not be used in any other sense." And again: "Every act of exchange thus presents itself to us in the form of a ratio between two numbers. The word 'value' is commonly used, and if, at current rates, one ton of copper exchanges for ten tons of bar iron, it is usual to say that the value of copper is ten times that of iron, weight for weight."

The foregoing definitions should be ordinarily sufficient to give the reader a perfectly clear idea of what economists mean by this term. But unfortunately its misuse is so general that one finds it difficult, even after arriving at the correct definition, to avoid its misuse. It is so common for economic writers and others to speak of a thing having value or possessing great value. And yet it is very evident that if the definitions given above are correct it is wrong to speak of anything possessing or having value. Professor Smart says: "But it is almost impossible to use the term without suggesting an inherent property. Value always implies a relation." The economists, after clearly defining the word, fall into its popular misuse with the result of mixing up themselves and their readers in inextricable confusion. Take Professor Jevons, for instance, whose definition has already been given. He says: "But value, like utility, is no intrinsic quality of a thing; it is an extrinsic accident or relation. We should never speak of the value of a thing at

all without having in our minds the other thing in regard to which it is valued." Further he says: "Value is only the ratio of quantities exchanged. It is certain that no substance permanently bears exactly the same value relatively to another commodity." In another place he adds: "A student of economics has no hope of ever being clear and correct in his ideas of the science if he thinks of value as at all a *thing* or an *object*, or even as anything which lies in a thing or object. People are thus led to speak of such a nonentity as *intrinsic value*."

Pure logic here leads Jevons to give a smashing blow in the face to the fondly cherished absurdity upon which all the single gold-standard men build; but later on he says, in spite of the palpable contradiction of his own reasoning: "Since money has to be exchanged for valuable goods *it should itself possess value*, and it must therefore *have utility* as a basis of value." How can a thing possess "an intrinsic accident or relationship"? In the same chapter he says: "It might seem that money does not require really to have substantial value." If value "is an intrinsic accident or relation," what is the meaning of the expression that "Money does not really require to have substantial extrinsic accident or relation"?

Also Macleod. After defining value as "The ratio in which any two quantities will exchange," he says: "The value of anything is always *something* external to itself." But a ratio is the relation of *two* numbers to each other, hence involves *two* quantities. Again he says: "Value is an affection of the mind." Is a ratio an "affection of the mind"?

With such a confusion in the use of terms it is not to be wondered at that this subject has been apparently submerged in hopeless ambiguity. The idea of value in economics arises only in connection with the *quantities* of things. It is expressed in the question, "How much of this commodity must I give for so much of that?" It has, therefore, nothing to do with substances or qualities.

We have gone so extensively into the chapters dealing with the definition of value, because in any consideration of the science of exchanges this is a pivotal point, and upon its secure and clear interpretation depends the whole logic of the science. Mr. Kitson, more than any writer we remember to have seen dealing with this subject, has shown out of the works of the leading economists their fatal admissions to logic, and their futile contradictions of their own logic in the cause of established commercial customs and interests. This is, in our opinion, the important section of Mr. Kitson's book. It is the point of departure for reëxamination and that discussion which clears the air, and forces the adherents of an unsound system of thought to show their hand and declare war on science, or defend themselves and so reveal in excuses and palliations and arguments drawn from mere custom and abuse upon what specious, fallacious, and unscientific ground their whole structure is raised.

Value has wholly to do with the quantitative relationship of commod-

ities to each other. Since all commodities are exchangeable in certain proportions, in units of their respective measurements, these proportions or ratios are termed values. Value is a term somewhat analogous to distance. It expresses the relation between two objects. We cannot say a thing *possesses* distance or equality. A single point cannot express, define, or measure distance. Two points are essential to convey the idea. Similarly, *value cannot be expressed or defined by a single thing. Two quantities are necessary to express value, just as two lines are required to express an angle.* Macleod admits this — as indeed he cannot but do, or give up all pretence of believing in the logic of numbers. "Hence," he says, "a single object cannot have economic value. A single object cannot be equal or distant. If an object is said to be equal or distant we must ask, Equal to what? Distant from what? So if any quantity is said to have value we must ask, Value in what? And as it is absurd to speak of absolute or intrinsic equality, or absolute or intrinsic distance, so it is equally absurd to speak of absolute or intrinsic value."

One great difficulty under which economists labor is in striving to carry two distinct ideas under one term, viz., ratio and purchasing power. Whether we define value as a relation of *powers* or of *quantities* it can only be expressed by a *ratio between the two quantities of the commodities exchanged.* Thus while it is incorrect to say the *value* of one ton of iron is an ounce of gold, it is quite correct to say the *purchasing power* of one ton of iron is an ounce of gold.

After putting all these influential and weighty witnesses into the box and giving their consensus of opinion on this vital matter, upon which all their other deductions must necessarily hinge, Mr. Kitson proceeds to consider what is called "The Standard of Value."

After the previous definitions of value the reader may be at a loss to comprehend the meaning of the expression, "Standard of value." Value being a relation between two powers or quantities, according to the definitions of the science, what does the "standard of value" express? Jevons says: "It is essential, in the first place, to decide clearly what we mean by a standard unit of value. This must consist of a fixed quantity of some concrete substance, defined by reference to the units of weight or space." Macleod also says: "Those economists who want an invariable standard of value want to discover and fix upon some single commodity by which they can compare the value of other things in all countries and ages." Edward Atkinson says: "The higher law of commerce, laid deep in human nature, has established gold and gold only as the unit or standard of value." And again: "There is a unit of value. It exists without regard to legislation, treaty, or agreement. It is gold. To that standard of value the monetary system of every commercial state must be adjusted. A given weight of gold is the standard of value everywhere." The so-called standard unit of value of this country is a certain weight, viz., 23.21997 grains, of gold contained in a dollar.

A standard of value as understood and defined is therefore essentially a material substance. But we have already seen, from the admirably scientific and logical definitions of Jevons and the rest, that value is a relation between two powers, or a ratio between two numbers, and is therefore ideal and immaterial. We have also seen that value is not the *property* of anything. How, then, can a "fixed quantity of some concrete substance" be a standard or measure of the immaterial? It must follow that since value is an "accidental relationship between two things," and is not the property of anything, that *no single thing can be a standard of value.*

A difference should be carefully noted between the terms "standard" and "measure." The two are frequently used synonymously. A standard is something fixed, invariable, established by law or custom. A standard of measurement is necessarily a measure, but a measure is by no means necessarily a standard. There may be many measures, but there can be only one standard. But several writers attempt to reconcile the scientific spirit with the needs of the adherents of orthodox economics by acknowledging the impossibility of the existence of a standard, while they recognize the existence of a measure of value. Thus Macleod says: "But though a standard of value is impossible by the very nature of things, there may be a measure of values" ("Theory of Credit"). But unfortunately the absurdity of the term "standard of value" is no more absurd than the term "measure of value," if by measure is meant "a fixed quantity of a certain concrete substance." Gold is no more a *measure* of values than it is a standard of values. Gold is not homogeneous with that which it is said to measure. The unit weight of gold can measure other quantities of gold, but it cannot measure iron or silver or wheat or any other commodity. Again Jevons states that the value of gold fell 46 per cent between 1789 and 1809; that from 1809 to 1849 it appreciated 145 per cent, while between 1849 and 1874 it fell again 20 per cent. To talk of a *standard* subject to such fluctuations is the height of imbecility and folly. "So palpable is this objection," writes Francis A. Walker, "that some writers who still cling to the term 'measure of value' abandon that of 'standard of value.'" And again he says: "Value is a relation, and therefore cannot be measured, but only expressed or stated."

Macleod also says, and the gold-standard men of to-day who deafen us with the divine necessity of outwitting ourselves in every bargain with Europe, should ponder the application of his words: "It is as well to explain what these economists mean who are searching for an invariable standard of value. If we had a British yard and any foreign measures of length before us, we could at once perceive the difference between them; and if we were told the measurement of any foreign building, however remote in age and country, we could by a very simple calculation reduce them to the standard British measurement and compare them with the size of our own buildings. Those economists who want

an invariable standard of value want to discover and fix upon a single commodity by which they can compare the value of other things in all countries and ages. But the least reflection will show that such a standard is absolutely impossible by the very nature of things. . . . If a quantity of gold were placed beside a number of other things, no human sense could discern what their value would be. And the most violent changes in their values might take place in the market without there being any visible sign of such a thing. Values are not perceptible by ocular demonstration, but they must be declared by the communication of minds. Moreover, it is not possible to ascertain the different values of different quantities of gold obtained in different ages and countries. . . . The only test of value is an exchange, and unless we can effect an exchange there can be no value. How can we exchange an ounce of gold in the year A. D. 188 with one in the year A. D. 1588, or with one in the year A. D. 1888 ?"

Other authorities take the same view of the so-called standard — the yardstick of all other commodities. Bailey says : "If we compare the value of a commodity at one time with its value at another, it is only a comparison of the relation in which it stood at these different times to some other commodity. It is not a comparison of some intrinsic, independent quality at one period with the same quality at another period, but a *comparison* of *ratios*. It is impossible for a direct ratio of value to exist between A in 100 and A in 1800." Macleod further observes, and the logic is inescapable : "An invariable standard of value . . . is in itself absolutely impossible by the very nature of things, because value is a ratio, and a single quantity cannot be the measure of a ratio. A measure of length or capacity is a single quantity, and measures other single quantities, such as different lengths or bodies of capacity. But value is a ratio, and it is impossible that a single quantity can measure a ratio. It is impossible to say a : b :: x. It is manifestly absurd to say that 4 : 5 :: 8 : without saying as 8 is to what."

The question, then, is asked everywhere by a thousand noisy, positive blunderbusses like Edward Atkinson, the discoverer of the famous gold law in human nature with which he upsets all philosophy, "How do you account for the universal credence given to that denoted by the term 'standard of value' ?" The answer Macleod gives is to be found in the cause that gave rise to the use of the unfortunate term "intrinsic value," viz., a belief that value is a property or quality of commodities. It is, he says, owing to the general acceptance of the erroneous doctrine that labor is the cause of value, and that the value of a thing is therefore the quantity of labor *contained in it*, or exerted in obtaining it. To quote Macleod's exact words, so that the orthodox may read and accept the testimony of their eyes without quibbling : "That unfortunate confusion of ideas between value being the quantity of another commodity which any quantity will purchase, and the quantity of labor embodied as it were in the commodity itself, which is chiefly

due to Smith and Ricardo, has not only led to that mischievous expression 'intrinsic value,' the source of endless confusion in economics, but also to the search for something which very slight reflection would have shown to be impossible in the very nature of things, viz., an invariable standard of value."

A commodity, when considered alone and apart from all others, gives no idea of value, nor can any conception of value arise until it is confronted with another commodity ; just as a point in space can convey no idea of distance until a second point is taken. And just as distance is expressed between two given points, so value is expressed by the relation between two commodities. To place a given quantity or weight of a certain commodity at Washington or London under lock and key, and declare that to be A STANDARD OF VALUE is like marking a point on paper and declaring that to be a standard unit of length. Logic will not hold such a conception, and it cannot govern affairs and commerce without perpetual disturbance and disaster.

This is the heart of Mr. Kitson's magnificently logical work. He has done what no other American writer has previously succeeded in doing so well; he has exposed in the clearest and simplest fashion, with the assistance, nay, out of the very mouths of the orthodox economists and upholders of the existing industrial system and the single gold-standard system, the fallacies and illogical, absurd contradictions upon which the whole system is based. Of course one need not be convinced if one is growing richer and richer every day by the mere appreciation of the gold standard of all values and the inevitable decline of all other values — but logic must drive every twenty-dollars-a-week critic into accepting conclusions that are based so inexorably on the pure science of numbers. We have gone into this phase of Mr. Kitson's book at such length because this is the kernel of the whole money problem — the basic facts upon which any true system of economics must be reared, if human wits can ever devise any social or economic and political system in which the magnificent reach of the highest intelligences will be embodied. That "if" will always stand in the way, for the eternal lie must prevail; but some of us like to learn the truth for its own sake notwithstanding.

The whole wickedness and folly of the gold standard is here exposed in the simplest and most intelligible manner. There can in reality be no such thing as a "standard of value." The relationship existing among commodities must be expressed and defined by some other method — something more scientific. The arguments used to prove the absurdity of a "standard of value" apply with equal force against the term "measure of value," if by a measure is meant "a fixed quantity of a certain concrete substance." No substance can "measure" values.

The fact that we compare all commodities to one, viz., gold, does not constitute gold a "measure of values," any more than if all yard sticks were made of ebony, ebony would become the measure of length. Commodities present themselves to us under two aspects — of quality and

quantity. The primary distinction between commodities is a qualitative one, such as the material of which they are composed. It is these various properties possessed by commodities that make them useful. It is physically impossible to bring the *properties* of things to the terms of one denomination. No common denominator for the physical qualities of things has yet been discovered. Whatever the relationship among commodities may be, it is impossible to express it in terms of their qualities. Gold is a quantitative term, designating a certain substance possessing certain characteristics. No relationship of dissimilar commodities can, therefore, be expressed in terms of gold. Values, being relations or ratios, cannot be expressed by any one substance. But commodities are also definite *quantities* of things, and it is with these quantities that the science of economics deals. It treats of the laws which govern the relations of exchangeable *quantities*, and has nothing whatever to do with the *qualities* of things. These furnish matter for a science separate and entirely apart from economics.

The use of a commodity such as gold is convenient merely in prizing and arranging other commodities one above another *at a particular time*. But this does not constitute gold a standard of value. It is merely a standard commodity at the time at which the prizing or arranging was made. No commodity can continue to act as a standard commodity for long without disorganizing from time to time the entire range of prices, since no commodity is or can be itself free from fluctuations. Hence a comparison of prices at two different periods gives no indication of whether the commodity — in terms of which prices are expressed — has fluctuated, or the commodities whose prices are compared. Gold is recognized as a standard because it is supposed to be more stable than other commodities. But gold fluctuates considerably, in common with all other articles of merchandise. The mistake that economists have made is in supposing that the commodity which was conveniently selected for comparing at a *particular time* all others, is a *perpetual standard* at *all times* and places.

On this scientific conception of values any reform of the gold-standard evils and abuses must stand. Here is the matter focused for all eyes not gold-blind to see. We must choose between science and barbarism. But, of course, science cannot work independently of human nature, and so the masses must learn in suffering the machinery with which those who have usurped the powers of Deity keep them bent and buried chin deep in the muck and degradation of intellectual and physical bondage.

In the contention between the advocates of gold and silver coinage science has little part to play. Recognizing as we must the physical impossibility of any *commodity* functioning as money — so long as it has an independent commodity value and existence — gold and silver, neither separately nor collectively, can furnish a *scientific* basis for any monetary system. This is fully demonstrated in this work. It is, however,

instructive to observe some of the hopeless difficulties into which the advocates of gold coinage inevitably fall.

"The whole of this vast controversy," says Macleod, "is reducible to a single, simple and definite issue.

"Suppose that gold and silver are coined in unlimited quantities, and a fixed legal ratio is enacted between them. (1) Is it the fixed legal ratio enacted between the coins which governs the relative value of the metals in bullion? (2) Or is it the relative value of the metals in bullion which governs the relative value of the coins? (3) And if it be found impossible for any single country to maintain gold and silver coined in unlimited quantities in circulation together at a fixed legal ratio, is it possible for any number of countries combined to do so by an international agreement?

"This," he says, "is the whole gist of the controversy, and all facts and arguments adduced must be directed to establish one or other of these points."

But consider for a moment the absurdities involved in this contention.

Supposing a yardstick made of silver and a foot measure of iron. (1) Is it the fixed ratio of the foot to the yard which determines the relative coëfficients of expansion of silver and iron? (2) Or is it the relative coëfficients of expansion of the two metals that determine the ratio of a foot to a yard? (3) And if it be found impossible for any single country to maintain the exact ratio of one to three between a foot measure made of iron and a silver yardstick, under varying temperatures, is it possible for any number of countries combined to do so by an international agreement?

As between monometallism and bimetallism the latter system is unquestionably fraught with less danger to the welfare of nations. The natural law of supply and demand alone governs value. Laws can, however, artificially alter values by limiting supply and demand. Thus gold enjoys an artificial value which it could not do but for law. So that while governments cannot fix values or absolutely control them, they can materially affect them by affecting supply and demand.

The "relative value" of the metals in bullion does undoubtedly govern the "relative value" of the coins, but in the very opposite manner to what Macleod would have his readers suppose. The more valuable a metal is in bullion the less valuable it is for coinage. Why? Because it refuses to function as coin. It insists upon becoming bullion. Now, the first requisite of a good coin, of scientific money, is that it shall properly discharge the functions of coin, of currency, and that is to facilitate exchanges, to circulate, *and to remain in circulation.* Throughout the entire industrial world utility determines value. But strangely enough monometallists cannot see that this law governs coins and money the same as all other things. "Money is as money does," says Francis A. Walker; and history proves that under free competition dear money, like all commodities, must give place to the cheaper. This

Gresham perceived; only he did not want to see, or could not see, that the cheaper was the better money.

No material can be a useful substance out of which to coin money that is continually urging the coin to commit suicide. Gold is continually causing coins to become transformed into bullion. Bullion is not money, it is not coin; it is commodity. The coin vanishes the moment it becomes bullion. Silver is far less liable to play the truant and leave us in the lurch than gold. It is not so disposed to run abroad and create a stringency in the home market. "But," exclaim the monometallists in alarm, "gold would be driven out if silver were coined freely." Perhaps so. At the present time, without any free silver measure, gold leaves the country when the nation appears to be most in need of it. It is inevitable that gold must travel. But suppose gold disappeared entirely and silver took its place? What then? We should have a metal that would not be liable to vanish and one far more serviceable as currency than gold.

After this explicit scientific analysis Mr. Kitson offers a scientific solution of the problems that beset modern civilization; but for this we must refer the reader to the pages of this fascinating work, as we have thought it of primary importance to outline the fallacies of the existing system before taxing the reader's mind with any reconstructive theories. The gold standard enslaves nation after nation and puts all the power of the world into the hands of a few unscrupulous, inhuman Jew money-lending conspirators, who do not understand the meaning of mercy, justice, patriotism, humanity, love, or honesty. Gold creates debts and then prevents men from settling them. It places mankind in perpetual bondage. Not only are the factors of well-being and of progress rendered impotent by the gold standard, but the factors of evil minister to its exploiters. Wars, state extravagance, and political corruption all serve to build up this pyramid of irredeemable debts upon which the gold conspirators grow more wealthy and more powerful.

In vain men toil, in vain they produce. All the surplus wealth that should go to form a national store, goes to feed the demands of this insatiable usurious conspiracy. In vain science prosecutes her voyages of discovery, and art labors to convert the discordant and hostile elements of nature into a system of usefulness and harmony. In vain temples of learning are reared and libraries founded. All these institutions, all these achievements that have for their object the advancement of learning, the diffusion of universal intelligence, and the raising of labor, serve but to strengthen and nourish this great bloodsucker that preys on the social structure and will suck its vitality until the masses fall into such destitution and misery and slavery that the darkness of barbarism is upon us again. In vain ministers preach the gospel of peace and righteousness. In vain poets sing of the spirit's peace. The gold standard means misery for the millions, dependence, servitude, uncertainty of employment, scarcity of means, lack of comforts and food, want —

and that means strife, war. The nations must strangle this monster or it will strangle them. The gold debts of the world can never be redeemed; and freedom lies only in repudiation. If our civilization cannot find any better basis than this to build on it will inevitably be swept away. The end of slavery is chaos. This question is not a mere abstract question of economical theory. It is the most vital, pressing moral and social question mankind has ever had to consider. It concerns the lives and fortunes and happiness of every human being in society and of generations yet unborn. We are at the parting of the ways. It is upward or downward for the Western world. It is easy for the worshippers of the golden calf to laugh at this soberness. Who would not have laughed in Babylon and Thebes and Memphis? But the hyenas howl over their ruins now. W. B. H.

Brother of the Third Degree.*

I.

In Mr. W. L. Garver's new novel, "Brother of the Third Degree," we have another of the rapidly increasing romances dealing with Eastern occultism. It is a story in many respects quite remarkable. The author has succeeded in a marked degree in inculcating the very essence and kernel of the austere philosophy of self-renunciation taught by the noblest prophets and sages of the East in a novel, which, because it is at once weird, fantastic, and exciting, will appeal strongly to a class of readers who care little or nothing for serious reading, and who probably could not be induced to thoughtfully peruse a didactic treatise, however brief, conveying the noble thought and high truth which are interwoven throughout the pages of "Brother of the Third Degree."

To me the chief interest of this story lies in its admirable presentation of the higher aspects of the noblest of the Oriental philosophies; the weird manner in which it emphasizes the all-important truth for every soul to learn, that whatsoever one soweth that will he reap, and the potential value in arresting the attention and awakening the conscience of those who are carelessly floating upon the sea of life, thinking more of the pleasure of the sense perception and the gratification of selfish desires than seeking the deeper truths and diviner pleasures which come only after one has so far renounced self as to find his greater joy in aiding others.

There is a class of readers who, never having investigated psychical phenomena or delved into metaphysical thought sufficiently to appreciate the marvellous potency of mind or the power resident in the thought world, find little or no interest in occult or psychical literature, regarding such wonders as fairy stories. These thinkers would undoubtedly find no interest in Mr. Garver's work. There is also another class of

* "Brother of the Third Degree: An Occult Romance," by W. L. Garver. Pp. 377; price, paper 50 cents cloth $1.25. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

readers who are afraid to think, who will not investigate a philosophy or a truth which transcends the range of beliefs and prejudices which have become part of their intellectual possessions, who occupy much the same position as the Indian who, when approached by the missionary on the subject of Christianity, replied: "Look at what you Christians have done. You landed in Mexico, tortured, robbed, and murdered an innocent and friendly people: you landed on the north shore and robbed us of our land, killed numbers of our people, and gave us firewater, which makes us crazy. No, Indian may be barbarian or savage, as you call him, but he better than Christian." So there are persons who point to the worst in people who have come under thought-influences different from those in which they have been taught to believe and charge the shortcomings and evils of a civilization to the religion of the people, while they promptly resent the turning of the tables upon themselves. I have frequently noticed this where the religions of India, Confucius, and Mohammed have been the subject of discussion and comparison with Christianity. Now, those who will not broadly view all subjects, and as far as possible maintain an impartial or judicial attitude, and those who are such intellectual cowards that they will not hear the other side, will have no interest in "Brother of the Third Degree."

There is still another class of persons to whom this book will not appeal — those who conceive no higher mission for art than its existence for art's sake. Those who care only for the literary art, or the value as literature of a work, will find in this novel nothing more than they would find in hundreds of popular stories which are constantly appearing. But there are others, even among story readers, who care nothing for the purpose of the author or the philosophy which runs as a golden thread through the work, to whom this book will prove a delight. Those who have enjoyed the description of Balsamo and Cagliostro in Dumas' marvellous romances will enjoy "Brother of the Third Degree," especially the latter portion of the work, which describes the great twentieth-century war in Europe between the forces of Darkness and Light. Those who have read with pleasure Bulwer's "Strange Story," "Zanoni," and "The Coming Race" will also be charmed with this strange, weird, and at times exciting romance, even though they may not have delved sufficiently deep into psychical phenomena to know the marvellous, startling, and almost incredible powers which those who have faithfully, patiently, and earnestly investigated this science know to be verities.

Persons who have made occultism a study, and those who are acquainted with the movements now in progress by which, silently but rapidly, men and women are being led to a realization of their higher selves, will be deeply interested in Mr. Garver's work. That there are at the present time brotherhoods whose members are silently preaching noble self-renunciation while pursuing their daily avocation, I know to be a fact. That they are coming into a knowledge of the higher laws

of our being and an understanding of the subtle works of thought, is assuredly true. And though this book may be dramatic and melodramatic to those who only read the letter, those who regard it as an allegory of the ascent of the human soul into the light of self-mastery, will find it a profoundly helpful work, full of suggestive and elevating truths, which will linger in the mind and do much toward shaping life along higher lines than conventional society or religion requires.

Before closing this notice of "Brother of the Third Degree," I desire to quote a few paragraphs dealing with philosophical thought and ethical truths which occur in the dialogue of the work, as these will carry something of the moral atmosphere of the story with them:

Great is he who controls the body, greater is he who controls the mind, but greatest is he who controls the heart.

When the mind absorbs all our energies we forget the body.

We cannot say with certainty what a man deserves or what he does not deserve; we do not know his past, which extends through many lives gone by. The innocent do suffer and there is injustice in the world, but this is because man is unjust to man; God and nature are infallibly just and certain. Man has it within his power to go contrary to the laws which should govern his nature, and by so doing can, as it were, pervert nature and establish conditions not in harmony with the divine good. Therefore in the world of men there is a certain amount of injustice, and men who identify themselves with this world are subject in like proportion to its uncertainties. But they who join themselves with God, and work harmoniously with nature, are never unprotected.

Thoughts come first; we are built up of our thoughts, and we are surrounded by invisible powers and potential creatures, created and given strength by the thoughts we think.

Knowledge is not to be communicated but evolved. Knowledge does not come from without, it comes from within. All your study of books and things is but to establish the instrumental conditions by and through which the Knower can break forth and manifest.

A social state where altruism and industry are made the victims of greed and sloth cannot long mock Eternal Justice, and the end draws nigh.

How will it end? That depends on man. If in him the moral sentiment becomes sufficiently strong, the present lamentable condition of things will give place to something higher. But if this moral change is too long delayed, then, like all civilizations of the past, we will sink into the chaos of an awful night, and then, from the shattered fragments of what is left, through years and centuries of toil and pain, build up again.

"Do you believe in free-will?" I asked.

"That is a word much misunderstood," she answered. "Man is influenced both internally and externally in every act he does, and, therefore, he is not absolutely free; but, nevertheless, he has the power to choose, and this power is superior to all influences."

"We hold that the generative organs are most holy and directly related to the divine creative power; and any misuse of them is the most unpardonable of sins. The ancient phallic symbols have been much misunderstood, and superficial minds have been unable to see their sacred meaning. Blinded by a modesty which is only on the surface, the world mistakes ignorance for virtue. Oh, how civilized our savagery, which degrades and pollutes these sacred functions!"

"What is the world to-day but a vast whirlpool of savage lust — may the savage forgive me for that slander," she added quickly, as though she had used the wrong word. "It is only civilized man with his glossy exterior who perverts these sacred functions — not even the cattle stoop so low as he. Then what a code of morals gov-

erns these relations!" she exclaimed with flashing eyes, which showed that, notwithstanding her usual calmness, she had a heart of fire. "Do you know," she said, leaning forward, "that if I was a man I would hide my face in shame to demand of woman what he has no pretence of having — purity. For shame! for lasting shame that any man should sanction such a code of morals! But woman, heaven pity her blind ignorance! she permits this evil, for she overlooks in man what she never overlooks in woman."

These paragraphs will give a hint of the philosophical and ethical thought and ideals of this work, which will prove helpful as well as entertaining to those interested in occultism and those who wish to obtain the kernel of the best in Oriental philosophy through the medium of an exciting romance. B. O. FLOWER.

II.

Mr. Mabie in his recent lecture before the students at Wellesley declared that, "While originality is the specific gift of the best writers, it does not mean the saying of something which has never been said; because everything has been said." But the gist of such books as the one before us, "Brother of the Third Degree," by W. L. Garver, as well as Dr. Phalen's "Three Sevens"; Balzac's "Brotherhood of Consolation," "Seraphita," etc.; Marie Corelli's "Romance of Two Worlds" and "Ardath"; Mrs. Peeke's "Zenia"; Mabel Collins' "Muriel the Mahatma," and other works descriptive of or alluding to the various occult societies which seem to have existed for ages, has never until recently been said so openly and plainly that "he who runs may read."

Those who have enjoyed reading one or all the before-mentioned books will find added interest in this one; those who never heard of the doctrines of all these schools of thought (if any such people are left among readers of these last days of the century), will find in the "Brother of the Third Degree," allusion to and partial explanation of the doctrines of nearly if not quite all the teachers now before the public, trying to call attention to the philosophy which has until recently been taught only secretly or at least semi-privately.

Even people so intensely practical as to find "one world at a time" enough to think about, may follow the fortunes of Alphonso and Iole with interest and it may be with profit to themselves. This opening sentence, a quotation from Paley, may possibly arrest their attention and lead them to read with unbiased judgment this very suggestive book: "There is a principle, proof against all argument, a bar against all progress, a principle which if persisted in cannot but keep the mind in everlasting ignorance — and that is contempt prior to examination."

J. A. D.

CHRIST THE SOCIALIST.*

I do not know of any other great vital question of the day about which there is so much haziness of conception, where the idea is not

*"Christ the Socialist," by the author of "Philip Meyer's Scheme." Pp. 357; price, paper 50 cents, cloth $1.25. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

altogether false, as the programme and nature of socialism. Most people confound it with anarchism and a reign of general confusion, whose principal object would be the defrauding of the men of talent and ability and industry to enrich or, at least, keep from want the thriftless and lazy, who are unwilling to work, even if work is provided for them. A large class of people are too indifferent to seek enlightenment as to the true signification of socialism; and yet another class find it so much to their interest to keep the public mind in error in regard to this question that no means are neglected to disseminate the idea, through the public press — that portion of the press which is willing to sell itself at any time and for any purpose, no matter how corrupt, to syndicates and corporations who fatten on the needs of the masses — and otherwise, that socialism and anarchism are interchangeable terms.

The literature of socialism is fortunately increasing and it is also coloring much of the literature of the day which is not specifically social. It is, therefore, with pleasure that one welcomes so good and temperate a study of the aims and spirit of socialism as is presented in a new work of fiction by the author of "Philip Meyer's Scheme," entitled "Christ the Socialist."

We find in this work, contained in the form of a most interesting story, a complete analysis of socialism in all its bearings. Even those not specially interested in social questions will enjoy this book; for, while being a clear exposition of the ethics of socialism, there is nothing didactic or dry about it. The author's style is lucid and simple, and there is not a dull page or a line that one would wish to skip in the whole work, which is something more than can be said for the average novel, whether it be along social or ethical lines.

The scene of the story is laid in a small manufacturing town in Connecticut, and we are introduced to all the various phases of life in such a community and the ups and downs incident to the lives of mill operatives under our present competitive system. The principal characters are Robert Stewart, a noble and kind-hearted old Scotch schoolmaster, who emigrated to this country at an early age, and the village pastor, Rev. David Burkley. Stewart is one of those broad-minded, sympathetic natures whose heart goes out in love to his brother men, no matter what their creed, condition, or nationality. He regarded Christ not only as the Saviour of mankind, but as a great social reformer, and in his own life he nobly exemplified the teachings of the Master. On the other hand, the pastor was one of a very common type, a good-natured and kindly man in his way, but with a high sense of his own importance; and having been brought up in the bosom of the First Presbyterian Church, was certainly inclined to be a little narrow, a trifle bigoted, and somewhat conservative in his interpretation of the Scriptures. He was, however, intellectually curious enough to delight in conversing with the old schoolmaster, who towered mentally head and shoulders above the village community, and, indeed, above the

worthy clergyman himself. Very interesting were the discussions which took place between the two on the subject of socialism, the righteousness of which Stewart — who knew the Bible from Genesis to Revelation — supported with Scriptural texts, invariably getting the better of the argument with his reverend opponent.

The following will illustrate the attitude of the two men on the question, and the manner in which the author deals with it. During one of their discussions, when the minister was getting worsted, he exclaimed:

"Why, Stewart, you are a rank socialist!"

"So was Jesus Christ," was the quiet rejoinder.

"What," cried Burkley, aghast at such an assertion, "where in all the Bible do you find proof for that?"

"In the very first sermon Christ preached — the sermon on the mount. What do you make out of the words, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them'?"

"Just ordinary justice and common Christian courtesy," Burkley answered.

"Nothing more?"

"How much more do you make out of them?"

"A great deal," answered Stewart; "but first let me ask you to define socialism."

"Socialism, as I understand it, means that every person shall be considered on the same level, irrespective of their worth or abilities; that the idle and the dissolute shall have as much right to enjoy the blessings and comforts of life as the virtuous and industrious."

"So that is your definition of socialism?"

"It is," said the minister; "perhaps you can give a better."

"Much better. I will give you Christ's definition, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself;' and should you ask, 'Who is my neighbor?' I shall answer, 'Read the parable of the good Samaritan.' When Jesus spoke that parable, He laid the foundation stone of true socialism — the brotherhood of mankind."

"That is a high ideal, Stewart, a very high ideal; no modern socialist can pretend to look so high."

"It is a high ideal, almost too high for poor, weak humanity to aspire to, but all Christ's aims were of the highest. 'No man ever spake as this man' was the verdict of his hearers. If we professing Christians would only pay a little more attention to the Master's injunctions regarding our duty to our fellow-men, there would be fewer strikes and revolutions. No man likes to be treated unjustly, yet how many men, who are the greatest sticklers for their own rights, have no hesitation in trampling on the rights of others. The Golden Rule is pushed aside as something old-fashioned and obsolete. How often do we hear men say: 'Religion and business are two different things, and must not be brought in too close contact. This idea of the brotherhood of man is all very well for ministers to preach upon, but business is business. It is every man's duty to look after himself, and get all he can, and those who are not smart enough to take their own part in the battle of life must go to the wall.'

"Ah, Mr. Burkley, the socialism of Jesus Christ is as far above our selfish individualism as heaven is above the earth. Why, man, socialism in its true conception would mean the millennium. But there is a lower level which we may attain, and which I believe we are quickly reaching, namely, coöperation in the various industries, whereby the workers receive a fair share of the profits. This system is being tried in several places, and it will, I think, prove successful in bringing employers and workmen into more cordial relations toward each other. It is only common justice, after all, that the producer should get the worth of his labor. 'The laborer is worthy of his hire,' — that's in the Bible, you know, Mr. Burkley."

"Yes, and he gets it, as a rule. Of course, there are exceptions."

"Oh, I don't know," said Stewart. "When the temptation comes to an employer to get the laborer a little below the market price, he does not often resist it. If Tom is

getting along in life, has a family, and could not afford to be out of work, his employer is very likely to deal with him as he would not dare to deal with a young man who could afford to leave. I should think that the money thus stolen from the poor and needy would burn a hole in their pockets. Of one thing we may be sure; God's blessing can never attend worldly prosperity obtained in such a manner."

Finally the schoolmaster succeeds in starting a train of new ideas in the mind of the clergyman, who begins at first to believe that there is a grain of truth albeit mixed with a great deal of sophistry, in Stewart's logic, but ultimately comes to the conclusion that his old friend is right and that he himself has been mistaken all along.

Very pathetic is the tragic story of the Widow Brown and her daughter, whose sad deaths are directly traceable to the evils of our present social system, as touching the relations between employer and employee. Another striking illustration of the evil results of this system is afforded in the discharge of the faithful foreman, Jennings, who had enriched the factory where he worked by many practical hints and suggestions during his sixteen years of conscientious and painstaking labor; all of which counted as nothing in the mind of the mill-owner when he found a man who was willing to do the work cheaper.

The purpose of this book is a noble one — the endeavor to obtain for the laborer simple justice, and to inculcate in the minds of men the teachings of a higher morality and the practice of the Golden Rule, all of which would be comprehended under the doctrine of true socialism. To the average reader and thinker, who is sometimes confused by the clamor of conflicting opinions in regard to social questions, it will prove a boon. It is worth hundreds of text-books on economics, so far as the average reader is concerned, as it gives in an interesting way much solid information and also suggests lofty ideals that may be practically realized by members of every rank and calling. The noble life and grand work of Robert Stewart in the community in which his lot was cast are full of inspiration; and the slow and gradual remoulding of the opinions of the conservative and dogmatic clergyman and his "putting on the new man" under the benign influence of the old schoolmaster are striking evidences of the power for good of a noble soul even in the face of the most obstinate and conservative prejudice. On the whole, this is a work which deserves a wide reading, and is sure to attain great popularity amongst thinking people. M. CONNOLLY.

UNION DOWN.*

Persons who enjoy the old-time novel with plot, the air of mystery, quick action, and strong dramatic situations, will find in "Union Down" a romance far beyond the ordinary novel of this type. It belongs to a school of fiction much in vogue some time ago and which is to-day found most frequently on the stage. It is in fiction what "The World," "Taken from Life," "Rosedale," and "A Celebrated Case" are

*"Union Down," by Scott Campbell. Pp. 368; price, paper 50 cents, cloth, $1.25. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

upon the stage. Indeed, this story would easily lend itself to stage presentation and would unquestionably make a popular hit, as it has much dramatic power, abounds in strong melodramatic situations, and, indeed, has all the requisites which are necessary in the hands of a skilful playwright accustomed to melodramatic work to make a great success. We can almost see the play in the hands of the conventional playwright who never forgets the scenic artist. A skeleton of the acts would probably be something like this:

ACT I. *Scene 1.* A house in Hong-kong, China, at the time of the plague. Mr. Wilson, a young man who is a victim of the plague and given up by his physician, entrusts certain important papers to his clerk, Ben Brandon, who is about to sail for America (Brandon is in advanced stage of consumption). *Scene 2.* On board the "Bounding Wave," sailing boat from Hong Kong to Boston. Ben Brandon, low with consumption, confides his own property and trinkets and the package entrusted to him by his employer to Calvin Raymond, a young man who has shown interest in him. Scene between the two men excites the suspicion of the evil-looking mate, John Godbold, who watches them closely. *Tableau*: A burial at sea; ninety days from Hong-Kong.

ACT II. *Scene 1.* The house on the bluff — The return of Manley Clavering from China — His infatuation for Clara, his foster-sister — The entrance of Naomi Wiseacre on the scene. *Scene 2.* The pawn shop of N. Vance — Mother, child, and grandfather — Entrance of John Godbold — Alexander Sedgewick appears on the scene. *Scene 3.* The Wiseacre family — Sedgewick turns up in the nick of time and rescues Zero from a watery grave — Sedgewick becomes temporarily installed in the Wiseacre home — Naomi again. *Scene 4.* Evening on the Bay — John Godbold turns up and secures a position — A ride on the bay — Mr. Sedgewick excites the suspicions of Manley Clavering. — "If you need me fly the flag on the staff union down." *Scene 5.* Moonlight in the graveyard — The strange woman, Margaret Dawson, at the lonely grave, and what she had to say to Mr. Sedgewick — A leaf from the past, enough of which is overheard by John Godbold to confirm his suspicions. Two plans of action decided upon.

ACT III. *Scene 1.* Death of Randolph Clavering — Absence of Manley — Clara runs up the flag to attract her brother's attention. It floats union down. *Scene 2.* Sedgewick seeks solitude on the bay — John Godbold seeks Sedgewick — The rising tide — The cry in the darkness which Naomi Wiseacre heard — Tableau, Night: The angel seen in a dream. *Scene 3.* The day of judgment for Manley Clavering and what it brought forth — Naomi Wiseacre — Passing from night to day — The mystery solved and the skeleton burned.

Such might be something like the skeleton of a melodrama founded upon this story, which would lend itself to inspiring tableaux and exciting finales to each scene. From it our readers will see that it belongs to the startling novels of the romantic and melodramatic school. It is, as has been observed, well written. In the character portrayal of Marcus Wiseacre the author has given us some really fine work, and those of our readers who sigh for what they term the good old-fashioned love story, with plenty of plot, mystery, and action, will select "Union Down" for one of the novels in their list of summer stories. B. O. FLOWER.

FACTS AND FICTIONS OF LIFE.*

Doubtless the Arena Publishing Company is gratified to be able to offer to its readers a new and improved edition of Helen H. Gardener's notable book of essays, composed of speeches made by her at the International Congress of Representative Women held in Chicago during the World's Columbian Exposition. The volume contains: "Sex in Brain"; "Heredity"; "A Double Standard of Morals" (Sex in Morality); "Divorce," etc.; to which have been added other essays on "Heredity" and "Environment."

A former edition of this remarkable and deservedly popular book—without the exceedingly important essays contained in this new edition—has been translated into the several languages of one Asiatic and four European countries. This book should be read by every mother, father, daughter, and son in this country and in all countries where any effort is being made, or can be made, to better the condition and status of the human race. It should be in every library where books are kept for enlightenment and the promotion of good. It should be a text- or reference-book in every school and college. That what it so clearly, logically, earnestly, eloquently, and unanswerably treats is not taught and learned in every family, school, and college of the world, is striking evidence of man's slowness to attain to that stage of civilization which will make life tolerable.

The Arena Publishing Company is undoubtedly correct in claiming that the essays in this book are the most scientific of all Helen H. Gardener's works, and has a right to be proud of presenting it to her many readers in such an improved and attractive appearance as to paper, print, binding, and added matter.

Of this book and its author the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* has said: "The forces of heredity had constituted an occult science up to the time that she gave the subject a practicable application in her essays and lectures on 'Woman's Duty to the Unborn,'" and added, "Her work is clear and easily understood, even when she is dealing with subjects about which others have written with a vagueness that sometimes passes for profundity."

It is for this reason that the medical profession generally, both in this country and abroad, have said and written of her work: "We medical men recognize that whether her work is in the form of an essay or fiction it is always on a scientific basis, and that she is a valuable ally to our profession, since she reaches a wider public than we can reach through medical journals and books.

* "Facts and Fictions of Life," by Helen H. Gardener. Price, paper 50 cents, cloth $1.25. Published by the Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

For this reason we are always deeply interested in and earnestly commend her writings." This is high praise indeed, and it is merited.

From hundreds of press notices of singular unanimity, the following are copied as indicative of what is thought of Helen H. Gardener's books:

Her style is remarkably clear and concise. She does not juggle with words, and no doubt remains in the minds of readers as to her meaning. She strikes with blows that are decisive and ringing, and no brain is so dulled and no heart so unresponsive but it is influenced in some way by the work of this remarkable woman.—CHICAGO SUNDAY INTER-OCEAN.

Clear, unhesitant, modest, but uncompromising . . . the one woman of all others best qualified to speak on that subject (heredity, etc.).—CHICAGO TIMES.

She flashes a flaming sword. . . . The same may be said of her writings, for she is brilliant as an orator, she is none the less as an author.—DETROIT FREE PRESS.

One of the few things in this world which all men and all women have always agreed to be admirable is courage, whether moral, mental, or merely physical. Comparatively few people have the capacity to "do their own thinking," and but few of that few have "the courage of their opinions" after they have formed them. Helen H. Gardener is one of those persons.—NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Helen Gardener is one of the most thoughtful of modern writers.—CHICAGO HERALD.

A literary light in the person of a southern woman is attracting the attention of the thinkers of the world. . . . She has entered a path almost untrodden, and gives evidence that she is one of the greatest students of sociological and psychological problems. She wields the strong pen of a true philosopher and an impartial historian. . . . Generous and just enough to deal with a great topic greatly. . . . One of the most instructive and fascinating writers of our time.—LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL.

Helen Gardener is one of the modern writers whose success proves the value of earnest purpose.—NEW YORK RECORDER.

The author has added another interesting book to the series of studies on social questions. . . . The style of Helen Gardener has always been characterized by simplicity, lucidness, and directness.—SAN FRANCISCO CALL.

One feels that the author is a deep student of sociology and psychology; that she is a true philosopher.—B. O. Flower in THE ARENA, Boston, Mass.

C. S.

THE ASCENT OF LIFE.*

While all thoughtful people must acknowledge the value of the vast accretion of data yielded within recent years by the investigations of physical science, and the corresponding wonderful advance in tolerance and liberality in the field of theology, they must too often be filled with something akin to dismay at the apparent hopelessness of any reconciliation and merging of the truths of science and the spiritual conceptions and ideals of conduct and life of religion. These two paths of seeking seem to lie as far apart as if their separate adherents could exclude from

* "The Ascent of Life," by Stinson Jarvis. Price, cloth $1.50. The Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

their lives and thoughts and conduct the great truths they both hold. This alienation of intellectual interests is much to be deplored, for if science does not lead us inevitably to the system of mysteries in life it is false science, and if religion does not reveal the essential dignity and needs of the body as well as the reality of the spirit it is false religion, for the needs of the spirit are held in the tangle of justice and injustice upon the physical plane decreed by Nature.

In his "Ascent of Life" Mr. Stinson Jarvis takes up a train of speculation on the possible further evolution of man at the parting of the ways between what is called revealed religion and the inductive reasoning of modern evolutionary philosophy.

That mesmerism, or, as it is now called, hypnotism, is no delusion, but an ascertained fact of human experience which seems to mysteriously blend the physical and psychical factors of human identity is no longer contested among even the most incredulous of physicists. This is one of the great elements of modern thought, like the science of electricity and the evolutionary doctrine itself, which is surely going to modify all religion, all philosophy, and more immediately all the dogmas of purely physical science. But where it will eventually lead us, and how great a part it will play in the everyday game of human conduct and destiny, it is not given to our generation to surmise with any accuracy. Audacious imaginations see in it a prophecy and promise of a higher plane of living in which the mind and spirit shall play a larger and nobler part than ever before in all human history. It is to be hoped that this is not entirely a delusion; although irony waits on all the hopes of human wits. In our day no man is able to live his best life; few are barely conscious of the better, nobler life of spiritual concern, for

"Things are in the saddle and ride mankind."

As the title of his book shows, Mr. Jarvis is one of those who take the optimistic view, but—as it must seem to many, in trying to follow the thread of his reasoning — with very scant support from logic or the data of science. It may be that his vision is more certain than his logic; but if one is inclined to be captious one must surely destroy the vision in an examination of the logic. The idea of Mr. Jarvis' book is bold and alluring enough; but beginning with an analysis of some of the more important conclusions and theories of modern evolutionary science, he jumps to certain conclusions of his own, without properly establishing the relation of cause and effect—that is, the effect he adduces as established. This disregard of the great law, which took one of the English philosophers a lifetime to establish, that there must be a nexus between cause and effect, rather detracts from the weightiness of Mr. Jarvis' airy speculations ; but this is one of the most

common disabilities of audacious imaginations, and while Mr. Jarvis' book belongs merely to the dilettanteism of science, if to science at all, it is nevertheless entertaining as embodying in a most readable form many of the fine-spun metaphysical speculations that are now in the air.

It will be interesting to the reader to get some outline of Mr. Jarvis' argument.

He begins with a statement of the Darwinian theory. One truth is apparent, that life, from its lowest to its highest, is a succession of grades, or plateaus, each one intermingling with its commencing edges in the plane below, and with its later or upper edges merged in the plane that is next above it. To students of natural history this is clear. The advances from the fish to the amphibian and from this to the mammal, and later on to man, in all their ramifications, all indicate the continuity of the principle of development.

The question therefore arises, Is nature to be expected to cease its order and sequence as soon as it has produced the human grade? If man remained exclusively an animal in all his instincts and passions the necessity for the question would not be so apparent. But we find in human beings evidences of higher planes of existence, which control and modify the animal disposition, and so we have to consider whether Nature will proceed with the same sequence and order which she has exhibited up to this point.

What, then, is the next higher plane of life that is found in us side by side with the animal? What is this in us which is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl? Nature keeps everyone interested. She has developed her silvery fish, her myriad iridescent birds and beetles, her monstrous winged lizards, her huge quadrupeds, her inquisitive monkeys, and then the student of herself, with a searching brain—a creature that looks for God. The question arises, Is she giving that which he looks for, or at least the next advance towards what he seeks? We find that no living thing of nature has ever instinctively craved for anything unless it was proper for it to do so; and this fact is suggestive while we seek an answer to the question. There are indications that Nature has, for our own world, produced enough of swimming, crawling, flying, leaping things—has dealt sufficiently with materials—and is now allowing man to see partly how her processes deal with essences. The indications are that she is passing, with us, to the grades wherein she has less use for cumbersome machinery. Man's place in Nature is therefore at an interesting stage. As he progresses from the physical plane into the next higher grade of existence, it is clear that Nature intends to increase continually in beauty and charm as she leads him delightedly on.

Most people, whether educated or not, believe in their possession of souls. Some hold to this belief on mere hearsay, others on the authority of theological tradition; others refuse it for equally unsubstantial reasons. Those who claim that the soul's existence is "not proven" have a right for themselves to say so. This means that it has not been proved to them. The agnostic must be taken at his word. When he says he is ignorant in regard to certain questions it must be accepted that he is so.

To break the thread of argument, it must be said that this is a little sweeping in its assumption, since it includes all the great investigators of physical science whose evolutionary methods and doctrines the author professes to have accepted and carried to their logical conclusion. However, this simply emphasizes the intellectual attitude and bias of the writer, and need not seriously impair the value of his delightful speculations for those whose enthusiasm for the life of the higher morality would fain persuade them that their generous hopes for humanity are indeed on the verge of becoming tangible fact.

On this question, continues the argument, some people seem to have possessed from childhood upward such a lucidity of intelligence (coupled with natural purity) that they have never doubted their intuitions. But no one can be expected to form his life on other people's intuitions; and the agnostic is, in a way, a general assistance when he refuses to believe in any postulate, the truth of which has neither been realized by his intuitions nor scientifically proved by experiment.

In the interests of the integrity of human thought and possible evolutionary development in the domain of social and moral conceptions, we must say that we hope so.

Science has not produced this proof. The reason is clear. So far as it has yet advanced, science is confined by its own methods to the material. It is true that its best thinking has tried to explain thought and memory. But in all its approaches to the immaterial it has signally failed, and must of necessity fail as long as it is limited to its present methods.

This inability of learned men to assist and affirm Nature's best developments by their scientific thought and investigations has had results that were both beneficial and disastrous. In the attrition of conflicting minds it has led to enormously valuable results; but on the other hand the agnosticism of science has given opportunity to low-grade men to jump to the conclusion that no higher world than the animal one exists. The truth is that with its present apparatus science has been unequal to proving the higher grades of existence. Another lamentable result is directly due to this failure of science; for numbers of the higher types of men are now divorced from that which had been formerly a part of their highest happiness.

Science makes sure as it goes. Nothing in the history of the world is more useful than its inexorable demand for certainty. But there are other methods of gaining certainty besides those which science has hitherto utilized. Circumstantial evidence, when complete, removes doubt quite as thoroughly as direct proof. He who knows of no soul has a right to demand that its existence be proved. But in the ordinary course of Nature, soul (meaning its sympathy and range) is only appreciable by soul. The difficulty has been to make soul appreciable to intellect. This can, to some limited extent, be done. The existence of the soul, and also some of its powers, can be proved with all the certainty which science requires. For the material intellect to understand, when unassisted, the range, sympathies, and peculiarities of a higher plane of nature is not to be expected. If, then, soul can be known to soul, why has science not discovered some of the powers of one soul upon another? To this question of the author one would be inclined to reply by saying that he has not explained, and science has not discovered, the processes and medium of the influence of one soul upon another, or even that such an influence is possible, or even that what the author calls soul, without any precise definition, exists. Science has investigated and is investigating the influence of mind upon mind; it is now struggling with the mystery of the will that may be interpreted as the soul, but science has not yet definitively announced the discovery of the soul itself and so cannot consistently declare its powers in the interrelations of life.

That some individualities influence others, the author contends, is believed by many and is to be expected by all. But how to place the soul in position to subject it to scientific examination has been a difficulty. The strangely grotesque visions of the lighter forms of sleep cannot be classified, because we do not understand the extent to which the soul, with its marvellous powers for *knowing* (these the author does not define; he leaves us to divine their nature, character, and function), is being liberated. The vagaries produced by automatic brain sensations during incomplete sleep are evidently of no importance, and merely resemble or reproduce with exaggeration the more prevalent thoughts of waking moments. But there is a depth of sleep at which, when reached, strange things happen. If, therefore, the deepest of all sleeps can be artificially produced, we then have the human soul in such a condition that at least some of its powers may be scientifically inquired into. It must tell of itself through the mouth of its possessor.

The present writer does not remember to have read of any case of a person under the influence of hypnotism, in which the phenomena were attributed by the experimenters to the revelation

of the soul. Charcot and Bernstein and Doctor Cocke in his recently published work, are all very guarded in their statement of opinions. They content themselves with observation.

There have already been many investigations into phenomena of this kind. But except in France the results have been unsatisfactory. There are at least three grades of mesmeric sleep; and while a patient may converse readily he may be in one of the less profound degrees of sleep in which the greatest intelligence is not shown. In the presence of curious scientists with whom the patient had no habit of sympathy he would naturally retain certain degrees of that protective alertness which in the lighter grades of sleep is ready to awake us when anything unusual occurs. Any results which are more instructive than those obtainable in crowded drawing-rooms can only be arrived at when the patient has unlimited confidence in the actuator, and is entirely willing to trust him with soul, will, even life itself. In such case the interior protective alertness is dispensed with by the will of the patient. But the slightest timidity, or what is called nervousness, at the presence of unknown strangers and antipathetic individualities would have its effect. Consequently the actuator may produce a grade of sleep and control thought and remove the appearance of being awake, and yet end at this. Thus he does not produce in the patient that deeper grade of sleep in which the soul with its wonderful attributes may be inquired into. And this condition cannot be arrived at unless the body and its immaterial keeper are completely in the power of the actuator.

The author fails to cite any authenticated case in which the soul of any person has been *completely yielded* to the power of any other person. Since the existence of the soul itself is in doubt, and its nature and powers are even more generally in doubt than its existence, it is not possible for any person to hold a positive conviction of the possession of a soul, or at least of the extent of its powers and character and destiny, and so it is not possible for any person to *completely* put into the power of another a force whose nature and extent neither of them knows.

At this stage of his inquiry, the author devotes space to explaining why some scientists have failed to discover in mesmerism as much as has been claimed for it; though it must be remembered that most of the phenomena mentioned in this work have for years been known to the scientists of Paris.

But what is this process in Nature called mesmerism or hypnotism? To say it is the effect of soul upon soul or mind upon mind tells but little. We find it in every condition of human intercourse — in business, in social life, and throughout the animal kingdom; it is everywhere present. We are all mesmerizers; though the majorities are better adapted, through comparative

weakness of individuality, to be patients rather than performers.

Such words as "mesmerism" and others are used merely to explain intended meanings to readers. It has been proved that the power here referred to has nothing to do with magnets or magnetizing, which word originated in one of Mesmer's impostures. Yet the word mesmerism is used instead of hypnotism, etc., because it gives more people an idea of what is meant. Unusual words make difficult reading for the average reader who seeks to profit by the labors of others and not to study at first hand for himself; and the author's desire is to make the subject as clear as possible. As he says, so much is difficult to believe that to impose an unnecessary tax would be a mistake. The readers of this work are invited to join the author not merely as readers but as fellow searchers into a region which is so trackless and so little reduced to the geography of thought that it is here approached with diffidence and a sense of solitude. The author also takes occasion to say that it is probable that those who have experienced a lifelong hunger for knowledge will agree that the urgency of our necessities prevents us from much considering the source of our knowledge so long as knowledge comes. Except as to the *facts* of the writer's experiments this work must be understood to be put interrogatively and solely as an appeal to the reader's sense of the probable.

Mr. Jarvis gives several examples of the experiments he has himself conducted, and he vouches for the truth of them. The reader can turn to them and consider the evidence for himself. There is, of course, an increasing number of educated and intelligent persons who have no interest whatever in misrepresentation who claim to have had experiences for which they could not satisfactorily account upon any but the psychical hypothesis. The instances Mr. Jarvis relates will be of great interest to many who have made experiments of their own, and in any case they afford interesting and curious reading. He states that he gave up these experiments some years ago for a number of reasons; chiefly because he thought it was the exercise of an undue power; partly because he could never be entirely certain that in every case it was safe for the mind of the patient; and partly because he had proved all that he wished to prove for his own satisfaction.

These experiments led him to the following conclusion. We have within us a faculty for acquiring from without a knowledge that is independent of either words or sound. This is an ability of the *ego*, the individuality. This individuality is so susceptible to the influence of other individualities that it can by its own consent be taken possession of by others, and absolutely mastered for good or evil. The experiments also indicate that this faculty

in acquiring its knowledge in any part of this world is not affected by distance.

It has been said that if all cables and wires were connected, an electric message would circle the world instantaneously—that is to say, if an operator telegraphed from his right hand to his left, with the whole world between, the letters of the message would come in from the east as soon as they were sent out to the west. We have here a natural fact as to annihilation of distance. But it is not suggested that the soul in acquiring knowledge at a distance is a current. Nor is it suggested that electricity is a current. Evidently it is one of the life principles. A telegraph line when in use is a wire vivified—that is to say, it is throughout its length permeated by an immaterial essence possessing a capacity for such inconceivably rapid vibration that a shock or alteration in one spot is immediately felt along the whole wire. In other words it is as sensitive in its entirety as in its part. One spot cannot suffer anything unfelt by the whole at the same moment. This is sympathy sublimated—sensitiveness carried to a superlative degree. It is a power of nature. We can make it—or rather educe it—while still ignorant of what it is. Similarly the soul, which is a higher or more extensive existence than electricity, may be expected to contain among its qualities some peculiarities of that principle with which we are best acquainted. It seems probable that the soul or life of man also possesses in a similar way a capacity for inconceivably rapid vibration. But there is no vivified wire or other material channel of communication between the soul of a mesmerized patient and a person inquired about say in San Francisco. And if the patient's soul knows enough to discover the presence of the San Franciscan and how at the same time to report of him fully in New York, it surely knows enough to stay at home and do its work as a resident. In other words, the abilities required in order to make the flight would be more extensive than a resident intelligence would require; and the economy of Nature does not favor any unnecessary power, people, or entity.

The facts and reports of patients which tend to support the theory of "flight" are given at some length, because it is interesting to see what ground orientals and others have had for believing that some part of the human makeup was projected through space. The usual explanations of patients almost necessarily lead to some theory of this kind. Yet it is to be understood that the person whose interior faculties are witnessing a distant scene could speak in no other way than in the first person. The theory of the resident intelligence accounts for all the facts, so that there seems to be no sufficient reason for suggesting any such further peculiarity as is asserted in oriental systems. The reader may

therefore divest his mind of Buddhistic suggestions as to "astral bodies," etc., so far as Mr. Jarvis' theories and speculations are concerned. People who have not grasped the idea of the deep-set truth of Nature have imagined different existences to explain such phenomena as are here exhibited.

What, then, is this intelligence which is resident in man, and which is possessed of these fearful and wonderful and yet most peaceful and natural powers? A few dicta of celebrated men may be considered in this connection. Going first to the region of material science, Mr. Herbert Spencer indicates that all human study and research finally bring us to the one absolute certainty —"that we are in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." This is the ultimatum of the most material and scientific methods of research. Mr. Spencer continuing says:

> Historical evidence shows that the religious consciousness began among primitive men with a belief in a double belonging to each individual, which, capable of wandering away from him during life, becomes his ghost or spirit after death; and that from this idea being eventually distinguished as supernatural there developed in course of time the ideas of supernatural beings of all orders up to the highest.

Prof. Max Müller says, "Religion is the faculty for realizing the Infinite." From this we understand that there is in man a faculty for realizing the Infinite of which the outcome is religion. But it does not seem to have widely entered into the philosophy of either scientists or theologians that this faculty for partly realizing the Infinite will also comprehend the finite as the greater includes the less. Yet it is of importance to understand that the same faculty which with its marvellous and wordless knowledge may be conscious of great truths and aspirations is also capable of comprehending the smallest and most trivial things.

One might think from the appearances of late years that science and religion will continue to run as parallel lines and never meet. If science does not extend its own methods into the region of the immaterial life they will evidently remain in apparent antagonism. This is the author's opinion, and quoting Huxley on the meaning of the term "science"—"all that knowledge which rests upon evidence and reasoning of a like character to that which claims our assent to ordinary scientific propositions"—he invites the reader to experiment for himself and then say whether the knowledge so gained meets the demand of Huxley's interpretation of science. If the methods are of this character they are sufficiently scientific to gain a hearing; and he hopes that the data he has accumulated will lead others into the same channels of inquiry and proof.

This work is chiefly addressed to those who have made at least some study of the laws and history of evolution; and it is as-

sumed that readers possess some knowledge of material evolution before an attempt is made to describe Nature's advance into its spiritual grades.

What is most required is unity of conception. In life there is such infinite variety of phenomena and such infinite complexity of relation that the chief necessity is simplicity of law. This work does not seek to prove that either science or religion is right; but aims merely to outline some of the truths at which they both arrive. In the present state of things there can be no reconciliation between science and religion. One clings to the true and intangible, and the other clings to the true and tangible. The only solution of the difficulty seems to be for both to emigrate to a new region in which both parties may retain some of their most cherished principles. It is the endeavor of this work to show where that region is. To reach it the advocate of science must extend his limitations and the religionist must drop some of his unnecessary forms of thought that do not relevantly affect the truth of his essential dogmas. This will be no reconciliation. It will be a new land to which emigrants pass because truth has its abode there. The region is governed by law and truth. The simple name of the region is "the future"; its legal code is the same eternal law of evolution with further volumes added concerning the spirit life; and its God is the God of nature, who insists upon things being done in His way and not in the ways set up by priests of either science or sect. We all have to face one great truth, and the sooner we face it the better. It is this—that the only possible God is the God of nature. Many religious people will say that they have always admitted this. In a way, yes. But they have been continually apologizing for nature, criticising nature, and hating some parts of it. For instance, when Paul advises against marriage he is flatly opposed to the God of nature; that is to say, he opposes and is evidently ignorant of those processes which God uses to teach the majority of men. No fact of nature is opposed to religion, and any religious idea which cannot be made to fit in with nature is *ipso facto* wrong. Paul, therefore, while right as to himself, did more than most men to make Christianity in some respects the most stupendous critic of God the world has known. All teachings which are out of harmony with the bulk of humanity require adjustment. Teachings which are quite proper and a necessity for those on the highest human planes are of little use to those who know next to nothing of spiritual life. Indeed, for the vast majority in the lower grades such teachings do harm in creating despair. Proper study of nature cures all these things. In the region of the future they are understood.

When a law of nature teaches of itself, its power for producing

conviction is like the silent and resistless force of a tide. We gain such a complete sense of its reality that any infringement of it seems absurd. Infringement is generally called sin; but it is also absurdity even when coupled with unspeakable tragedy. Indeed it is a wide thought that there is nothing in nature but nature. In different terms some religions express the same idea when saying, "There is nothing in nature but God." And the material scientists come very near the same thing if they say "We know of nothing in nature but law." All these statements are merely the various attempts to give verbal expression to the existence of that which all opposing parties are agreed upon. Therefore in the region of the future one speaks of nature or law or God when one refers to that existence regarding which there is no dispute. In this work the terms are usually employed as if they were synonymous.

What is nature or God or law? The first answer is that we know nothing. But this is wrong. We *do* know something. Where, then, is the knowledge? We turn inquiringly to science. Science answers that it knows of laws and effects and nothing more. We then turn to religion. Here we find agreement upon one point: that we have within us an inward monitor which guides our life correctly. In other words, they agree that the human soul is capable of being in correspondence with some all-knowledge which is continually present; also that the intuitive impressions received in these correspondences are always right. The belief is that this outside all-knowledge is never wrong.

This universal agreement of all the hosts of religious men is very singular and significant. One would think they might have fought over this point as they have over every other. But so far as the facts appear, they never have. Material science, called upon to consider this question, says, "This belief to these religious men seems to be a great reality; but it is not contained in our system for research." To which the religious reply, "The spiritual man has as good a right to tell of the spiritual world as material science has to speak of the physical world." To this Professor Huxley, speaking for science, gives a limited consent. In effect he says that science has always been willing to discuss and profit by any proofs that the religious could bring forward. He says, "If any one is able to make good the assertion that this belief about the soul rests upon valid evidence and sound reasoning, then it appears to me that the soul and the study and knowledge of soul must take its place as a part of science."

The trouble is, however, that the religious have not been able to produce such proofs of the existence of soul as are recognized by material science. It has seemed to be impossible to prove logically a reality which to religious people was only present in

their intuitions. But in its investigation of physical phenomena science has discovered certain potent forces hitherto unrecognized and unknown in science—mesmerism, hypnotism, mental suggestion, etc. At this juncture an experimenter says, "If you deal with a suitable human patient in the ways described you can prove for yourself beyond all doubt that the belief of religious people is correct when they say that the human soul is capable of being in correspondence with some outside knowledge which apparently knows everything and which is continually present." This experimenter gives the details of his experiments. He is not ignorant of the value or worthlessness attaching to human testimony. He, however, asks for no further credence beyond that which will place other students in such courses of inquiry as will exhibit to them the same truths. If others thus accomplish similar results and publish them truthfully then the whole field of natural religion must "take its place as a part of science."

Thus hypnotism and its kindred branches of inquiry—physiological psychology, telepathy, etc.—seem to be accumulating evidence which will finally establish the fact of the soul. It is from this point that Mr. Jarvis goes on to build up his theory of the ascent of life from the material to a spiritual plane, and his argument and examples are very interesting, and show a wide range of study in literature and of independent thought.

There is much which brings conviction and refreshment in Mr. Jarvis' comments upon the religion of nature, and which his theory brings out, with a deepened sense of the psychic unity of mankind. In following this theory as to man advancing in the spiritual world as he becomes fitted to vibrate in accord with its higher grades, he explains, we are merely beginning to understand in its farther range that same process which has always brought to brain of man and animal every sensation of happiness that has ever been felt. There is nothing new about the law itself. And if this eternal continuity of the past makes us feel justified in extending it into any future condition of man, either mundane or otherwise, we may expect to find two qualities of soul or spirit—this vibration of sympathy, sensitization which contains all capacity for happiness; and its correspondence with the all-knowledge or universal spirit.

The error of agnostics has been in refusing religion when they rejected theology and priestcrafts. Religion cannot possibly be a creed. Religion is the receiving of God in the heart. It is not even necessary to say "I believe in God," because the seeking or acceptance of the holiness and gladness in the ego makes any words unnecessary. Religion is a phase, a tendency, a merging of the soul. On man's part it is the acquiescence in and acceptance and seeking of those phases which tell of continual im-

provement and wisdom and nearness to the Great Gladness. So that there can be no necessity for words in that which is entirely of phase. What use could be made of them? For worship? Yes; but words cannot speak the soul's phases; and what could God want of words? Men worship because they must; because of love's endless necessity.

Intellect has sneered at emotion; but each is necessary to the other. Intellect is emotion's pruning-hook. It should not be allowed to be the worst of stumbling-blocks on the road to happiness. There is a consciousness which insists upon the prophecy that emotion will mean happiness when the present processes of intellect are forgotten.

A verbal picture which represents any human life correctly must contain its sermon. The eloquence of facts is generally sufficient. Yet deductions are too often missed unless insisted upon. And there are silent suggestions in the fact that unless the animal mind (or its essence) unifies with the conditions of the spiritual planes it is not and never can be a part of them. This is a reality of nature. The unhappiness to which a continuous and wrongly timed clinging to the animal plane gives rise is a fact which in every life enforces consideration. Age, with its experiences, is expected to acquire dignity. The universal idea, apart from all religion, that age and experience should bring improvement, exhibits the innate knowledge of what a life's evolution should be.

But, on the other hand, poor, ignorant, animal human nature is not so bad as priests have painted it. The old teaching that "The heart of man is desperately wicked" has been a source of incalculable riches to hierarchies and of inconceivable misery to human beings. So far as counsel for criminals can judge of the worst of men it may be said that this teaching, except in rare cases, is highly improper. Criminals as a rule are very commonplace people. Not one in a thousand of them could be made romantic; the newspapers try this, but counsel know better. The extinction of the devil, which was one of the many moral uses of the sense of absurdity, has removed nearly all the luridity of the general view. There were times, not so very long ago, when attempts to appear desperately bad did not seem so asinine as they do now. That terror of olden times, the daring atheist hurling his defiance at God, is now interesting to no one but the policeman who arrests him for making a noise. Outside the ranks of insanity the existence of a real atheist is difficult to imagine, in spite of his own assertions. Agnostics say they "cannot think God" (and perhaps they never will); but they do not say the high power of nature cannot be felt. All the old ideas about slighting God, or helping or blaming, or cursing or scorning, or taking his name in vain

now exist only as vulgarities—to be considered, if at all, in the police court; for the Power of Nature has no name, and Jehovah, the tribal deity of Israel, was so confessedly jealous of the other local myths that he made his own name vain.

Over man's "abysses of sin" has been erected a sign: "Rubbish may be shot here." Superstition dug out the abysses; abandoned superstition fills them up. Much that was picturesque and theatrical has been abandoned, and well exchanged for a sweeter and tenderer sense of the unity of humanity. We know that man has no deeper depths than those to which his imagination will carry him in seeking the satisfaction of his passions. This is bad enough. To suppose this purblind creature, who is usually conscious of but little more than his animal necessities, to be in anything like a perfect condition is like taking sand into the eyes to assist vision. We were told that "Man was made in the image of God." A wrong understanding of this produced conceit. Man has always been in the processes necessary for developing attributes of God. The presence, from the commencement, of the guiding all-knowledge and of the guiding capacity for gladness shows what the truth is. The continuous presence of these removes all sense of degradation in the considering of the fact that we arise through lowly forms. It is much more reasonable to believe that our present condition will be an unwelcome thought in the distant future than that humanity has always been near perfection. Perhaps our posterity will regard us in much the same aversion that many now regard the thought that we have descended from a simian ancestry. But our inspiration in life is that life is continually struggling for a more complete spiritual unfolding. What we have to do is to seek out the laws of Nature and live in accord with them—and these may be spiritual as well as physical.

The ordinary ideas of different theological systems which base the hope of human happiness on "merit" are misleading. Religion is a holiness without merit. There is no merit in holiness. One part of the condition of holiness is the intuitive perception of the illumination that lies beyond and which leads with gladness towards wordless perfection and wisdom. The clouding tendencies of passions are avoided not because they are good or bad, but because they are a nuisance. They were proper when proper, but they do not belong to the higher existence, and they become rudimentary through voluntary disuse. When the soul is alone with the great natural Illuminator the idea of merit, which springs from comparisons and often from jealousies, is merged in the impulse to seek further advance. The sense of holiness arrives when it is allowed to enter; so that the first requisite of man is to remain "in tune" and receptive. The prevalent ideas

regarding "merit" are largely based upon the expectation of a Judgment Day, which the paying and punishing processes of nature seem to render unnecessary. The priesthoods have made "merit" the basis of many different purchase systems of which nature evidently knows nothing. We find man inextricably placed in the midst of inevitable laws which inevitably repay right or wrong with gladness or suffering. And when a man must either be wise or suffer, then we see that there is no particular merit in his accepting an unquestionable necessity.

The question as to whether this or that is good or bad is swallowed up or forgotten in the desire to continue the greatest necessity and happiness of life. From this endeavor as the mainspring of life many changes of opinion and conduct must arise. Much that is permissible in social life and which is called "good" will be necessarily dropped as readily as a great deal that is called "bad." When the ego finds any quality or pursuit to be inconvenient and unprofitable for its advancement it is indifferent to any name that may have been given to it by human moralists. It simply abandons it in order that its whole system may be in the healthiest conditions. It will be seen that this sense of increasing holiness, purity, and wisdom which leads the ego with a gladness that makes debauching influences seem absurd, is not a matter which can be deputed to an agent. There can be no such thing as vicarious improvement. That any soul should go to God through the suffering of another is a wild idea. In true religion every man is alone with nature. Intercourse with others will be "fruitful of good life's gentle charities"; but in the main in his spiritual progress he is necessarily alone. Every man who will be so is a priest of the temple of the spirit.

Men criticise human life when they find that nearly everything desired is made desirable by ideals. They find fault with life because of its unreality when they tire of their ideals, and they angrily say that life has no facts, but only mirages. In a half-seeing way they are right. But they are ignorant of one great truth, namely, that *ideals are the facts;* temporary ones, of course, that disappear to make room for better ones. This is not the fault or defect of life; it is a mainspring of its development. It is a scheme of nature. Ideals change in the process of spiritual development. If man could anchor himself to any thoroughly satisfactory fact of the material world, then all spiritual progress would cease. Thus no one has been able to define "beauty" because beauty is each man's ideal and consequently must change with his taste and environment. The wearing out of any ideal is a certain sign that it has become unprofitable. A high ideal ahead of one in one's struggling life seems to be a fact, and is in

reality a very great factor; but an ideal whose uses are completed joins the other mirages of the past. Thus human life is really a succession of changing and improving mirages. While we are straining after them, we call them ideals and think of them as facts. But after being acquired and fully utilized they are more clearly seen to have been part of the educational processes of nature, and only realities while their appearance as such should be profitable. This is nature whose teacher is delight.

This analysis of nature's lure to us to live, and to live ever and ever more keenly, passing from one stage of life to another, from sense to spirit, is one of the finest and most satisfactory bits of work in Mr. Jarvis' book. It reminds one here and there of Renan's magnificent speculations in "The Philosophical Dialogues"; but though both reveal the irony of nature Mr. Jarvis' theory is the more comforting, viz., that it is through irony that nature teaches us to be content with nothing less than the joys of the spirit, and so throwing her lure in ever new forms leads us through disappointment and ennui to the serenity and content of assured faith in the life of the spirit. Let us hope this is so. It is a pleasant view.

The winning of the highest is always happiness. But the delights are not successfully repeated on the same grade. First the winning may be of a mother's cake for a good child; then a prize in field sports or a fight; then a school prize, a university medal, a professional success, a woman, an election, the commanding or the teaching of men; and all along the whole of it there is the consciousness of something better to be won, but not on the same grades. It is only by attempted repetition that the soul is tired. It demands advance. It is entitled to enjoy its advance, or life is a farce. (It is for the millions yoked with the beasts, ground down under the necessities of nature by the tyranny of their fellows, until the spirit is extinguished and only the patient beast survives.)

Life is not words, but emotions. It is intended to be a series of happy achievements, and the soul is intended to become tired with repetition and to recognize it to be unprofitable and wearisome. Ennui is a lash. The blasé man must always be unhappy. Even marriage happiness cannot possibly continue unless it be woven with ever refining ideals of the spiritual life. Thus ideals are the nearest approach to facts in life; but only realities (apparently) while they are woven into the web and woof of thought and life and conduct and imagination. After they are no longer effective and operative in this real way, they join the mirages of the past. Consequently the only real fact of life is God—consid-

ered as the ultimate ideal. This brings the religion of nature in the heart of the consciousness of life, into the throb and pulse of the turmoil that tries our metal and makes hypocrites and sceptics of so many of us. It is the inspiration of every moment of trial, and not merely an abstract ceremony of one day in the week. If it were not this, if it did not offer men pleasures for this life that would be greater than those they already enjoy, it would be useless to waste wind upon it. When science wins the world, Pan will come into his own again, and with his return men will become conscious that they belong first of all to Nature. Let us hope that then the imagination of greed may be less fantastic.

W. B. H.

THE GOSPEL IN PAGAN RELIGIONS.*

What would our revered parents have said if, when they put into our tiny hands the pennies "for the missionary box," and bade us deny ourselves a coveted bit of candy "for the sake of the heathen in his blindness," some one of us, possessed even then with the "clear vision" of a psychic or sensitive, had prophesied that in our day and generation there should come from the East and the West, from "Afric's sunny fountains and India's coral strand," from the isles of the sea and the waste spaces of the earth, as we called them then, a multitude of men and women to take part in a Congress of Religions, in a marvellous White City in our own land? Yet we have seen all this; and of the marvellous city by the lake only a memory is left. But in our streets there walk yellow-turbaned Hindoo teachers—dark-skinned, pathetic preachers—who gather classes about them and expound in purest English and with an elegance of diction that would shame many a zealous but illiterate missionary, teachings of pure religion and of morals that, if we may believe their convincing testimony, were already ancient when the Nazarene Master and Adept, Jesus the Christ—the Truth made manifest—was still a child at his mother's knee.

The world *has* moved. Earnest men and women have resolved to find the meaning of life and the truth between the lines of all the Bibles which have come to light, and the very air is full of thought upon the occult mysteries of ancient and modern systems of religious teachings.

To an advanced thinker, who has long ago formulated his idea of Christ as Truth—"Divine Truth, the Living Christ"; to one who like the late leader of the Bramo Somaj, Keshub Chunder Sen, can say, "Thank you, I need no sectarian Christ, such as Roman Catholics, Unitarians, Trinitarians, and all the rest offer

* "The Gospel in Pagan Religions," by An Orthodox Christian. Pp. 150; price, paper 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company.

me; I have my Christ within": to devout Christian Scientists who make daily affirmation, "I am a living witness of a living Christ," —to all such this book of "Thoughts suggested by the World's Parliament of Religions," which "an Orthodox Christian" who gives no name has recently brought out, will make no strong appeal.

But to those who have not yet allowed themselves to look beyond the letter of the law; who have not dared to question the man-made creeds in which they have been crystallized all their lives, the views of this orthodox Christian have a wholesome message, which if they will listen to it cannot but set them thinking. "He who has ears to hear, let him hear," what an Orthodox Christian, not a Universalist either, says in this volume about the "Godspell" in Pagan Religions:

> God's Word is not confined within the articles of Christian creeds, nor limited by the boundaries of church organizations. God speaks in some way to all men. This vital truth, divine mercy unto human salvation, is the undeveloped Godspell that is woven, as a thread of life, in all pagan religions; and through this divine mercy, multitudes may be saved without knowing the historical name of him through whom human salvation is made possible. There is back of all the great ethnic religions the universal religion which infuses into them all a soul-saving stream of the water of life.

Good! When orthodox Christians all over the world can see that truth clearly, a point is surely gained. This doctrine of "the universal opportunity of being saved" is at least one step in advance.

> With this declaration of the most orthodox and evangelical of Christian preachers [of a zone of mercy round the world] the following words of the Hindu, Swami Vivekananda, fall into sweetest accord. He says: "The same light shines through all colors, and in the heart of everything the same truth reigns. The Lord hath declared to the Hindu in his incarnation as Krishna, 'I am in every religion as the thread through a string of pearls, and wherever thou seest extraordinary holiness, and extraordinary power, raising and purifying humanity, know ye that I am there.' "

So much for our author's preface, which is surely broader and more liberal than an orthodox Christian would have dared to make to a book not many years ago. It is cause for rejoicing that in these latter days there is really "expansion of religion" and freedom of expression in the religious field, of which our fathers and indeed some of ourselves never dreamed a few years ago. Every book which, like the one of which this notice speaks, voices a more liberal thought and even a faint recognition of universal brotherhood should find eager readers over all the world, so that the time may sooner come when "They shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for they shall all know him, from the least of them unto the greatest of them."

J. A. DAWLEY.

THE COMING REVOLUTION.*

I.

"The Coming Revolution" is a supremely logical work. The author has taken a complete survey of existing social conditions, the causes which have led up to them, and the remedies which should be applied. It is a thought-breeding book. The style is lucid in the extreme, and fascinating in the freshness and vigor of its details, while the thought is profoundly philosophical.

B. O. FLOWER.

II.

"The Coming Revolution" should be read by every voter in the land. I consider it the strongest, clearest, and most logical presentation of the reform movement and the causes that have led up to it that has yet appeared in print.

HON. J. W. BREIDENTHAL,
Chairman Kansas State Committee of the People's Party.

III.

In this remarkable book the author has presented clearly, truthfully, and logically the leading economic and political thought of the day. It should be read by every voter in the land.

HON. GEO. F. WASHBURN,
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IV.

"The Coming Revolution" is a truthful, clear, and forcible statement of existing conditions. It ought to have a wide circulation.

W. A. PEFFER,
United States Senator.

V.

In this book the diagnosis of the diseases of the body politic is searching and exhaustive, and the remedies are so apparent that the reader wonders why they have never been applied. A number of years ago Congress appointed a committee to ascertain the causes of the financial depression and the poverty of the people; the committee failed, but this inquiry is most thoroughly and exhaustively answered by Mr. Call. In every chapter of this remarkable work he betrays the scholar and philosopher as well as the profound student of sociological and economic questions. The book is a fearless portrayal of the wrongs and sufferings of the unprivileged class; and the closing paragraph of the chapter entitled "The Fruits of Privilege" is a brilliant climax of powerful invective. His suggestions in the chapter on "The Banking System" are plain and practical in the extreme, and the reader

* "The Coming Revolution," by Henry L. Call. Cloth $1.25, paper 50 cents. The Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

finds himself wondering why he has so long believed that the financial system is too complex to be understood by the average citizen.

The author's remedies are political. He does not believe in violent measures, nor does he believe with Bellamy that society should be organized into a military régime, in which all labor should be in the service and under the pay of the government. He holds that the injustice of the present system is not due to the institution of private capital, but to the perversion of that institution.

The book will be a revelation to the thousands who have lived in poverty and, without inquiring why, have contributed to enrich their oppressors, who for the present are the masters of society. The style of the book is plain and simple in the extreme, and no one can fail to understand it, while at the same time it is a classic. It will live, and its influence will be more and more felt.

GOV. L. D. LEWELLING.

MUSICAL TIME-TABLES.

The "Musical Time-tables," Counting, Beating, and Rhythm made easy, by Mr. Herman P. Chelius, director of the Boston Conservatory of Music, is a little book that ought to be found on every piano, and with every musical student in the land. It embodies the results of a great many years of practical teaching. The technique of rhythm proves most perplexing to teachers and students alike, and the lucidity with which these Time-tables present the various varieties of counting, will be immensely appreciated after their familiarity and use. It gives the fundamental Time-table, and its application to all complicated rhythms, easily grasped by anyone. All the Tables, including six, with one for peculiar rhythms, are clear, comprehensive, systematic. The simplicity of the instruction commends the book very strongly. The arrangement is so admirable and the method so lucid, that it is impossible for the student to remain in perplexity regarding any form of rhythm. The complicated tables are treated in equally felicitous and edifying manner, and in Table 5, the exasperating stumbling block, triplets, is deprived of all its terrors. Mr. Chelius has shown in this treatise just how facility can be accomplished, in simple and concise manner, and the "Musical Time-tables" ought to be in possession of every musical student.

ENDS AND USES.*

This little book consists of a series of extracts from the entire

*"Ends and Uses," compiled by B. F. Barrett from the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. Cloth, pp. 160. Swedenborg Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

range of Swedenborg's writings, upon the related topics named in the title; the importance of which in the view of the author is shown by the following passage which adorns the title page: "The Lord's kingdom is a kingdom of ends and uses. Therefore the angels attendant on man have regard to nothing else but ends and uses." The phraseology used may convey a more definite idea to the reader who is unacquainted with the Swedenborgian literature if we say "motives and activities" instead of "ends and uses." Anyone who wishes to test his heart and life by a high standard will find here helpful teaching in regard to the subordination of the exterior to the interior, and the substitution of love of the Lord and of the neighbor for self love. "Man's most essential life is from no other source than from the end regarded, because the end regarded is always his love."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Chimmie Fadden," by Edward W. Townsend. Pp. 346; price, cloth $1, paper 50 cents. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"The White Tsar," by Henry Bedlow. Cloth; price $3.50. Published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York.

"Moliere," translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley. Cloth; pp. 335; price $1.50. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

"Gladstone," by Henry Lucy. Cloth; pp. 255; price $1.25. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

"Suggestion," by Mabel Collins. Paper, pp. 276; price 50 cents. Published by United Book Company, New York.

"The Black Carnation," by Fergus Hume. Paper; pp. 316; price 50 cents. Published by United States Book Company, New York.

"The Christian Woman," by Helena T. Goessman. Paper; pp. 63; price 25 cents. Published by Press of Carpenter & Moorhouse, Amherst, Mass.

"Sappho and Other Songs," by L. B. Pemberton. Paper; pp. 72. Published by the Author, Los Angeles, Cal.

"Degeneration," by Max Nordau. Cloth; pp. 560; price $3.50. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"The Armenian Crisis in Turkey," by Frederick Davis Greene. Paper; pp. 180. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The Man from Oshkosh," by John Hicks. Cloth; pp. 406. Published by Charles H. Sergel Company, Chicago.

"The First of the English," by Archibald Clavering Gunter. Cloth; pp. 271. Published by Home Publishing Company, New York.

"Paul St. Paul," by Ruby Beryl Kyle. Cloth; pp. 275; price $1. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

"Songs of Dusk and Dawn," by Walter Malone. Cloth; pp. 254. Published by Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.

"The Divorce Mill," by Harry Hazel and S. L. Lewis. Paper; pp. 225; price 25 cents. Published by the Mascot Publishing Company, New York.

"The Yoga of Christ," written down by A. K. G. Edited by F. Henrietta Muller, B. A. Published by the Theosophical Publishing Society, London.

"Catmur's Cave," by Richard Dowling. Paper; pp. 264; price 50 cents. Published by United States Book Company, New York.

"Appledore Farm," by Katharine Macquoid. Paper; pp. 361; price 50 cents. Published by United States Book Company, New York.

"The Tower of Taddeo," by "Ouida." Paper; pp. 313; price 50 cents. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"For the Sake of the Family," by May Crommelin. Paper; pp. 314; price 50 cents. Published by United States Book Company, New York.

"The Advertiser's Handy Guide." Compiled and published by Lyman D. Morse Advertising Agency, New York. Cloth; pp. 782.

"Mr. Witt's Widow," by Anthony Hope. Paper; pp. 243; price 50 cents. Published by the United States Book Company, New York.

"Oklahoma and Other Poems," by Freeman E. Miller, A. M. Cloth; pp. 126. Published by Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.

"How We Rose," by David Nelson Beach. Cloth; pp. 86; price 60 cents. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"The Preacher's Son," by Wightman Fletcher Melton, A. M. Cloth; pp. 197. Published by Publishing House of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Nashville, Tenn.

"God's Light, as It Came to Me," cloth; pp. 128; price $1. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"Government Ownership," by Walter Vrooman. Cloth; pp. 219 Published by Patriotic Literature Publishing Company, Baltimore, Md.

"The Web of Life," by Augusta Hooper Bristol. Cloth; pp. 71. Published by Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.

"The Leprosy of Miriam," by Ursula N. Gestefeld. Cloth; pp. 265; price $1.25. Published by the Gestefeld Library and Publishing Company, New York.

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MONTHLY TOPICS.

The following topics have been chosen for discussion :

June. Public Sanitation.
July. Child Life — Kindergarten.
August. Manual Training in the Public School.
September. The Abolition of Capital Punishment.
October. Women Wage Workers.

NEWS NOTES.

Money. — It is well for the friends of the Union for Practical Progress to bear in mind that postage, printing, office rent, and clerical assistance cost money. Since there are no compulsory dues from the local unions to the national body, except the registration fee of one dollar each, the voluntary contributions of the friends of the movement must be depended upon for all these expenses. It seems a small matter for an individual to write and ask for literature and circulars of the Union, but when a hundred inquiries come every week the expense to the office becomes considerable. If each inquirer would enclose from ten cents up, according to literature called for, the expense to them would be scarcely perceptible, while the central office would be relieved of a great financial burden. We have sent out circulars by the tens of thousands in small quantities, which the receiver no doubt thought too small to contribute for. The work is growing and reaching out into new territories, and cannot be curtailed without serious injury to the cause. A little lift from each one participating will make everything run smoothly.

Lecturers. — Persons desiring lectures must not make the mistake that because a few of our lecturers are so situated that they can give their services where expenses are paid, that therefore all the lecturers on our list can do the same. The large majority of the lecturers advertised must be paid for at regular rates the same as through any other bureau. We wish to know the places which can utilize the services of free lecturers; not that every application can be met, but that a route may be arranged at such times and places as fit the convenience of the lecturer.

The Southwest. — The national secretary has just returned from an extended trip through the South and West, where he spent the winter months lecturing under the auspices of the Union. He found that there is more vital interest in the economic and sociological questions there than in the East. The problem of social progress is not a dilettante fad. The interest in these sections assumes more the proportion of moral heroism, and takes hold of the problems with a seriousness and an intensity worthy the situation; and yet this can be said chiefly of a minority, which is commonly denominated the reformers. Much lethargy and selfishness, partisanship and sectarianism, have yet to be overcome by the consecration of a few.

There are many districts in which the majority of the population has become enthused with the hope of the new social ideal. One of the most interesting districts visited was the state of Louisiana, which was marked for its diversity of elements — extreme conservatism on the one hand, and most hopefully progressive elements on the other. One of the finest cities of the state from the point of view of business, education, and progressive thought is Shreveport, situated on the Red River and in the northwestern part of the state. It is fortunate in having as its educational leader Professor C. E. Byrd, principal of the High School and president of the State Teachers' Association. He is an all-round progressive man, who realizes that the race has a future as well as a past. He is interested in every enterprise which makes for progress, intelligence, and morality. Chiefly through his exertions Shreveport has been made one of the very few Southern cities that sustain a high-grade lecture course annually. In sociological thought he would be classified as belonging to the single-tax school, though not a narrow partisan. Professor G. W. Jack, a teacher in the High School, is an enthusiastic single-tax social reformer and a young man of rare promise. Of the more popular leaders of social reform is John

W. Taber, a manufacturer, a man of considerable property, and possessing that higher refinement of the ethical nature which leads him to give himself unreservedly to the new social ideal. He is a leader of an organization of workingmen, called the Mechanics' Library Association, which in addition to having a social club-room, reading-room, and library, holds regular meetings every Sunday morning. It discusses the reform topics of the day. There are over sixty mechanics belonging to this organization, which is doing practically the work that a local Union for Practical Progress would be expected to do. C. D. Hicks, editor of *The Progress*, is a zealous reformer and an outspoken socialist, though still working as an independent Democrat.

At Natchitoches two lawyers, M. H. Carver and D. C. Scarborough, are most earnest workers of the single-tax persuasion. They spared neither pains nor money in making the lecture of the national secretary a success and his visit in the city a pleasure. A few such men in every town would guarantee the redemption of society. H. L. Brien publishes here a Populist paper which represents the reform element of the farming population, which is increasing throughout the state. In the cities most of the social sentiment is centred around the single-tax idea, but in the rural districts it is the outgrowth of the Farmers' Alliance movement with the finance question as its centre, and a very strong tendency to nationalize all monopolies and trusts.

In the city of New Orleans there was a combination of all phases of reform, though they have been poorly organized and have not yet learned the value of unity in action. The city, like most of our populous municipalities, is ruled by an unutterably corrupt ring. The Trades Union organization is reasonably strong, and the single-taxers and Populists each have a numerous following, while of socialists and nationalists there are not a few. In addition to these there is the popular wave of municipal reform making itself felt throughout the conservative classes, and the clamor for an honest ballot arises from press and platform ; but as yet no unifying incentive to action has aroused the city. It is ready for some crisis which will crystallize the sentiment. The Union for Practical Progress has a hopeful field there. With such talented reformers as Mrs. J. M. Ferguson and Mrs. H. L. Behrens, associated with some of the strongest men of the city, the cause is bound to succeed.

At Memphis, Tenn., there is the striking feature of a particularly meagre reform movement or free intellectual activity among the men, with a very strong development of both among the women. Memphis might well be called the city of women's clubs. About three thousand of the most intelligent women of the city have organized into clubs, chiefly literary and reformatory, which are federated into a central body, of which Mrs J. M. Judah is president, Mrs. C. N. Grosvenor vice-president, and Mrs. W. H. Horton secretary. It was under the auspices of this Central Council of Women's Organizations that the series of lectures was given by the national secretary. The most important club of this number is called the Nineteenth Century Club, which contains about three hundred of the élite of the city. This club was organized by Mrs. Clarence Selden, the wife of a leading banker of the city, a woman of most marked intellectual attainments, a prominent nationalist, and fully conversant with all phases of social reform. The club has an elaborate suite of rooms in the Lyceum Theatre building, with parlors, reading, recreation, and class rooms to suit every social need. Mrs. S. B. Andrews, a member of this club, made the lecturer's visit to Memphis a most enjoyable one by the hospitality of her home.

I. D. U. — The Intercollegiate Debating Union, now embracing about thirty colleges in its membership, discusses the regular U. P. P. topics, thrown into the form of resolutions. "The Enforcement of Law" is stated as follows, "*Resolved*, That the disregard of law by the wealthy classes is more dangerous to the well-being of our republic than is the lawlessness of the so-called lower classes"; "Improved Home Life" is changed to "*Resolved*, That hygienic homes for the working classes should be guaranteed by the government"; and "Public Sanitation" is stated, "*Resolved*, That the question of public sanitation is more important to present-day civilization than is the question of education."

New Unions. — The first union in the state of Washington was lately organized at Snohomish. Several leading ministers are among its active workers, and great enthusiasm is displayed at the meetings.

A strong union has lately been formed in New Orleans and is now ready for active work. Its members include the leaders of education and religious thought, among them Prof. J. H. Dillard of Tulare University, Rabbi Max Heller of the

leading Jewish congregation, Rev. W. C. Peirce, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, and the Episcopalian bishop of that diocese.

Following the lecture at Independence, Kan., by the national secretary, a local union was formed which adopted the name of Arena Club. H. W. Young, the leading reform editor of Southeastern Kansas, was elected president, and F. J. Fritch, secretary. They made the county the basis of the organization, intending to establish branch clubs in all its leading centres. They meet every Sunday afternoon. This organization is taking a different line from the majority of the local unions, but one which gives us pleasure to note, and we shall watch its progress with interest.

The union formed in New Iberia, La., by the national secretary while on his lecture tour, is in a very flourishing condition, holding interesting sociological discussions every week.

Dayton.— A. S. Edwards, editor of *Freeland*, recently gave two lectures under the auspices of the local union at Dayton, O., which resulted in many new members being added to the union.

Minneapolis.— Rev. Marion D. Shutter has recently been presenting a series of discourses on social subjects at the Church of the Redeemer. The topics are for the most part those that have been suggested by the Union, including "Rights of Childhood," "Problem of the Unemployed," "Redemption of the Ballot," "The Temperance Problem," "The Tramp Question," "The American Sunday," "Province of the State," "Sphere of the Church," and "Solidarity of Society."

Boston. — At 47 St. Botolph Street, Thursday evenings during April and May, the Boston Union is giving a course of lectures in conjunction with the Procopeia Club. The lecturers are Rev. Messrs. Samuel Brazier, H. C. Vrooman, W. D. P. Bliss, and F. B. Vrooman, and the subjects bear on the social phases of higher ethics.

Brockton.— A strong union has been formed at Brockton, Mass. They recently held a most spirited debate, of which the subject was, "*Resolved*, That emigration is beneficial"; and the pros and cons of this interesting subject were thoroughly discussed. By a strange coincidence it happened that both of those appointed to maintain the negative side of the question were of foreign birth and were therefore compelled in a measure to argue against themselves. This debating by citizens makes a very profitable schooling in sociology, which will greatly benefit any community.

Caddo, Tex.— The citizens at Caddo have organized "The Little Cedar Union for Practical Progress." Professor Ritchie was elected president, and A. S. Landon secretary. One of its moving spirits is Peter Swenson, a zealous social reformer, who owns a ranch of over three thousand acres, well stocked with sheep, horses, and cattle, which he wishes to make the basis of a coöperative colony. He offers land, rent, fuel, and pasturage free to anyone joining the colony now. The property is worth about forty thousand dollars; this he will turn over to the colony, taking checks of the company in payment for the larger part. The business is to be organized on the labor-exchange plan, which allows independence in industry. Caddo is situated about fifteen miles from Ranger Station on the Texas-Pacific Railroad, and about one hundred miles west of Fort Worth. Living is cheap there, the climate is enjoyable and healthy, water and soil are good, and there are no saloons in the county. The *Twentieth Century* of Nov. 8, 1894, contains a detailed statement of the plans of Mr. Swenson, who is evidently trying to lead the way to a better civilization.

Baltimore.— The Union for Public Good is in a strong, healthy condition. Its latest move is to organize in every ward of the city Good Government Clubs looking to the redemption of Baltimore from municipal misrule. The following extracts are taken from a circular letter sent to the leading citizens, which was signed by Charles J. Bonaparte, chairman committee on organization and president Union for Public Good:

DEAR SIR: At its annual meeting the Union for Public Good directed the appointment of a committee to consider the practicability and advisability of organizing Good Government Clubs in this city, with authority, in its discretion, to undertake their immediate formation. To this committee

were subsequently added representatives of several other associations, and it has adopted and is about to carry into effect, a plan which was approved by the Advisory Council of the Union. The necessary first step is obviously to ascertain how many of our citizens are in sympathy with the purposes of the proposed organizations, and willing to coöperate personally in attaining these. To this end, blanks have been prepared in two forms, one intended to receive the names of many persons, the other for individual signature. Each contains merely a statement of readiness to join "a Good Government Club in Baltimore City," intended to "promote the honest, efficient, and economical administration of the said city, and to protect the public health and morals." All details are intentionally omitted, the committee believing that each club, when formed, must determine for itself its scheme of organization and work, although a specimen constitution and set of by-laws have been prepared and will be submitted for discussion and adoption (with or without amendment) at the first meeting of each. . . . As soon as a sufficient number (say five) of the projected clubs have been formed they will be invited to unite themselves in a federation, upon the general plan adopted in New York. To this central body will be referred all questions affecting the city at large, leaving each club to deal with those arising in its own locality. So far as practicable, a club will be formed in every ward, but as there may not be, especially at first, enough members in some parts of the city to permit this, two or more wards or even an entire legislative district will, perhaps, be assigned to a single club when first constituted.

Columbia, S. C. — The following is an extract from a letter from the secretary of the Columbia Union: "The Columbia U. P. P. recently held its first annual anniversary meeting. From a membership of twenty-five we have grown to seventy. We have held our meetings every month of the year and discussed the regular topics. As we look back on the twelve months there is little we can point to as begun, carried on, and finished, though we are not entirely without fruit in this direction, having effected several minor improvements in our parks and streets. The city council has given a courteous ear to our suggestions and has carried them out. We have also set in motion two measures for the positive and speedy good of humanity. These are for a reformatory school for young offenders, and a bureau of inquiry in connection with organized charity. The first passed the lower house of our legislature and is to be taken up by the senate next year, and the bureau has been adopted by a union of most of our benevolent societies; a neighboring town has also adopted our method. I hope you will notice that we have a good showing of ministers among our vice-presidents. One is Universalist, one Methodist, and two are Episcopalians; yet most of the clergy are still shy of social reform."

They have recently been addressed by Miss S. P. Brigham, of Boston, of the Lend a Hand Book Mission. She gave a most interesting report of this beneficent mission, which aims to give good reading to needy districts. A year ago, in connection with the union, she established a branch library in Columbia.

Miss Susan B. Anthony has also lately given a lecture under their auspices.

Philadelphia. — A recent meeting of the union was devoted to the election of officers. Prof. D. S. Holman was elected president, Miss Forbes, first vice-president, for the ensuing year, the other officers remaining unchanged. The union feels practically absolved from further labors on the sweating system, which has occupied the attention of the meetings the past few months. The pulpit and press have both given a wide publicity to the evils of the system. Four bills have been drafted for introduction into the state legislature; one by District Assembly No. 1, Knights of Labor, one by the Kensington Reform Club, one by the Women's Health Protectial Association, and lastly one by the factory inspectors. The Women's Health Protectial Association will send a member to Harrisburg to advocate sweat-shop abolition, and has appointed a committee to visit the leading stores of this city to secure the coöperation of the proprietors. Members of the Union are individually identified with almost every kind of reform, such as the elevation of slum life, tenement-house reform, the movement to ameliorate the conditions under which trolley men labor, and to prevent children under fourteen from being street vendors.

The April and May meetings will be devoted to the discussion of the regular monthly topics.

Rev. F. A. Bisbee recently addressed an audience at Southgate on "The Enforcement of the Law," and Miss Forbes addressed the Woman's League at West Chester on "Improved Home Life."

The secretary's work has been directed to some needed sanitary reforms in factories, and by the coöperation of the board of health improved conditions are reported.

LECTURERS.

I. Rev. John B. Koehne. — Rev. S. W. McCorkle, moderator of the Northwestern Pennsylvania Association of Congregational Churches, says: "The lecture on 'The New Aristocracy' is one of the most entertaining and thought-inspiring I ever heard. I have listened with delight to Beecher and many others, and I do not hesitate

to say that Mr. Koehne has the elements of great success. Among the younger men on the American platform he stands well to the front."

A. B. Miller, LL. D., President Waynesburg College, Pennsylvania: "One of the most original and impressive men on the platform of to-day."

Howard M. Ticknor, the well known Boston dramatic critic: "Mr. Koehne's diction is to be marked for its variety of illustration, its picturesque imagery, its native force and directness, these qualities uniting in the production of individual and striking addresses."

Subjects: 1, The Genius of Christ; 2, Christ and Reform; 3, Christ and Civilization; 4, Strikes and Progress (Labor); 5, The New Aristocracy. These lectures form a series for five successive nights; they are also given singly. 6, A Reply to Ingersoll.

II. HAMLIN GARLAND, author, poet, reformer. His lectures deal especially with economics and the cause of poverty. *Subjects:* 1, Poets and Reformers; 2, Living Issues; 3, Present-Day Reforms; 4, The Ethics of Modern Fiction.

III. PROF. D. S. HOLMAN, the celebrated microscopist of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science. His lectures on physical and biological science are illustrated by the tele-microscope, which projects upon a screen nearly all conceivable experiments. His wonderful instrument reveals the wonders of science on canvas, so that they can be understood by children. He explains all in a fascinating and scholarly manner. He can either give his feast in the wonderland of science, and present the objects of the new movement the same evening, or he can follow his scientific lecture by a social reform mass meeting the next night. *Subjects:* 1, Musical Tones made visible, and the Nature of Color; 2, Motion in Living Matter; 3, Motion in Not Living Matter; 4, The Circulation of the Blood; 5, Persistence of Vision; 6, The Constant Facial Angle in the Skulls of Animals.

IV. PROF. FRANK PARSONS, of the Boston Law School, author of "Our Country's Need," etc. *Subjects:* 1, Public Ownership of Monopolies; 2, What shall we do with the Slums?; 3, Poverty's Causes and its Cure; 4, The Liquor Traffic and the Gothenburg System; 5, The Initiative and Referendum; 6, Woman Suffrage; 7, Proportional Representation and Multiple Voting; 8, Sound Finance; 9, The Gospel of Industrial Redemption; 10, The Philosophy of Mutualism.

V. REV. ALEXANDER KENT, pastor of the People's Church, Washington, D. C., is a strong, logical speaker, and an earnest worker in the radical social reform movement. He is conversant with all phases of the social problem.

VI. W. D. MCCRACKAN, M. A., author, Boston. Especially familiar with everything that relates to the Swiss methods of government, such as the referendum, the initiative, and proportional representation. *Subjects:* 1, The Referendum and Initiative; 2, Proportional Representation; 3, The Land Question (Single Tax, with stereopticon); 4, The Life of the Swiss Peasantry; 5, Three Romantic Heroes: William Tell, Arnold Von Winkelried, and François Bonivard.

VII. MISS JOSEPHINE RAND, journalist and poet, is a good platform speaker. She presents the questions of the day in a masterly way. *Subjects:* 1, Wanted, Volunteers!—a Plea for Patriotism. A call to young men and women to enlist in the cause of human rights; helpful suggestions as to how to set to work; existing conditions and the vital phases of the social problem. 2, Signs of the Times, or Present Conditions. Living facts and general statements concerning the dangers of the present and future; monopoly and its stronghold; to what it all tends. 3, Nationalism, or Possible Conditions. Coöperation and its beneficent results; lessons drawn from the "trusts" and "combines"; a nation's prosperity dependent upon the prosperity of its individual members; each for all, and all for each. 4, Ethical Side of the Labor Question. 5, The Problem of the Unemployed. Dealing with the land question and the money question, as being the underlying factors in the problem of the unemployed; also with state management of industry; shows the needlessness of present appalling distress. 6, The relation of the Church to Social Problems. Every social problem at bottom a religious problem; Christians bound to heed Christ's teachings; the pulpit the place to plead for a just and humane system of living; Christ's denunciation of the oppressor of the poor; His command to break every yoke. 7, Union for Practical Progress. A plea for the new movement.

VIII. MRS. HARRIETTE C. KEATINGE, M. D., Sci. D. *Subjects:* 1, Physiological and Psychological Heredity; 2, The Great Predisposing Causes of Crime, and Some of the Remedies; 3, The Ethics of Suffrage; 4, Womanhood; 5, Law, Justice, and Morals; 6, Intemperance; 7, Health, and How to Keep It.

IX. REV. HARRY C. VROOMAN, a man with a thorough grasp of social and economic literature and of wide experience in reform work. He is pastor of the Congregational Church at East Milton, Mass., and general secretary of the National Executive Committee of the Union for Practical Progress. *Some subjects:* 1, Social Ideals of Christianity; 2, The Evolution of the Social Problem; 3, Present-Day Phases of Reform; 4, Christian Socialism. Given in a series or singly.

X. DIANA HIRSCHLER, secretary of the Union for Practical Progress at Philadelphia, Pa. *Subjects:* 1, The Union for Practical Progress; 2, Social Problems.

XI. REV. EDWARD T. ROOT, pastor of Congregational Church, Baltimore. *Subjects:* 1, The Cause of Poverty; 2, Christian Citizenship; 3, Christian Socialism; 4, Union of Moral Forces; 5, Men in the Churches — a discussion of the causes for the small proportion of men in the churches.

XII. PROF. THOMAS E. WILL, A. M., professor of political economy at Kansas State Agricultural College, formerly secretary of Boston U. P. P. *Subjects:* The Union for Practical Progress, and all phases of scientific economic problems. Singly or in courses.

XIII. REV. WALTER VROOMAN speaks extemporaneously on every subject relating to social reform. Is accustomed to out-of-door meetings and large assemblages. He has had considerable experience as an organizer.

XIV. REV. R. M. WEBSTER, of Los Angeles, Cal., is a man imbued with the higher ethics of our time, a clear thinker and a good speaker. He treats all phases of practical social reform.

XV. REV. PERRY MARSHALL a man thoroughly conversant with all the ethical phases of the social question. *Subjects:* 1, The Problem of the Unemployed — Public Ownership; 2, Temperance and Monopolies; 3, Travels in Britain; 4, Travels in the Low Countries; 5, Travels in Italy.

XVI. REV. R. E. BISBEE gives five stereopticon lectures on Bible lands and the civilization of Bible times. They constitute a study of comparative civilization and are a key to the problems of to-day. They are particularly suitable for churches and religious gatherings. For small audiences the inexpensive oil light answers every purpose. For large audiences the calcium light is indispensable. In fixing a price, therefore, the first thing to be determined is what kind of light must be used. Other factors are distance from Boston and the number of lectures wanted.

THE NATIONAL TREASURER'S APPEAL FOR ONE DOLLAR PLEDGES.

The National Union for Practical Progress has accomplished an encouraging amount of substantial work during the past year, and it is steadily attracting to its ranks the reform elements in the different cities of the Union, and is growing both numerically and in its hold upon the interests of the people.

Among the measures which the Union for Practical Progress has agitated and brought before the people and the different legislatures are the sweating system, measures for the relief and employment in public works of the unemployed, and parks and playgrounds for children.

We are glad to learn that the president of the Baltimore Union for Public Good, Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, who is also a member of the executive committee of the National Union for Practical Progress, has drafted a bill against the sweating evil, and that, with the aid of the Union and Arena Auxiliary Club, the measure has become law. The Union and Auxiliary were also instrumental in securing a law against child labor.

The agitation against the sweating system in Philadelphia has been carried on so vigorously by our Philadelphia Union under the splendid and effective direction of Miss Diana Hirschler, that we entertain strong hopes that a bill will pass at the next session. Many columns have been given to this work in the Philadelphia papers, and a strong public sentiment has been worked up.

From all parts of the land come calls for organizers and literature. The harvest is white, but the money required to put the earnest and willing workers into the vineyard is wanting. In view of what has been done, and keeping in mind the gravity of social and economic conditions to-day, we feel that this cause should appeal with especial pertinency to the minds of all who are concerned for the welfare of civilization and the progress of moral ideas. We feel it our duty to put the matter with considerable urgency before the reform and social and Christian elements in our community, because there are so many conditions in our social state that demand immediate remedial measures, and threaten grave social developments if too long neglected.

We do not ask anything unreasonable, but wish to submit a plan with which almost every reader of these lines can comply, and which will enable us to put lecturers and organizers in the field and supply various cities and towns with literature, so that within a year we shall have a union of the moral forces in every town and village from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We earnestly desire the reader to bear in mind that these lines are addressed

TO YOU.

The plan is as follows: We desire you to send in at once your pledge to pay one dollar to the National Educational Fund, to enable us to put organizers and lecturers in the field immediately and to keep them there, and to distribute literature giving directions for the formation of unions and outlining work. We earnestly urge *you* to fill out the following blank. You will not be called on for the money until *one thousand* pledges have been received. If you desire to pledge more than one dollar we believe it will be the best disbursement of money you will ever make, because we believe it will go farther toward hastening the New Day than if expended in any other way.

The Subscription Pledge.

I hereby subscribe one dollar to the Fund for the National Lectureship of the Union for Practical Progress, and will pay the same on demand when the National Treasurer shall have received one thousand similar subscriptions.

I also hereby agree to pay one dollar annually to the same subscription fund.

Signed .....

City .....

Street Number .....

County .....

State .....

When you have filled out your pledge and forwarded it to us, see if you cannot get some friend to follow your example.* If they know you have signed and forwarded your pledge, it will have a good influence on them. There is nothing like showing faith by works. The ARENA office has opened this subscription by signing for twenty one-dollar pledges.

Now friends, in the name of the great republic, in the name of peace and a higher civilization, in the name of human brotherhood and for the cause of justice and progress, will you not help us to the extent of at least one dollar?

* We will send as many blanks as you desire.

NOTES ON CURRENT EVENTS.

The Armenian Question.

In this issue of The Arena appears an article on the Armenian question which will attract wide attention and, we trust, arouse thought which will result in effective concerted action. The article is by Mr. Stein, and it is a temperate and plain presentation of the present Armenian situation, which must appeal to us all.

The faces of the Armenians, pictures of which we have been able to secure and to present with the article, are perhaps even stronger arguments in favor of their cause than are Mr. Stein's words in their behalf. We are all given to believing that a people so far away, whose language and customs are strange to us, and whose very existence is to our minds a bit of Oriental fiction, must look and be wholly unlike ourselves. We cannot think of them as looking like the men and women and children whom we know, and as having the same hopes and fears, the same loves and passions and needs, as our own. But to study the faces here presented will made the Armenian question a real and living one to us. We pause to think that these are our own brothers, these our sisters. They are like unto ourselves. They are suffering untold wrongs that we can help to right. These pretty children have a right to a better life than is possible under the iron rule of the Turks, and the vicious, half-encouraged lawlessness of the Kurds. We think this as we look into the manly, dark eyes and the sweet childish faces; and thinking shall we not act?

Look at the faces long enough not to forget them, not to forget that Mr. Stein is their voice, and that he is both temperate and restrained in what he has written of their wrongs, the outrages heaped upon these whose earnest dark eyes beg of you to remember that "There's a cry from Macedonia, 'Come and help us'," and that the cry from this Macedonia has risen to a wail from those who have borne in silence and anguish what to Americans seems almost incredible.

This is not a religious question. It is a question of civilization, of European versus barbaric forms of government. That European countries have their defects of governmental policy we all recognize, but in degree these faults differ as widely from those of the Turks as do the incidental unkindnesses of an ignorant man from the deliberately planned, fiendish atrocities of a trained demon. Therefore, notwithstanding the numerous motes in our own eyes, we are amply justified in doing what we can to extract the beam from the orb of the sultan. If our government may not do it *as a government*, because of its devotion to the principles of the Monroe doctrine, there is surely nothing to prevent us, individually and collectively, as Americans and as civilized and enlightened human beings, from making an energetic protest, after the method urged by the eloquent words of Mr. Stein, and accented by the eloquent faces of our Armenian neighbors.

H. H. G.

Appreciative Words.

Just as The Arena goes to press, the following much appreciated letter and resolution reached this office.

Philadelphia, March 30, 1895.

Mr. B. O. Flower,
Editor of the Arena,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir: At the closing executive session of the convention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, held in Atlanta, Ga., January 31 to February 2, the following action was taken:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the National American Woman Suffrage Association are hereby tendered to The Arena for its noble efforts in behalf of justice to women, and especially for the articles in the January and February numbers upon the age of consent and the question of the desire of Southern women for the ballot."

It gives me great pleasure to forward this expression of appreciation to you. At the same time, I must apologize for the delay in sending it. This is due to my having been too busy with the work connected with the triennial conference of the National Council of Women, to take up the work to which I was elected at the suffrage convention by being made corresponding secretary.

Very truly yours,

Rachel Foster Avery,
Cor. Sec. N. A. W. S. A.

I believe that it is true that no journal now printed has at heart more sincerely the interests of progressive womanhood than has THE ARENA. That women everywhere appreciate this fact is illustrated by resolutions and actions similar to the above, which have been taken by many other organizations of both men and women throughout the country.

To illustrate one feature to which it seems fair to call the attention of intelligent readers, I shall take as an example the difference in the treatment accorded legislation which relates to not only the welfare of women but of the race. In thirty-two states of this Union, legislatures have this winter held sessions. In at least twenty-three of them, bills to make the age of protection (or consent) for girls eighteen years have been introduced, and in most cases these bills have had stronger backing and there has been abler and more vigorous work done on both sides than any other bills before these legislatures.

Notwithstanding this fact, the March issue of the American edition of the *Review of Reviews*, which is supposed to present a full record of all matters of importance to its readers, gave, under the title of "The State Legislatures," several pages of what was intended as a record of all important bills up to that time. It says, "The *Review of Reviews* presents herewith a brief review of the more important topics that have thus far engaged the attention of most of the legislatures in session this winter." Then follows an account of bills to build country roads, to change grades and crossings, to suppress high hats in theatres, regarding tuberculosis in cattle, anti-pool laws, blanket ballots, convict labor, township schools, to have street cars constructed with vestibules, and an endless variety of more or less trivial or important bills; but never a line did it give nor a hint of the fact that in at least twenty-two states at that time more work was being done for, more excitement and more capacity were invested in these bills to protect the girls of these twenty-two states than in all the other measures combined. Yet this is true. This is the more noticeable since the great founder of the *Review of Reviews*, W. T. Stead, was the first to call attention to the evils for the eradication of which it is sought to pass these laws. In the case of Colorado alone, this statement was made: "The Colorado legislature of 1895 has won immortal renown as the first law-making body in which women have participated as members; Mrs. Holley's bill to raise the age of consent from sixteen to twenty-one years has the honor of being the first legislative measure originated and formally presented by a woman." I wanted to call the attention of women to this single fact, which speaks volumes in itself, as to the point of view from which legislation in their interest is looked upon and reported even by this able review. In twenty-two states out of twenty-three it is simply ignored.

The history of the contests, the trickery, and the evasions of this winter's campaign upon this subject alone will make interesting reading for the constituents of a good many Solons when it is all in and written up, as it will be in a month or two. I suggest that the women and the thoughtful men of these United States keep a sharp watch for the final report. The delay in making a full one is forced upon us by the fact that in only one or two states has the fight been open and fair in its methods, and in several states where the bills have passed and been so reported through the press to the public (the states thus getting credit for progressive action, and expecting to be taken out of the "Black List"), the bills have been quietly recalled, resubmitted, and either killed or allowed to die because of the close of the session, or, as in one case — in New Hampshire — the governor has killed the bill on the last day of the session, *after* the press had reported it signed and engrossed. Verily "there be more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy," ladies — and gentlemen, who fondly believe that you have elected to office men who "represent" you.

H. H. G.

The South Carolina Liquor System.

Whatever may be thought of the basic principle of state dispensaries, or of the manufacture or sale of liquor by the state itself, it will be a matter of interest to our readers to understand how it is done. The article in this issue on "The South Carolina State Dispensary" is brief, concise, and clear, and since this question is certain to arise in other states of this Union, it is an opportune and effective paper. Indeed, the question has not only agitated the various states of America, but in European countries this particular plan is now receiving consideration, and the governor of South Carolina is the recipient of inquiries from many directions as to the workings of the system.

From the prohibition point of view, the South Carolina experiment is, of course, wholly wrong; but judging from the article of R. I. Hemphill and also from the report of the governor of South Carolina, the diminution of crime and of the prison population would seem to have been better secured by this method than by the one tried in the prohibition states, like Maine and Kansas.

H. H. G.

The Onward March of Plutocracy as Illustrated by Recent Events.

Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham is responsible for the assertion that the Metropolitan Telephone Company has paid as much as $100,000 a year to influence legislation at Albany, and that many other corporations "pay large amounts for peace, as they put it." This assertion, made on Mr. Peckham's own knowledge as an attorney for corporations, has never been questioned, nor is it ever likely to be.—Editorial, New York *World*, March 8, 1895.

Our readers will remember the hue-and-cry which went up from the capitalistic press when, a few months ago, we pointed out how the capitalistic class was building great armories for crack regiments, and how in cases of trouble between the workingmen and the millionaire corporations the latter of late invariably resorted to the militia in order to escape the necessity of submitting their unjust cause to arbitration. Since then several things have occurred which must have served to remove the scales from the eyes of all disinterested people, who fondly hugged the delusion that they lived in a republic instead of a plutocracy.

Among these things we may enumerate: (1) the Brooklyn trolley strike, where the millionaire corporation which was responsible for the murder of more than a hundred children during the past year by compelling its employees to make time which rendered it impossible to maintain a safe speed, refused to submit to the arbitration laws of New York, because the members knew they could command the services of the militia to shoot down workingmen and force the toilers into submission, and that the city of Brooklyn and not the murderous corporation would have to foot the bills for its inhumanity, injustice, and essential lawlessness; (2) Mr. Havemeyer's brutally frank confession that the Sugar Trust contributed to the Republican campaign in Republican states and to the Democratic campaign in Democratic states not only illustrated the methods of the trusts and indicated how they secured special legislation and thwarted justice, but also vividly exposed the essential degradation of the two old parties which crawl in the slime of dishonor before the pandering octopuses—the trusts, the syndicates, and the usurer class; (3) the recent election of Mr. Thurston and other notorious railroad and monopolistic minions to seats in the Senate; (4) the appointment by President Cleveland of the attorney for the Whiskey Trust and a well-known railroad lawyer to the office of attorney general, whose duty it is to prosecute lawless corporations; (5) the championing of the sugar-bounty clause to the recent appropriation bill by Mr. Wilson, who had just been appointed postmaster general, and who, it is said, spoke for the administration; (6) the ruling of the superior court that the wise provision enacted by the government for curbing the rapacity of trusts was unconstitutional; (7) the nomination of such well-known corporation attorneys as Messrs. Hornblower and Peckham to seats on the

superior bench; (8) the nomination of Mr. Van Alen for an important foreign mission, although he was essentially an alien in spirit — a man who voted only once in his life, and who more than once expressed his contempt for our country, but who contributed $50,000 for the election of Grover Cleveland; (9) the complete destruction of silver as a money of ultimate redemption, which the Republicans for two decades had tried to accomplish, because plutocracy demanded it. This last crime, it will be remembered, was consummated by such Republican leaders as millionaire John Sherman and the Democratic administration working in harmony for the despoliation of the wealth-producers of America; (10) the armor-plate scandal, which well reminds one of the Credit Mobilier, Star Route, and Whiskey Ring scandals of Republican administrations during the past two decades; (11) the recent unparalleled bond deal, in which the syndicate, headed by President Cleveland's former client and represented by his former law-partner, secured from the president a bond contract by which the taxpayers of the United States have been buncoed out of millions and millions of dollars. Does any sane man suppose that, if we lived in a republic and not a plutocracy, the secretary of the treasury and the president would not have been promptly impeached by Congress?

And now comes one of the gentlemen whom Mr. Cleveland wanted to make superior judge, and in a burst of frankness declares that one band of plunderers alone pays $100,000 annually to influence legislators in a single state, and that other corporations are also engaged in the same nefarious business. And yet we are gravely informed that the people rule in this country; and the press, with a few honorable exceptions, fawns at the feet of the rich robbers and polluters of political integrity; and the pulpit is silent. B. O. F.

A Five-Thousand-Dollar Dog.

The following Chicago dispatch appeared in the Eastern papers on March 8:

CHICAGO, March 7. — J. Pierpont Morgan, of New York, last night bought the prize collie Gold Dust from Dr. L. C. Sourer, of Philadelphia, for five thousand dollars.

And why not, after Mr. Morgan's syndicate has driven a deal with the president by which millions upon millions of the people's hard-earned money is to be turned over to these usurers, through the contract made by Messrs. Cleveland and Carlisle on the part of the government? Doubtless Mr. Morgan feels he can well afford to squander five thousand dollars on a dog, even though some millions of our people are in dire straits, and hundreds of thousands are begging for an opportunity to earn an honest dollar. The people sleep while the plutocrats repeat the crimes which brought ruin to ancient Rome. B. O. F.

A Justice of the Peace and the Age of Consent.

From a gentleman until recently resident in Snohomish, Wash., I have just received this clipping:

The trial of J. W. Halbert, the inhuman father, charged with rape, committed on his daughter (now aged thirteen years), occupied two days. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, after taking four ballots. The first ballot was eight to four in favor of conviction. The girls testified in their own behalf, and were the only witnesses introduced by the prosecution; *the defence preventing the mother's testimony because of an old law which forbids a wife from testifying against a husband without the latter's consent. The defence introduced no witnesses, and sought to win upon technical defects of the law. They claim the present law making the age of consent at sixteen is unconstitutional and void, and that the age should be twelve.* On Saturday Halbert was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. The customary stereotyped motion for a new trial will be heard some time in the hazy hence, and pending an appeal to the supreme court he will be boarded at the county's expense.

Commenting upon it my correspondent says: "That a mother should not be allowed to testify in such a case presents itself to me as a sort of brutality not to be found outside of the laws relating to the rights of women. . . . I knew Halbert when in Washington. *He was a justice of the peace.*"

Note the various points involved in this brief matter. The mother of the child is prevented from testifying *because* the criminal objects and she is his wife.

Note that it required several ballots of the jury to arrive at a conviction. Note that the hope of escape is based not upon the innocence of the man, but upon the claim that the age of protection from such a crime should be but twelve years; note that upon such a plea one-third of the jury at first wished to protect the criminal. A number of other features will suggest themselves as to the barbarism of such a case being tried before men alone, and the poor child refused even the corroborative evidence of her own mother; but for present purposes enough has been said. H. H. G.

The Wealer.

A very suggestive commentary upon existing industrial and social conditions is given in Miss Adeline Knapp's remarkable story, "The Wealer," in this issue. As an analysis of the origin of much of the shocking crime that daily fills the newspapers, it suggests that there are Cains in our midst who never shed blood, but simply kill hope and opportunity, destroying men's souls by destroying their means of living. As well kill a man, as Shakspere says, as take the means whereby he lives. The sudden metamorphosis of an industrious, steady, law-abiding, home-keeping workingman into a hopeless tramp, by a combination of manufacturers for the purpose of destroying competition, is not by any means an exaggeration. It only requires a few weeks of enforced idleness to turn two-thirds of the working population into tramps — that is, men seeking work from an organized conspiracy which thrives upon stopping production, and divorcing men from land and materials, in order to create an artificial value for their goods. These conspiracies called "commercial arrangements," "trusts," have modern society in their power, and perpetually recurring periods of distress and enforced idleness for millions of men is the result.

Everybody who reads Miss Knapp's story carefully will be impressed with its fidelity to the aspects of everyday life, and its great power of suggesting all the complex forces of society in a simple sketch of individual experience. In Miss Knapp we have a new writer of fiction who will assuredly win a high place for herself.

Human Evolution and the Fall.

One of the leading metaphysicians and spiritual thinkers of our day in America is Henry Wood, the author of "Ideal Suggestion," "Natural Law in the Business World," and "God's Image in Man." But unlike the old school of metaphysicians, who led their readers into mazes of subtle logical distinctions in which nothing seemed clear or certain, Mr. Wood accepts the data of evolutionary physical science, and then reveals the close and intimate interrelation of the moral and physical sciences, and outlines the higher spiritual law that governs all life and incites mankind to continual development along the higher plane. As he asserts and seeks to prove, in his paper on "Human Evolution and 'the Fall,'" a true evolutionary philosophy leads up to the conclusion that all phenomena are the manifestations of an Infinite mind. Tracing the physical development of life from the lowest to the highest forms, from the simplest to the most complex, he asserts that the Darwinian theory of evolution is deficient in that it deals with forms and results rather than their immaterial causation, and does not seek to go beyond. The next step in science will be to grapple with the mystery of spirit — the moving, impelling force in life. The materialistic view of Darwin still subtly lingers and colors the researches and conclusions of a McCosh, Le Conte, Abbott, and Drummond; but new physical forces are being discovered which will change the aims and scope of scientific inquiry.

All this spectacle of ascent from protoplasm to reasoning man is only a moving succession of visible forms. It is everywhere assumed that these are the basic reality, while the life, mind, or soul manifested in them is only a property or function. According to such a philosophy man belongs inherently to the animal kingdom. But matter, *per se*, never

progresses, and mind does. Evolution in its essence and basis is immaterial. The life, mind, or soul is always the cause and not the result of organization. In every case the unseen is the intrinsic entity. It follows that the real progression is in the ascending quality and complexity of mind or life, and not of matter.

This is the groundwork of Mr. Wood's argument, and from it he shows that, accepting the evolutionary doctrine as the underlying truth of life, the so-called "fall" of the Bible was really the beginning of the ethical consciousness in mankind and a step forward instead of a moral declension.

The paper is brilliantly written, as is all of Mr. Wood's fine speculative thought, and it will interest all students of science and the Bible.

The Clairvoyance of Mollie Fancher.

The remarkable experiences of Miss Mollie Fancher, of Brooklyn, have been attracting a great deal of attention in the press, and Judge Abram H. Dailey's book, recounting some of the most suggestive and important facts in her biography, has been widely read and discussed. Mr. T. E. Allen, of the American Psychical Society, reviews the case in this issue of THE ARENA, and his deductions will interest all readers who concern themselves with the scientific investigation of psychic phenomena.

It has been the policy of the English psychical school, and Mr. Allen believes wisely and in harmony with approved scientific precedents, to make the telepathic explanation cover as wide a range of phenomena as possible. To the exigencies of this policy in its application to phenomena classified as telepathic and to other phenomena that gave birth to the term "multiplex personality," we largely owe the theory of the "subliminal consciousness" expounded by Mr. Myers. Amending a definition given by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, Mr. Allen defines clairvoyance as a "faculty of acquiring supernormally" a knowledge of facts concerning material things and the normal manifestations of embodied mind, "such as we normally acquire by the use of our senses." This excludes telepathy, whether the agent be present or absent, and so he assumes the existence of a distinct clairvoyant faculty, and divides certain phenomena into three classes: (1) Purely telepathic, there being nothing that even remotely suggests clairvoyance; (2) purely clairvoyant, there being nothing that even remotely suggests telepathy; and (3) mixed cases, where, *prima facie*, they appear to be explicable by the simultaneous operation of both faculties, or might be explained by either faculty. He then analyzes the evidence in the biography of Mollie Fancher to show that, in his judgment, in spite of the division of opinion among English psychical students, there is strong evidence to show that man does possess the clairvoyant faculty.

The case of Miss Mollie Fancher is a very interesting and extraordinary one, and Mr. Allen's conclusion that she does possess a true, independent clairvoyant faculty will lead many to examine the evidence for themselves, and may start a train of investigation that will result in important discoveries.

Should War be Abolished?

In this striking and suggestive study, Mr. E. P. Powell, the well-known publicist, raises the question whether peace under certain conditions of internal corruption and political abuse is not more to be feared than war. He seems to think that human nature is not yet sufficiently evolved on a plane of moral and spiritual rationalism to justify the abolition of war. His argument is able and masterly, as is everything which comes from his pen, and it should set thousands of Christians thinking seriously as to whether injustice and wrong are compatible with peace.

The Arena Past and Future.

The June ARENA will open Volume Thirteenth of this review; and at this time we may be pardoned for noticing a few things accomplished by our magazine, aside from the great educational work which a fearless review must

necessarily accomplish. In addition to employing the ablest and boldest thinkers of America and Europe to discuss great, live problems, this review has never faltered in its allegiance to the cause of justice or in its efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the people and bring about a higher morality and a broader, more tolerant and humane sp it. It has exposed the horrible conditions in the slums of our great cities, and has raised and disbursed several thousands of dollars among the exiles of society. It has been the instrument through which numbers of educational centres have been started, through which fundamental social and economic questions are being studied in a manner which it is safe to predict will bear fruit for justice, freedom, and fraternity in the years which are to come. Nor is this all; unjust and immoral legislation has been so persistently assailed, and the wrongs wrought by indefensible legislation have been so ably pointed out, that in more than one instance the agitations carried on by this review have brought about the enactment of just and beneficent laws.

With the opening of the present year THE ARENA began a systematic agitation looking toward raising the age of consent throughout the republic. The attention of the various legislators of the country was called to the essential injustice of the inhuman and debasing laws now in force on this subject, and an appeal was made to the sense of honor and manhood in our legislators. More than this, the public was, for the first time in the history of the nation, made thoroughly acquainted with the existence of statutes which should bring the blush of shame to the brow of every man and woman in the civilized world. As a result, at least two states have this winter raised the age of consent to eighteen years, and bills for the purpose of raising the age have been introduced in more than a score of legislatures, while an educational agitation has been inaugurated which, it is safe to predict, will end in the abolition of these odious laws which permit a little girl to legally consent to her degradation and ruin. THE ARENA does not propose to let this question drop until every state in our Union shall have righted this great wrong to maidenhood, to society, and to posterity.

Another special feature of THE ARENA which finds no parallel in any other magazine of opinion is the systematic discussion of root-problems of civilization — questions such as heredity, prenatal and post-natal influence, the fundamentals of justice in social and economic conditions, and the building of character. These topics have been little dwelt upon by magazines of opinion in the past, and yet they are questions upon which progress and happiness depend. THE ARENA has inaugurated an educational campaign along these lines, and the good results are already demonstrated in many directions. This review appeals to the *conscience* of men and women of conviction. It has never catered to public opinion, but has sought rather to stimulate thought and educate its readers to become independent thinkers.

The June ARENA will be an exceptionally fine issue of this review. We have made arrangements for some special features, which will appear during the summer, which will, we believe, be very popular with our readers. Illustrations, fiction, and biographical sketches will be striking features during the months of June, July, and August — the months when even the most earnest thinkers seek rest and recreation. These special features will be inaugurated in June by one or two papers carrying exceptionally fine illustrations, also some delightful stories and sketches. The June ARENA will delight the artist, the student, and the lovers of good literature who believe in art for progress rather than art for art's sake.

Again we wish to thank the thousands of subscribers to this review who are so effectually extending its circulation and influence; their loyal work is deeply appreciated by us. The battle in which we are engaged is no personal contest, it is a battle for progress all along the line of civilization. The conflict calls for the

service of all who see, feel, and believe that the world's happiness and elevation can only be secured through education, toleration, and justice.

In the June ARENA the eminent historian, John Clark Ridpath, will contribute an important paper. The series of papers on "Wellsprings of Immorality" will be continued by a paper on "Prostitution within the Marriage Bond," by the Editor of THE ARENA. Several other striking features will make the opening issue of Volume Thirteen exceedingly interesting to wide-awake men and women of conviction.

John Clark Ridpath in The Arena.

A feature of the June ARENA will be a paper of more than ordinary interest by the eminent historian, John Clark Ridpath. A fine portrait of Mr. Ridpath will accompany this contribution. Few men of our day, and probably no American writer whose literary fame is due to serious writings, enjoys such popularity as Mr. Ridpath. He has nobly won a most enviable position among the foremost historians of our age and nation. This paper will be one of several strong and interesting contributions to the opening number of Volume Thirteen of THE ARENA.

The People's Highways.

The second article in Prof. Frank Parsons' series of economic studies on monopolies in this issue deals with the question of cheap and rapid transit in cities, and it deserves the close study of every person who realizes the gigantic defects and costliness of the present system of corporation service, under which the citizens surrender all their rights and get nothing in return but a bad and costly service. The data which Professor Parsons has gathered together, in this summary of this pressing and vital question, have taken many months to collect from sources which are inaccessible to the average student and inquirer, and in many cases have only been obtained with enormous trouble and most persistent application. So much chicanery and deception are practised in connection with everything relating to the management and returns of the street railroads that extraordinary difficulties and obstacles confront the student of economics who would get at the facts of their cost, receipts, expenditures, and returns for the purposes of comparative statistical study.

Professor Parsons' is the first attempt, so far as we know, in current economic literature to demonstrate that a two-cent fare is economically possible on our street-car lines. The paper contains a sharp and clear-cut analysis of the statistics published by the Boston West End Street Railway Company, and shows by the figures of the Company's report for 1894 how the municipalization of the road would save the city four millions of dollars a year out of the six and three-fourths millions they pay the monoply, and at the same time give the citizens and taxpayers good service and better accommodations for two cents instead of five.

It is not the least exaggeration to say that no such valuable series of red-hot contemporary economic studies has been offered to the American public within the last ten years; and in the present wave of civic awakening from New York to San Francisco they should effect much good. They alone are worth the subscription price of this review, and should be passed from hand to hand among all thinking people.

Food for Children.

It often seems strange to mothers that with all their car in preparing food for their children they do not thrive. The grow thin and pale, and there is plain evidence that the food does not give them enough nourishment. *They do no assimilate it.*

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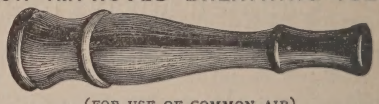

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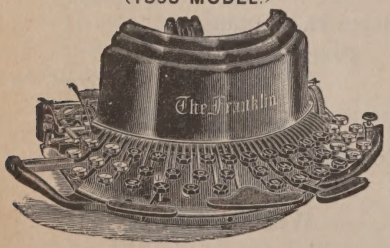

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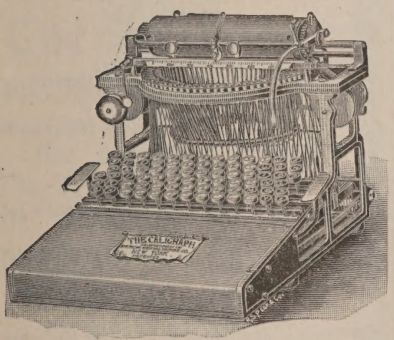

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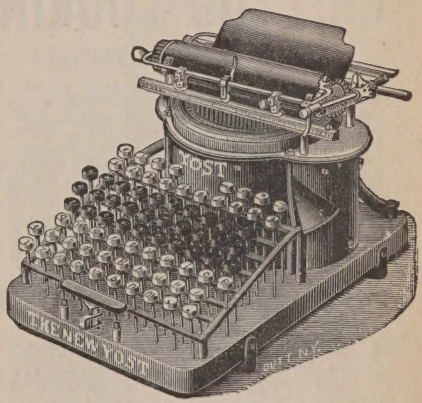

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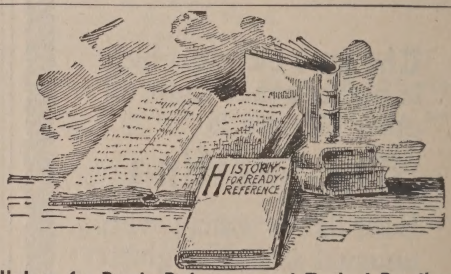

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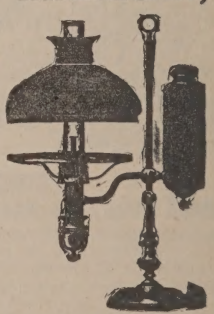

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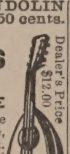

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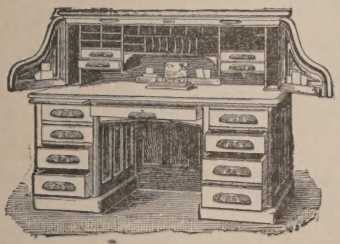

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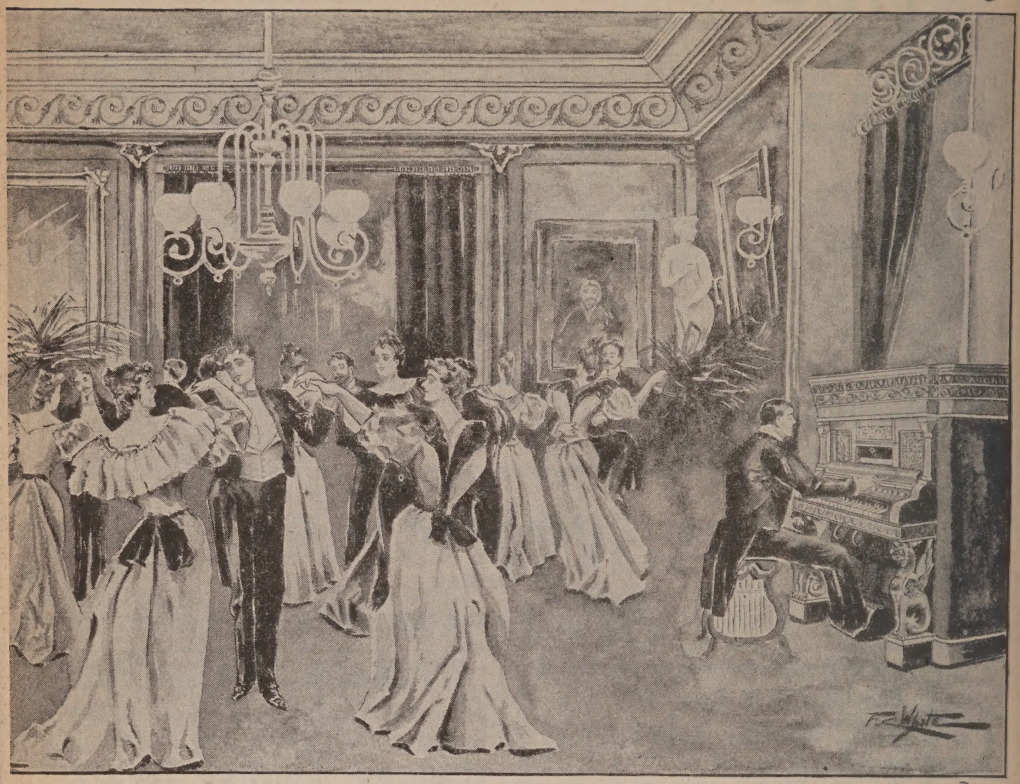

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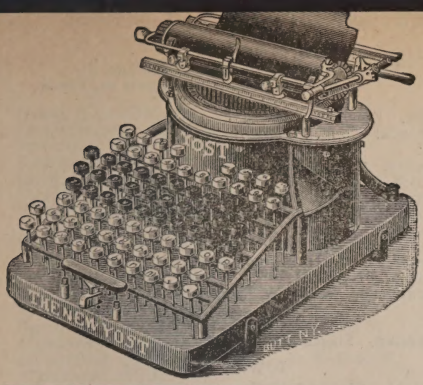

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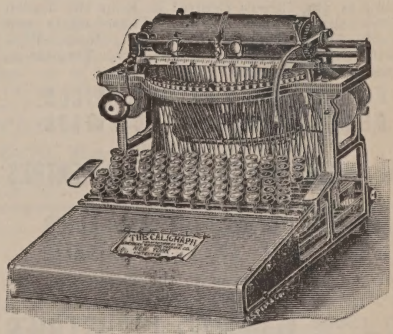

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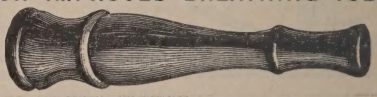

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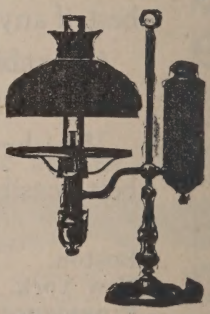

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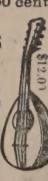

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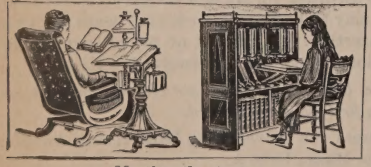

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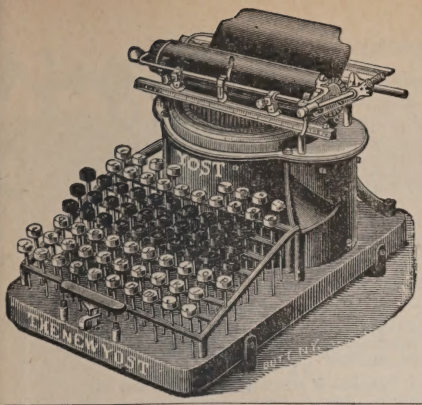

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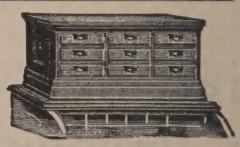

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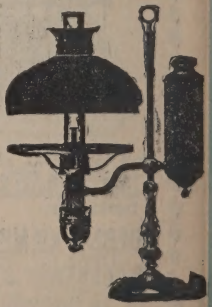

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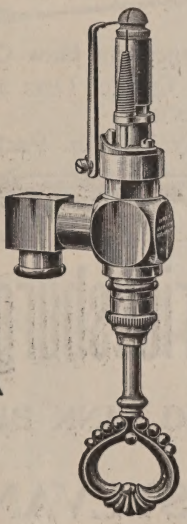

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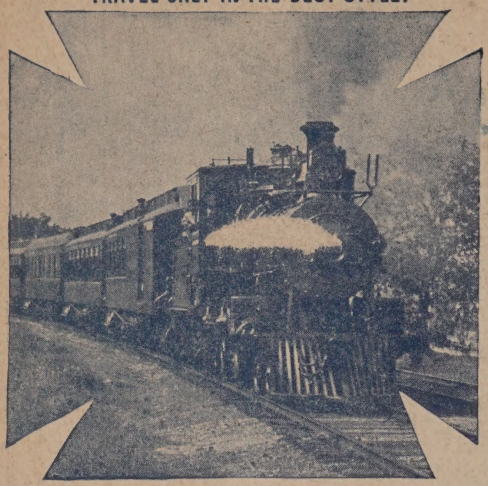

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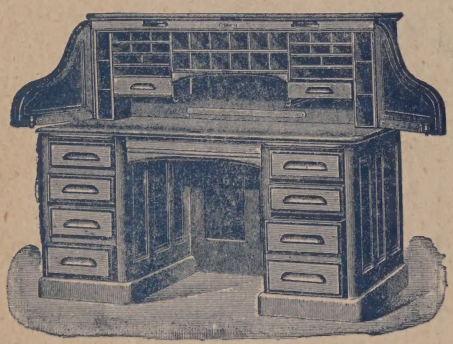

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